M de Bunsen

Taken in her drawing room at Castle Townshend.

IN THREE LEGATIONS

BY

MADAME CHARLES DE BUNSEN

WITH 49 ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153-157 FIFTH AVENUE
1909

BY HER

GRACIOUS PERMISSION

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO

H.M. MARGHERITA DI SAVOIA

QUEEN MOTHER OF ITALY

PREFACE

Some of my friends have encouraged me to think that the memories of the earlier part of a long and varied life contained in this volume may be of interest to the general public.

Owing to the official position of my husband, Carl von Bunsen, as secretary, and afterwards councillor, to the Prussian Legations of Turin, Florence, and the Hague, we had opportunities of seeing and hearing much that was going on in times of historical importance. Curiously enough also in each one of our "Three Legations" we lived through the experience of a war, and were present at a royal marriage.

In Turin—the war between the combined forces of France and Italy against Austria in 1859, and the marriage of the Princess Marie Pia of Savoy with King Louis of Portugal.

In Florence—the war of 1866 ending with the deliverance of Venice from the Austrian rule and the marriage of the Prince of Piedmont, afterwards King Umberto of Italy, to his cousin the Princess Margherita of Savoy.

Finally, at the Hague, we went through the terrible emotions of the French and German war in 1870, and were spectators of the nuptials of the Prince of Wied with Princess Marie of the Netherlands.

My letters were written on the spot, and I can vouch for the perfect sincerity with which they accurately express what were then my opinions and impressions. In addition to the details of our daily life, there are frequent allusions to what of general interest was passing around us, and I can only hope that the casual mention of well-known men and events as they were spoken of at the time, may give some touch of life to historical figures now fast receding into the dim background of the past.

A small part of this correspondence has already appeared in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, all the other letters are now published for the first time.

The quotations from Queen Victoria's letters are made by gracious permission of H.M. the King.

M. DE BUNSEN
(*née* WADDINGTON)

CASTLETOWNSHEND,
June, 1909.

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TURIN

IN THREE LEGATIONS

CHAPTER I

Account of ourselves—State of affairs in Piedmont—Arrival in Turin—Interview with our chief—Visits—We take an apartment—Evening at the Duchesse de Gramont's—Reception of Prince Charles of Prussia—Sir James Hudson—M. Brassier's ball.

IT was very soon after our marriage that we arrived at Turin in March, 1858, where my husband, Carl von Bunsen, had to resume his post as Secretary to the Prussian Legation, under Count Brassier de St. Simon. Carl was the third son of Baron Bunsen, who was well known at that time as a *savant* and as having been Prussian Minister for many years both at Rome and in London. I was Mary Isabella Waddington, and had been brought up very quietly in Normandy, near Rouen. With the exception of a few months in Paris and London, I had seen very little of the world, and diplomatic life and going to the South, which I did not know, seemed full of novelty and attraction. My letters to my family were a kind of journal, describing all that passed so vividly before me in scenes which were in every way new.

The state of things at Turin happened to be most interesting at that time. Just nine years before, in

1848, the late King Carlo Alberto had given a constitution, called "Statuto Fundamentale," to his people, and thrown in his lot with the cause of Italian liberty and independence. He and his sons had made two campaigns against the Austrian forces occupying the Lombardo-Venetian territory, but although they had met with success on the battlefields of Pastrengo and Goito, and Peschiera, one of the fortresses of the famous quadrilateral,[1] had fallen into their hands, they were ultimately obliged to return across the Mincio, and sustained a crushing defeat at Novara on March 23, 1849. Carlo Alberto, broken-hearted at this disaster, abdicated on the battlefield in favour of his son, Victor Emanuel II., and left his country for exile, where he soon after died.

Never, perhaps, did a young King begin his reign under more depressing conditions: a difficult peace to negotiate with Austria, a defeated army, ruined finances, for the war had cost 300,000,000 francs or about £12,000,000 sterling (an overwhelming sum for a small State), and the whole country in a disturbed and agitated condition. Soon, however, the Piedmontese began to realise that God had given them a King quite different from all the other rulers of the Peninsula. While these all profited by the reaction which followed the revolutionary times of 1848 to tear up the constitutions they had given, to break all the oaths they had taken, and to govern under the protection of Austrian garrisons, Victor Emanuel upheld the "Statuto" his father had granted, resisted all Austrian attempts at interference, and went his own

[1] So-called from a sort of square formed by the fortresses of Peschiera, Verona, Mantua, and Legnago, and supposed to be one of the most important strongholds in Italy.

VICTOR EMANUEL II., KING OF SARDINIA.

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independent way, doing his best to heal the wounds of his country.

Then a new figure soon appeared on the scene, destined not only to guide to prosperity the little State of Piedmont, but to be the future maker of the kingdom of Italy. Like most of Victor Emanuel's advisers, Count Camillo di Cavour came of a noble Piedmontese family, but he was distinguished from the others by broader and more advanced views and by the gift of genius. After rapidly coming to the front in Parliament, Cavour became Prime Minister for the first time in 1852, and thenceforth directed the destinies of his native country.

When the Crimean War broke out, Cavour suggested to the King the bold scheme of making an alliance with France and England and joining in the struggle with Russia. Eighteen thousand Piedmontese soldiers under General La Marmora took part in the war, distinguishing themselves particularly at the battle of the Tchernaya, and Piedmont found itself admitted to the Congress of Paris in 1856 on equal terms with the great European Powers. This was Cavour's opportunity, and he lost no time in making use of it. Already in 1854 he had written to a friend,[1] "As Providence has willed that, in Italy, Piedmont alone should be free and independent, Piedmont ought to use her liberty and independence to plead before Europe the cause of the unhappy Peninsula."

Immediately after the signature of the Peace of Paris the attention of the Congress was drawn to the lamentable state of Italy, and particularly to that of the kingdom of Naples.

Lord Clarendon, with the warm approbation of

[1] The Comtesse de Circourt.

Queen Victoria,[1] joined Count Waleski in asserting that the presence of Austrian and French troops in the Peninsula represented an unnatural condition of things. Count Buol, the Austrian plenipotentiary, refused to admit the right of the Congress to take up the Italian question and declined any discussion on the subject. Count Cavour, however, had been able to carry through his well-laid plans and to extort an official condemnation of the state of Italy from the representatives of some of the leading Powers in Europe.

Such was the state of things in 1857.

Turin, March 20, 1857.

We are here at last, and very glad to be arrived—at least *I* am! I have had so much novelty of all kinds in these last two months that I am well-nigh tired. Repose, however, is by no means likely to be our lot for some time to come. To-morrow we go to look at apartments, and then our troubles begin.

Turin, Hotel Feder, March 22.

I have seen M. Brassier,[2] and feel happier now that that important interview is off my mind. He came late yesterday afternoon, after we had again been out to look for lodgings. The servant announced in a loud voice, "M. Brassier de St. Simon, Ministre de Prusse." He came in, shook hands with me, and was most gracious. He looked very hard at me, talked for some time, and when he got up, took my hand again, held

[1] Queen Victoria wrote to the Earl of Clarendon, February 7, 1856: "With respect to Lord Clarendon's observation 'that he hopes the Queen will approve of his upholding the Sardinians in the Conference and in all other respects,' she can only assure him that she is most sincerely anxious that he should do so, as the Queen has the greatest respect for that noble little country, which, since it has possessed an honest, straightforward, as well as courageous King, has been a bright example to all continental States. The Queen rejoices to hear that Count Cavour is coming to Paris."

[2] My husband's Chier.

COUNT BRASSIER DE ST. SIMON, PRUSSIAN MINISTER AT TURIN.

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it, and said that there soon would be an occasion on which he would require my help, that he was going to give a little dance, and that without a lady he should be lost. C.[1] accompanied him to the top of the staircase as in duty bound, and I felt much relieved. In the evening he came to see me again in the box at the Opera, established himself opposite to me, and showed me all the principal Turin ladies in their boxes—a very brilliant sight. I must not forget to say that after M. Brassier's first visit M. Uebel,[2] who is now the happy father of a son, came to see us. He is tall and melancholy looking and seems rather subdued. Mme. Uebel I have, of course, not yet seen.

We have already paid several visits, one to the Duchesse de Gramont at the French Legation, who asked us to her reception next Wednesday evening. We went also to the Portuguese Legation to thank Mme. d'Alte for the box at the Opera she sent us on our arrival. She is English and took a "passion" for the entire Bunsen family in London. There was a whole circle of people at her house and I was introduced to all, but do not remember much about them. She was very oddly dressed, receiving her company in a white bonnet and a linsey-woolsey gown with a velvet cloak. We also called on the Comtesse Robilant. She is German, the daughter of a former Prussian Minister at Turin. She was first lady to the late Queen of Sardinia and receives in a beautiful old-fashioned boudoir in an old house. She seems a great friend of C.'s, was very kind to me, and seemed pleased at our going to her at once. M. Uebel was there also. There is a sort of queer family feeling

[1] My husband, Carl von Bunsen.

[2] M. Uebel was my husband's colleague at the Prussian Legation.

in meeting in other houses a member of the same Legation.

Altogether I am beginning to have some notion of things now, and like it very much so far. People in general appear to be very friendly and willing to make advances to a stranger, and the whole Corps diplomatique seems to hold very much together.

March 28. The weather has been very bad since our arrival here, and we have not been able to go about much. We get through a certain number of visits every day, and have already a very respectable heap of cards on the table. We have very nearly fixed on an apartment —a very pretty one. It is quite near the Legation, nicely situated and well furnished. It was arranged for a young married couple in the Sardinian diplomacy, Marquis and Marquise Spinola, who have been sent off as *attachés* to Rome. At present it is let to some English people, who only leave it in about a fortnight. All the other lodgings we saw were positively disgusting, and everybody says we ought to be too thankful to get these. The drawing-room is really charming, all the furniture in *palissandre* and dark-blue velvet, *étagères* full of pretty trifles, and a piano d'Erard. There is a second drawing-room, two bedrooms, a large dining-room very devoid of furniture, a smoky kitchen, two servants' rooms, and no cupboards. Such is what in all likelihood will be our future abode.

We have two very nice rooms at the hotel, and live comfortably enough, only we wish very much to be really settled.

C. is at present at the Legation on a very solemn occasion. Count Paar, the Austrian Minister, is giving up all the papers of his Legation to the care of the Prussians, as the Austrians leave Turin on Friday,

diplomatic relations between Italy and Austria having been broken off. Count Paar is delighted; it is sure promotion for him, for if he did not get a better post, it would look as if he were disavowed. C. is *not* delighted. They will have much more work, as they take charge in part of the Austrian affairs, and will gain nothing by it. Already yesterday M. Uebel was in despair, having had to see after twenty-four Austrian passports in succession.

Yesterday I was alone, as C. was at the Chancellerie taking over the Austrian papers, when Benz announced the Marquise d'Arvilars. She is one of the great ladies here, and was Grande Maîtresse to the late Queen. We had called on her the day before without finding her at home, so that I had not seen her. I felt much dismayed. In she came, however, with her daughter, Mdlle. d'Arvilars. She said she had hoped to find M. Bunsen at home; I devoutly wished she had, but explained about the Austrians, and by degrees we got on better. She said she would be very glad to be of use to me, and was very polite. On going away she hoped "que je daignerai me souvenir qu'elle recevait tel jour." The manners here are very polished, quite the old school. It often reminds me of reading St. Simon.

In the evening we went to Mme. de Gramont's, which was rather an ordeal, but it went off better than I expected. I had on my green velvet with the point d'Argentan. C. said it was *very neat*, which from him means the highest approbation—at least, he never says anything stronger. On entering I was introduced to the Duke,[1] who is exceedingly tall and majestic; he

[1] Duc de Gramont, who was Minister for Foreign Affairs in France at the time of the declaration of war against Prussia in 1878.

waved us on to the Duchess, who is quiet and agreeable looking, but shy. She was very kind, spoke English, asked what people I had seen as yet, and introduced me to some ladies. Nearly all the gentlemen of the Corps diplomatique asked to be presented to me, and C. brought them up at intervals throughout the evening. Then the Duke came and conversed a little; he has just been at Nice, and told me he had first heard of C.'s arrival in these parts from the Empress of Russia.

Yesterday I had another visit from people I had not yet seen; a Count and Comtesse Sclopis. They are great friends of my father-in-law's, were most kind, and after the first embarrassment I liked them particularly. They begged that we would make use of them in any way, and the Count said we must have had offers of that kind already. "Mais comme amis de la famille, nous vous prions de nous donner la préférence, comme disent les marchands." They don't go out much, which I am sorry for, but receive at home. I hope we shall go there. Soon after they were gone C. came in, and we paid various visits. We went to the Marquise Palavicini, who is very handsome and very clever. We found the Chief there and M. Uebel, so that she had the entire Legation at her reception. The whole Corps diplomatique here seems very intimate, but the members of one Legation are almost relations. After the Palavicini we went to see Mme. La Marmora, wife of the General; she is an Englishwoman.

In the evening we went to M. de Castro's, the Spanish Minister. It was not a large party. I had seen Mme. de Castro at the Duchess's, and as she is a new arrival, I had to present C., which was rather amusing. Mdlle. de Castro, her step-daughter, is a very pretty girl, and

DUC DE GRAMONT, FRENCH MINISTER AT TURIN.

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looked charming in one of those queer coiffures you may remember seeing at Laure's—a great plait of black velvet all up one side of the head, and a bunch of red roses stuck at the other ; she had a white dress. Mme. de Castro can hardly speak a word of French ; otherwise she receives very well, and they have a new house, perfectly got up. M. de Castro, tall and much decorated with broad ribbons and orders, proved almost a rival for the Duke. By the way, the Duke was most gracious, apologised for not having called yet, and finally begged that C. and I would dine with them on Sunday "en petit comité." All the people here shake hands, just as in England, young ladies and all. The Comtesse Collobiano was covered with diamonds and magnificent lace ; she called C. just as we were going away, to tell him we must come to her evening receptions. My friend the Marquise d'Arvilars was there, and the Comtesse Robilant, who was complimentary about my toilette. I had on the blue gown with the black lace and the dear little bows. Altogether I amused myself very well—the worst is over ; I know a few people now, and they certainly are all very kind. At present, as it is all new, I think it rather fun, but C. says I shall get dreadfully tired of always seeing the same people by and by. C. has not yet made his appearance at the club, to the amazement of Kolochine.[1] Prince Charles of Prussia arrives here to-day. M. Uebel went yesterday to Genoa to meet him. M. Kolochine gives a farewell repast to his friends this evening, and to-morrow it is not unlikely the Chief may give a breakfast to the Prince, in which case I should have to go alone to Mme. d'Arvilar's reception, which I by no means wish.

[1] Secretary to the Russian Legation, who was just leaving Turin.

March 29. Diplomacy is decidedly a wonderful career for *l'imprévu*. I had scarcely sent off my letter yesterday, when I got a note from C. saying that the Chief would receive the Prince and the Corps diplomatique that evening, and that I was to prepare my dress. C. came in late, having been very busy—the Chief with the Prince all day, and everything left to him. We went out immediately to call on Mme. de Castro after her party, as we should most likely meet her in the evening; then we drove to the railway for C. to shake hands with Count Paar, the Austrian Minister, who was departing. *Chemin faisant* C. gave me my instructions. I was to receive. When the Prince arrived (he was to dine with the King), all the gentlemen of the Legation were to meet him at the foot of the stairs. I was to be forthcoming at once, in order that M. Brassier might present me, and I was not to forget the *altesse royale*, or we should all be undone! If the Prince spoke to me in German, I was to say "Aufzuwarten Euer Königliche Hoheit." I felt decidedly alarmed, but it was no use being nervous, and although I devoutly wished the Prince had put off his journey for a week or two, I tried to take things quietly. We found Mme. de Castro looking most charming in a black mantilla; she is twenty-two, only four years older than her stepdaughter, and is just arrived here; we sympathise together, and although we can't talk much, as her French is very deficient, we look kindly at each other and are great friends. After dinner I put on the embroidered dress W.[1] brought from Broussa, and

[1] In these letters "W." always refers to my brother William Henry Waddington, afterwards Prime Minister in France and French Ambassador in London for ten years.

the red roses, and we drove to the Legation quite early, so as to be there before any arrivals. Son Excellence begged me *de m'installer*, and to consider myself quite at home. The Duc and Duchesse de Gramont were the first to arrive, and we all went into a second drawing-room. There M. Brassier brought all the ladies to me, "Violà la maîtresse de maison!" It must be said that the Chief does not do things by halves, and yesterday I had all the honours. C. brought up the young ladies in the rear. The company was very select, only *les chefs de mission*—no secretaries or *attachés* were admitted—and the leading people here. There was a false alarm of the Prince arriving, and a vain rush of M. Brassier and his two secretaries to the stairs. Finally he came, however, and C. fetched me alone into the first drawing-room. The Prince was standing before the fire, red-faced and military looking. Brassier presented me; I curtsied as low as I could. He made a stiff little bow, and said in a short, abrupt way, "Vous êtes Française?" "Oui, votre Altesse Royale." "Et mariée depuis peu de temps?" "Depuis deux mois, votre A.R." Brassier presented C. "Vous êtes beaucoup de frères, je crois?" in the same tone. I did not stop to hear more, for the Chief told me that was all, and I might go back to the ladies. I cannot say I felt much flattered, but C. was extremely pleased with the whole affair, and assured me it was a great honour to be presented first and all alone, and that all the other ladies envied me. The gentlemen of the Corps diplomatique were then presented, and the Prince came into the second drawing-room. We all stood up and M. Brassier took him round, beginning by the Duchesse de Gramont, and named all the ladies. He

shook hands with Mme. de Robilant and one or two others, old acquaintances I suppose, and began to chat very amicably with some of the dowagers. The dresses were very splendid. M. Brassier had written to the Marquise Palavicini to put on all her diamonds, and she really was ablaze. She had a yellow gown, covered with old lace and diamonds, a scarlet scarf, Turkish, embroidered in gold, a necklace of the biggest pearls I ever saw, row upon row, and a coronet of diamonds. Any one else would have been crushed by such a dress, but it would take a great deal to crush the Palavicini, and she went about, handsome and dashing, carrying it all as if it were a feather's weight. I can fancy people admiring her extremely. The Prince stayed a tremendous time, which was in so far satisfactory that I suppose he would have gone away if he had not been amused. According to etiquette nobody could leave before him, and it was getting very slow when at last he got up, asked M. Brassier's permission to retire, and, making a short bow to the company in general, walked out of the room, followed by his aide-de-camp.

I made the acquaintance of several ladies, who have since called on me without waiting for my previous visit. In short, the Prince's coming and my receiving him seems to have produced a great effect. C. says it is dreadful humbug, but that nothing could have happened better for us on my arrival here. I rather like getting the cards without the trouble of calling—there are heaps of them; but C. says it is not polite to let people make the first visit. I also saw, the other evening, Sir James Hudson, the English Minister; he is very intimate with our cousins, the Ashleys and

Baillies, and seemed quite pleased to talk about them. He said repeatedly that he felt as if we were quite old friends, and we shook hands most warmly at parting. I was the more pleased because C. had quite laughed at me for wishing to see Sir James, assuring me it would be no earthly use, that he was charming in men's society, but never went out, or had anything to do with ladies. He is a very handsome man, *et représente* more than any one here. Finally, I was dead tired, and we departed before one or two ladies, who *would not* go away, the Chief accompanying and thanking me most courteously for all the trouble I had taken. The next day, though Sunday, was almost as fatiguing. Various important ladies here receive on Sundays, and we had agreed it was better to go round to them at once, and get it over. C. was *de service* to take the Prince to the Vaudois Church (M. Brassier is a Catholic). He first went to bid M. Kolochine goodbye at the railway, and then set off, provided with three *cantiques*,[1] one for the Prince, one for the aide-de-camp, and one for himself. I went to Church, with vague hopes that perhaps C. might return with me, but after the service, which was long, as there was a *réception de catécumènes*,[2] I had the pleasure of seeing him and M. Uebel get into the Prince's carriage and drive off. Various people called, and I then prepared, very unwillingly, to set forth on my first expedition alone. I drove first to the Comtesse Robilant, as I had been there once already, and at least knew my way. She had few people and was very gracious. I afterwards went to the Marquise d'Arvilars, whom I found holding a small court. She made me sit by her in the midst

[1] Hymn-books. [2] Confirmation.

of the circle, and inquired politely "si j'étais remise de toutes mes fatigues de reception?"; but I did not feel happy, and did not stay long. C. did not return till near six, having seen the Prince off and telegraphed his departure. He had dined with the Prince from three to four, and had just time to dress for another dinner at the Duc de Gramont's at six! To do him justice, he got through his second meal wonderfully well, all things considered. He was much pleased with the Prince, who had been extremely gracious, inquired after me, given him cigars, remembered having seen him as a child at Rome, asked him where he had got his dark hair, &c. One aide-de-camp regretted the shortness of his stay in Turin preventing his calling on me, the other regretted not having had the honour of making my acquaintance; Brassier had renewed his thanks for my assistance, C. had thanked him—in short, there had been a deluge of civilities all round. The dinner-party at the Chief's had been very select, only Cavour, La Marmora, and Count Robilant.

The party at the Duke's was very small, the two *attachés*, Musurus,[1] an English *attaché*, and ourselves. After dinner the gentlemen went to smoke, and I had a long *tête-à-tête* with Mme. de Gramont. She is a really lovable person, quiet, kind, and always the same. We talked of Scotland; the Duke had informed me at dinner "que son beau-père était le chef du clan MacKinnon." He, the Duke, was partly brought up in Scotland, and has shot grouse. The little Duc de Guiche and his sister were in the drawing-room, nice, clever children, but much spoilt by the *attachés*, who pay them assiduous court. At nine

[1] The Turkish Minister.

we left, to end our duties at the Comtesse Collobiano's. There we found all the usual set, Mme. d'Arvilars, Mme. de Robilant, under whose protection I established myself, the Palavicini, who was repeating to everybody what the Chief had rather imprudently told her, "que si on lui envoyait un Prince tous les jours il donnerait sa demission." There were charades going on, and it would have been amusing enough, only it was all I could do not to go to sleep. C., after his two dinners, was somewhat in the same condition. He, however, presented Lord de Burgh; I believe he is really Lord *Hubert* de Burgh, but no one here troubles about his Christian name. He is decidedly amusing, with a strong accent —Irish, I suppose. He was much shocked at discovering he had never inquired for Mme. Uebel, and asked if I thought if he were to call twice in one day, to ask how she was, that would make up for the neglect. To-night we are revelling in a quiet evening. To-morrow, alas! the Salmour receives, and on Wednesday Mme. de Gramont. To-day I have been stupid and tired all day; I am not used to such doings, and then the effort to talk to strangers, and try and remember the different people, and make out those you know, or ought to know, amongst the crowd of strange faces, I find dreadfully fatiguing.

Please remember *we* don't pay the letters; they all go to the Legation; the King of Prussia pays for all; it is almost the only little privilege we have, so pray let us profit by it. I was interrupted last night by the Marquise Palavicini and her daughter, who took us quite by surprise. She said she knew there was no *soirée* going on, and thought she would find us at home. C. had just finished a snooze, which was

as well, for the two ladies came in suddenly and quietly, and there was no preparation possible. We have taken the Spinola apartment.

Turin, April 2, 1857.

I have just had a long visit from Count Stackelberg[1]—the first time I ever received a gentleman alone! I like him, as, indeed, I like all the Russians here; they are particularly agreeable. The Countess Stackelberg is a Parisian, very young and beautiful; I have not seen her yet. Yesterday evening we went to the Duchesse de Gramont; and as we were obliged to dress and go out, we went first to the Comtesse Sclopis, who is at home every evening in a quiet way. It always is rather a serious function, as she receives in a very large, lofty room of their grand house in the old part of Turin, which is dimly lighted on account of her sight being weak. There are hardly ever any ladies there, and the men, mostly old political friends and *habitués*, come in very quietly and sit down. If there is any news going, they communicate it and discuss it; if not, they sit mostly in silence. There never are any refreshments, as that is not the custom in old Piedmontese houses; but C. tells me if anyone is very thirsty he can ring the bell and ask for a glass of water! After an hour, which seemed rather long, we proceeded to the de Gramont's, where the drawing-room was very full. I am beginning to like going out here now; I know a good many people, and the variety amuses me. Sir James Hudson never deigns to go anywhere but on official occasions. Lord de Burgh does patronise society a little—he was asking himself the other evening why he had gone to Mme. de Collobiano's. "I thought these people would amuse me, but they don't." The "liebens-

[1] General Count Stackelberg, Russian Minister at Turin.

würdige Chef" accuses me of often joining the young unmarried ladies, and I quite allow that I find it a relief after much talking to the dowagers. M. Brassier is my great amusement; he is paternal, and gives me a great deal of good advice as to who I ought to be on good terms with, and what people are dangerous, &c. He comes up, lays his hand on his heart, then shakes hands and sits down for a little chat. His first question generally is, "Où est votre tyran?" and when I have pointed out C., "Ah! c'est vrai, vous ne sortez pas sans tyran." He went to see Mme. Uebel the other day, penetrated into her room, "et s'est fait montrer le poupon." She is receiving already today, being a very strong-minded woman, but C. says he won't see the *poupon*, it makes him feel ill.

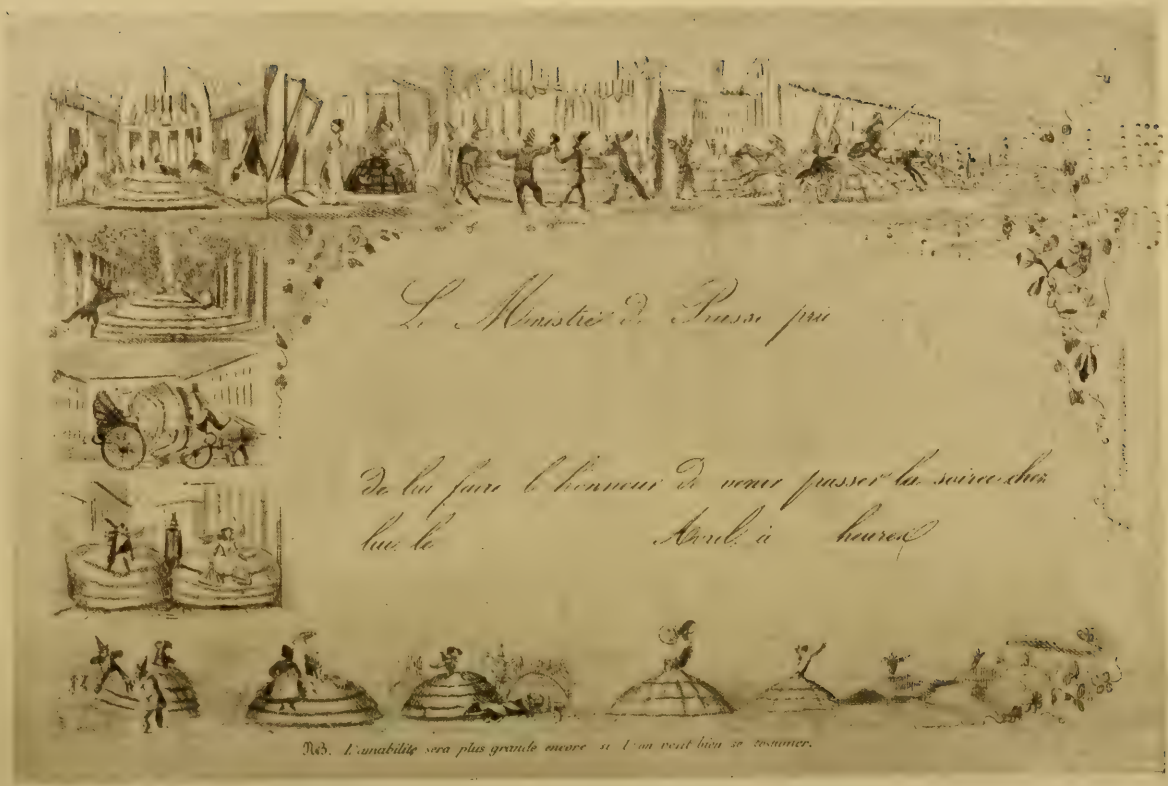
At last I have seen Mme. Uebel, who had been receiving the whole world. She is nice-looking, and had on a gorgeous dressing-gown. The *poupon* was brought in, whereat C. walked straight off to the chimney-piece. M. Uebel looks as melancholy at home as abroad; he went to fetch the baby, but otherwise took no part in the proceedings.

Last night we went to a reception given by the Marquise St. Marsan du Caraïl, an old lady who has a great position here. She lives in a magnificent apartment in the old part of Turin, and has all the "Codini,"[1] as they call great part of the aristocracy here. She

[1] When the old King Victor Emanuel I. returned, in 1815, from his long exile in Sardinia, where he had taken refuge from the French troops in 1798, he came back totally unchanged, even to the way of dressing his hair in a powdered queue. All about court immediately followed his example, and returned to the fashions of the end of the eighteenth century. Hence the name of "Codini" ("little queues") applied to all who are supposed to be reactionary.

has the beautiful, old-fashioned, dignified politeness which is so charming here, and would not leave me till she had found me a seat in the crowded rooms. The function was not amusing; there were scarcely any diplomats, and the people here talk Piedmontese when they are amongst themselves, which is not pleasant for strangers. Many of them, moreover, look cross and disagreeable. C. says they are discontented with the present state of things, dislike the Statuto, and would prefer the old Austrian ways and influence. I have taken very much to a little Comtesse D., whom I saw at Brassier's. She is a great exception here, friendly and *young*. I called on her, and she has promised to come and see me. I should like to make friends with her. After to-morrow we are to move into our new apartment. I am afraid it will be a dreadful day. We intend having our meals from the restaurant—for some time, at any rate. Afterwards I may perhaps make an attempt with my big cookery-book, but, as M. de St. Ferriol says, "Avec la meilleure théorie, en fait de cuisine on aboutit a des résultats détestables; soyez sûre, madame, qu'un peu d'expérience vaut mieux que tous les livres du monde." Amongst the Corps diplomatique, lodgings, cooks, servants, and all details of that sort are very openly discussed, and Turin is liberally abused. I am quite relieved that we have an apartment at last, in order to hear no more on the subject.

April 9. I am writing *chez moi* for the first time! We got through our *déménagement* very well yesterday, and much enjoyed making use of our own linen, silver, &c. Our apartment is charming, much nicer than we had any idea of. My room is very large and lofty, and contains a beautiful bed with the "couronne de Mar-



CARD OF INVITATION TO COUNT BRASSIER'S BALL.

quise" and initials of the Spinolas. All the rooms are in a row, opening into each other, with balconies and French windows, and a broad passage at the back.

The Chief's ball is to take place on the 22nd; he is in a great state about it. C. has been writing all the invitations, which was no small task, as there are upwards of five hundred. Brassier has designed a card for them, which has met with a good deal of disapproval, as it is said to be a criticism or a caricature on crinolines, and there is some ground for the opinion. It is all surrounded by small figures in enormous crinolines; one lady is quite slim in her stays and petticoats waiting for hers, others are overflowing carriages, &c., and in another, two harlequins are actually sawing off some of the superabundant *ampleur*. The Chief vows he meant no disrespect to crinolines or to the ladies who patronise them—what he did intend is not easy to understand; meantime these cards have raised quite a storm, and some of the *élégantes* vow they will not go near his ball. I suppose he will pacify them.

On Easter Sunday we went again to the Italian service. M. Meille's sermon was very striking; it seems he is quite the great man among the Vaudois. It is a real pleasure for me to find that I can understand him, and makes the greatest difference, for really M. B. was beyond endurance. The other day he prayed for "les puissances avez lesquelles nous sommes en rapport, et les puissances avec lesquelles nous ne sommes pas en rapport"—at least, so M. Uebel declares. April 14.

We have taken a cook, who has entered on his functions to-day. He was under-cook at the Duc de Gramont's, and is said to be quite good. We are glad

to have him, on the whole, for the people at the restaurant *would* put garlic in the dishes, which was distressing. Oh, I must not forget to say that my little Comtesse D. has come at last. We had both made various unsuccessful attempts to get to each other, and she seems most willing to be friends. The Chief has given me my instructions for the ball. I am to go on Wednesday at three to see all his arrangements. Madame la Duchesse has promised to come at nine exactly, and I must be there at the same hour "pour prendre nos mesures." He was rather incensed at having been coolly asked for an invitation for a family of fourteen persons.

At present the cook seems a decided acquisition. We quite regret having to eat our dinners alone, they are so good and so prettily served up. I am afraid he will lead us into expense by tempting us to ask people, but after our experience of the Italian cuisine it is a great relief. I go over the menu very gravely with him every day, but feel decidedly out of my depth, and except mildly suggesting that we like potatoes occasionally, make no remark.

The Chief is in an awful state of mind about his ball. He wants a maid who can dress hair. I represented to him that ladies generally dressed their hair before going out. No matter, accidents might happen. My German would be of no good. Then it occurred to C. to offer Clémence,[1] who is now restored to health and was most anxious to see the ball. The one thing Brassier wanted to know was, could she dress hair? Of course she could, a Frenchwoman straight from Paris! So the poor Chief was deluded, and she is to

[1] My mother's maid, who had accompanied me on our wedding tour.

go. She is quite charmed. The Chief was, it seems, to-day in the Chancellerie nailing draperies to the wall with his own hand while all the people who came on business were going in and out, C. assuring them quite seriously that he would represent their cases to Son Excellence. S.E. was out, unfortunately, &c. There is a dreadful amount of humbug always going on. Did I tell you the Chief is to give us a dog? It is quite a puppy yet and only opened its eyes to-day. It has been moved out of the way of the ball, and C. pays it a visit every day, but I have not seen it yet.

At last the ball is over! I went by appointment yesterday to see the preparations. The Chief, backed by his two secretaries, was surveying the rooms "chibouk[1] en main." He gave me his arm and showed me all the arrangements. The tent which had been put up for the ladies was really very pretty, with a row of little bouquets all round, which Brassier had pinned on himself and got a crick in his back in so doing. When we had looked at everything we went to see the little puppies, who are charming, with very snub noses and just able to squeak. Finally, he seated me on a sofa in his own bedroom (formerly C.'s), for he has opened the whole apartment. It is a most convenient one for such occasions, as all the rooms open into each other, with a large central one, where the dancing is to be. April 23.

For the ball I had on my wedding-dress, cut low, which looked very well with its three flounces of lace. I had a very good man to dress my hair, who has been with Felix, both in Paris and in London, and was quite rejoiced to handle roses from Nattier once more. I had on my diamond brooch and other orna-

[1] A Turkish pipe.

ments, and C. said several times it was *very neat;* further than that he never goes. We arrived a few minutes after the Duchesse unluckily, owing to a difference in the clocks. Brassier, however, met us at the door and gave me my bouquet—pink camellias and heliotrope. It was very heavy, but smelt very sweet. Mme. Uebel had the same and the Duchesse a beautiful one of white camellias and violets. Mme. Uebel arrived a few minutes afterwards, looking very nice all in white *en robe montante.* It was distinctly understood that the Duchesse received. When Prince Charles came I had all the honour and glory of receiving for Brassier emphatically, and am quite content with that. I had a long talk with Rustem Bey, who is very clever and gentlemanly. He has a secretary, a Bey also, who installed himself on a sofa from the very first moment of his arrival and, as far as I could see, never spoke to any one, but sat on different sofas, looking as if a *chibouk* would have made him happier. Finally, when I had talked with my little Comtesse D., who, by the way, has some splendid diamonds, with the Palavicini, whose lace and jewels were more wonderful than ever, exchanged a few words with others, bowed to more, I got to feel very tired, and was charmed when C. informed me about two that the carriage was there. We departed forthwith, despite of remonstrances. "Comment, madame, vous permettez à ce tyran de vous emmener comme cela?" C. does, I believe, pass for a kind of Bluebeard in this respect. As the people here cannot understand that I should ever get tired of their society, they throw all the blame upon him. He has, fortunately, a well-established reputation of *sauvagerie.*

CHAPTER II

Statuto—Races—Acquaintance with the G.'s—Waldensian synod—Gala concert for Empress of Russia—Visits—My dog—Committee—Fête Dieu—General La Marmora—Go to Latour—Frederike Bremer.

WE sent to the Legation this morning for letters as usual, and the answer was that the post had come, "mais que S.E. ne se leverait qu'à deux heures." Poor Excellenz! I wonder at what hour he went to bed.

I think Clémence will give you an odd account of what *she* saw. It seems that her services were much more required than I had any idea of, and that she and the other women were almost constantly employed. All the Piedmontese dance amongst themselves, each lady with her admirers. You can hardly exchange a word with a woman of any pretensions in society at a ball or party. When you meet them in the day they all say, "À ce soir n'est-ce-pas?" "Nous nous rencontrons chez" whoever the person is who happens to be receiving, but when you get there they haven't time even to look at you, so busy are they marshalling their court—ten to twelve men round a sofa sometimes, and so anxiously watching that no rival should lure away one of them from their allegiance or get together a greater number!

It will be very nice if we can go for a few days to the Vaudois valleys. I never thought I cared so much

for the country, but now that I see the lilac in flower over the walls here, it seems as if a walk in a garden would be such a delight. There are no public gardens here; the town is in a perfectly flat plain on the edge of the Po, the Alps bound it in a wide semicircle, and the effect of them on a clear day at the end of almost every street is very striking. Although they are a good way off, they tower above the houses and look grand. On the other side of the Po are the *colline*—pretty green hills dotted with country houses. On a misty day, even though it may be fine, if the air is not quite clear, the Alps disappear from the world and nothing remains but the plain. I think we were here two or three weeks before I saw the mountains at all.

May 3. To-day I took a grand resolution and went to Mme. d'Arvilar's alone, determined to brave the formidable circle which is always round her. She was politeness itself, and assigned me a place by her eldest daughter, Comtesse Carpenette. On the departure of some other people I was promoted to the half of her own sofa—"Mme. Bunsen, mettez vous à côté de moi; Lucie se mettra près de la Marquise—cela retrécira un peu notre circle." She certainly receives admirably, and it is worth going there if only to take a lesson in the art. She arranges her company exactly as she pleases and is most attentive to every one. I then went to my Comtesse D., who receives on Sunday also. She lives in one of the finest palaces here and has a nice apartment rather high up. She has old furniture, and the drawing-room is very handsome, all the frames of the tall mirrors, the woodwork of the chairs, &c., being done over in silver instead of being gilt. It is peculiar, but looks well. She was very nice, as usual, but when one

goes about on Sunday one constantly meets the same people, who are making the same round as oneself. Here were again Souza and Rustem Bey with his secretary (the one who sat on a sofa during all Brassier's ball and who never says "nothing to nobody"). They went soon, and I hoped to have my friend to myself, but a very tall Piedmontese kept his ground and was determined, as I perceived after a time, to outstay me. She talked in French to me, then in Piedmontese to him, in the way they have here. It was not in the least necessary, as he proved occasionally that he could speak French perfectly. It was no use going on in this sort of way, so I came home, and was well laughed at by C. when I related my experience. It seems that the D. and the tall Count are well known to be great friends and must have wished me anywhere for spoiling their *tête-à-tête*. Somehow I don't feel as if I should go there soon again!

Our dinner at the de Robilant's went off very well, only we arrived *after* the Chief, which it seems is wrong, and annoyed C., otherwise we were perfectly in time. Mme. Uebel was there, and I took precedence of her for the first time, being taken in first.

This is the grand day of the Statuto, the celebration of the Constitution granted to the country by Carlo Alberto in 1848. It is only in Piedmont that the engagements then made have been loyally observed and maintained, and where the people really enjoy the benefits of liberty. The poor Vaudois owe to the Statuto all the peace and independence they enjoy, and came to Turin on one of these celebrations, six hundred strong, with their pastors at their head, to express their gratitude to the King. To begin with, I saw C. depart in uniform, a sight I always enjoy, and then went off **May 10.**

myself with Benz to M. Saurin's lodging on the great *place* Victor Emanuel, by the Po. There is a bridge over the Po at one end of it, and on the other side the church of the Gran Madre de Dio, with a great flight of steps leading up to it. On these steps an altar is erected, and mass is said. The great square was full of troops, all the balconies hung with draperies and filled with ladies; by way of decoration there were immense baskets of lilac on pedestals placed about. All the Corps diplomatique and the Ministers were grouped on the long flight of steps leading up to the church. The sight was very fine as the King, on horseback, followed by a few aides-de-camp, came riding down the square, all the bands striking up the "Marcia Reale" and the troops presenting arms. He crossed the bridge slowly, and stopped his horse at the foot of the steps before the church. Then mass began, and I should have liked to have looked on and enjoyed the sight, which was splendid, despite the want of sunshine, for the day was grey and dark, but Mrs. Erskine, who was with me, was in a hurry to go to the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, where we were to see the review, and I did not like to leave her. So I quitted with regret the beautiful balcony, all hung with red silk, which we had to ourselves. By the time we got to the Ministère it had begun to rain, but there was an awning over the balconies, which were all hung with old tapestries, so that it did not matter much. The Place Château is almost the only picturesque bit in all Turin. There is an old building in the middle, formerly a gateway of the town, afterwards the palace of Madame Royale, the Regent. It is much defaced, but still has towers, a moat full of bright green shrubs, and a general air of antiquity about it. The picture gallery, where I go

CHURCH OF THE GRAN MADRE DI DIO, WITH BRIDGE OVER THE PO.

To face p. 28.]

COUNT CAMILLO DI CAVOUR.

To face p. 29.]

and draw, is there, and the Senate sits there. It stands right in the middle of the square with its moat and bridge, and all round are the regular lines of handsome, comparatively modern buildings, the King's Palace, various Ministères, the Reggio, &c., with arcades below. The King placed himself with his back to the old Château, exactly opposite to us, while the troops marched past before him. He is not handsome, but better-looking than his portraits. La Marmora was at his side. Unfortunately it rained hard all the time the troops were passing, after which came the University, civil corporations, &c. Meantime the gentlemen of the Corps diplomatique came dropping in from the mass at the Gran Madre di Dio, some gorgeous with stars and embroidery, others in plain clothes, having gone home to change; amongst the last was C., of course. M. de Castro looked very magnificent, and the Turk was so grand that I was quite proud of shaking hands with him. Amongst the ladies Mme. de Stackelberg shone pre-eminent, tall and handsome, with a kind of noble, imperious beauty. The Duchesse, kind and good-natured as usual, never makes much show. Cavour was doing the honours very amiably in a much embroidered coat. His round good-natured face and spectacles, as well as his short stout figure, always seem to me slightly disappointing. It does not answer, somehow, to one's idea of a great Italian statesman. He always makes me most gracious bows, however, whenever I meet him in the street, which I do frequently, as we do not live far from the Palais Cavour. Stackelberg was there, whom I like very much since a long visit he paid to me.

Cavour's niece, the Comtesse Alfieri, did the honours at the Ministère. She makes the most

wonderful curtsies I ever saw, really going down into the floor and coming up again in a most surprising manner.

On returning from Cavour's we had some luncheon to strengthen us for the races, which were expected to last long past our usual dinner hour. I put on the lilac muslin we bought in Paris with the three flounces, and my white China crape shawl. The rain had ceased after the review, and carriages were pouring in from all directions towards the Place d'Armes, where the races were to be. We arrived in good time, got good places and prepared to enjoy the sight, when the rain, which one would think had stopped on purpose to tempt people out, began to pour in torrents. The tent under which we sat was soon wet through, and in some places collected the water and let it fall in regular streams upon the unfortunates below. Alas for the beautiful new bonnets, the beauteous spring dresses! Umbrellas were put up in all directions, but that barely sufficed to protect the bonnets: the tremendous crinolines the ladies here wear stretched far beyond their shelter. Two horses ran in the midst of it all, in the mud and pelting storm. Then there was a long interval. People were looking for their carriages, most of them in vain. Meanwhile we were wonderfully lucky, found ours at once, and drove off, to the envy of many, no doubt. In the evening we went to see the illuminations, which were very pretty despite the rain. There were things like great plants of huge bell-like red flowers, managed partly in coloured glass, partly in gas, which were quite new to me. We illuminated also last night, as we were told it was proper and even prudent, as there have been cases known of windows being broken when not lighted. We had fourteen grease-pots to each balcony, which made a great show.

Tuesday we did not go to the races, although the weather was perfectly splendid. We were discouraged by our first attempt. May 15, 1857.

On Wednesday I went to see the newly-arrived Russian Princess G., who received me with open arms. The Prince, who is *attaché* to Stackelberg, came in to beg that C. and I would dine with them "en petit comité" and his wife instantly set about fixing the day. "It couldn't be to-morrow; no, to-morrow they dined at the Stackelberg's, and Friday was a bad day—one must never begin a friendship on a Friday—so it must be Saturday." So for Saturday it was fixed; we are to dine and afterwards drive with them to the Place d'Armes, which is the fashionable thing to do at this season. The Princess is wonderfully outspoken. "Voyez-vous, moi, j'ai la passion de la toilette; j'irai tous les jours m'acheter des chapeaux neufs, pour le plaisir de les acheter!" And so she and her husband seem to do, for the quantity of things they have managed to buy since their arrival here is quite astonishing. She told me all about her education in a convent: "d'où l'on sort avec beaucoup de religion, et peu d'instruction." In short she was perfectly amusing, took me to drive in her open carriage with her dog, and finally brought me home. Lord de Burgh's verdict is: "Yes, they're nice people, very—asked me to dinner; I wish I had fixed the day."

Our dinner at the G.'s yesterday was very pleasant. I went in my lilac muslin, which is really charming, and a tulle mantelet with my black lace. The Prince received us most cordially, and begged us to excuse his wife, who had overtired herself, and was obliged to lie down, but would not let us be put off. A cousin of theirs who is married at Turin, a Comtesse some-

thing, did the honours of the dinner, which was served in Russian style on two tables. We first sat down to one, at which we ate hard eggs, *thon*, radishes, &c., to give us an appetite, they said. Then we got up and went to the other table, where we had a regular dinner—soup, *entrées*, roast, &c. After dinner I returned to the Princess, who had got up while we were away to try on my mantelet. Some medical person came, so I was turned out of the room, she telling her husband "d'être bien aimable avec Mme. Bunsen," which he certainly was. The result of the conference in the bedroom was that the Princess was declared better and allowed to get up, which she did at once, with great glee, and came out to us in a white dressing-gown, one mass of lace, embroidery and blue bows. We talked for some time and then, as it was getting cooler, the Prince proposed a drive. His wife was provided for by calling in her dog and her old Russian nurse who brought her up. I promised to go and see her soon, and we proceeded to the Place d'Armes, where we took several turns in the midst of all the *élite* of Turin, the ladies immensely got up, the gentlemen riding or driving. The Place d'Armes itself is a great square plain, surrounded by an avenue of not very tall trees, where the carriages drive up and down, with the Alps in full view when the weather is clear. Unhappily, yesterday they were almost invisible. Finally we were deposited at our door, the Prince again remarking what near neighbours we were, and hoping we should see each other very often. I think they are a great acquisition, and C. approves of them also. It seems that he and the Prince are both mourned over at the club, as sad examples of men lost to society by marriage.

On Friday I went to the Marquise St. Germain, who is our neighbour. I had to thank her for sundry attentions in the way of sending mysterious old women to me who sell old lace, and offer to buy my old gowns, &c., to the intense indignation of my maid. "How the creatures dare propose such a thing to the *gnädige Frau!*" &c. I have no old dresses to sell, but look at all the lace, which is very fascinating. The good old times they tell me about, when old lace was sold by weight in scales in the market, are over, alas! and it is now much sought after.

The arrival of the Empress of Russia having been again put off, we are really going to the Vaudois valleys, near Pignerol, of which I am very glad, as the Vaudois or Waldensians are such a peculiar and remarkable people. You know that they claim to have kept the primitive Christian faith, free from alloy, in their mountain fastnesses, all down the centuries. They have never needed a Reformation. The Bible is read by all, they have no mass, no images or ornaments in their churches, and their forms of worship are perfectly simple, resembling those of some of the strict nonconformist Protestant sects. These inoffensive people have endured long and dreadful persecution from all sides, but chiefly from the lords of the soil, the Dukes of Savoy, who subsequently became Kings of Sardinia. Indeed, it is only since the Statuto of Carlo Alberto in 1848, when religious liberty became the law of the land, that they have enjoyed any peace and been able to establish stations in Turin, Nice, and several other towns. Even so recently as the last generation, when Count Truchsess, the father of Madame de Robilant, was Prussian Minister at Turin, he is said to have helped some of the pastors and leading men to escape by

May 18.

sending them timely warning of military expeditions sent out against them. From the time when Milton wrote his famous sonnet :—

> "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd Saints whose bones
> Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold . . .
> Slain by the bloody Piedmontese"—

and Cromwell interfered in behalf of the Waldensians, the Protestant Powers have exercised a sort of protectorate over them. Since 1848 this has become a mere form, but it is still a sort of tradition that a member of the Prussian Legation should be present at their Synod, and our chief being a Roman Catholic, this duty falls to C. Pilatte[1] is going with us, having come from Nice for the "table," as they call it. He dined with us to-day, and was very nice and amusing. It was the first time we had had anyone to dinner, and, as often happens, things did not go on at all so well as usual. The cook did not distinguish himself. The ice which C. always has, and which has never failed, was suddenly wanting to-day for the very first time. Benz was in a state of mind about the ice, and spilt the gravy on the tablecloth, also for the first time. Despite these little drawbacks the dinner was pleasant enough, and afterwards C. and Pilatte smoked on the balcony, and apparently enjoyed themselves. Pilatte left us later to go to the Stackelbergs'.

Latour, May 22, 1857.

We set out at a little before seven on Tuesday morning. At Pignerol we took an open carriage and went on with Meille[2] and Pilatte. The drive was charming. Sundry clouds that had given us some anxiety in the morning had cleared off, the mountains

[1] A well-known Vaudois *pasteur* at Nice.
[2] *Pasteur* of the Vaudois church at Turin.

stood out gloriously, the air that blew over the plain was such as we never breathe in town. On each side of the road the vines were trained across between the mulberry trees, and the corn shot up vigorously beneath. Our two companions were in the best of spirits and never stopped talking. On reaching Latour we went straight to the church, where the opening service was already nearly ended. Round the pulpit were grouped all the pastors of the valleys, some in gowns, some not, but all in bands. The church, which is new and pretty, was full, and several large dogs, which seemed to be freely admitted, were rushing about looking for their masters or lying quietly by the pews. A very rustic-looking national guard was sentinel at the church door in honour of the Synod, and the boys of the Vaudois College had piled arms before it. As we all came out their bugles sounded, and they marched off in very decent order. This gave a slight touch of military spirit to the peculiar scene. C. introduced me to the lady who was to be our hostess, Mme. Peyrot, a pretty young woman who took us up to her house to breakfast—indeed, we were beginning to feel in want of something, having only had coffee in the morning. After breakfast we returned to the village to hear the report of the "table." The "table" turns out to mean a sort of governing committee which is elected every year. The Synod was already constituted, and Meille was presiding in a very plain armchair below the pulpit. His decided features tell well at a distance, and his earnest austere expression gives him a look of one of the old Reformers. Pilatte near him was vice-president, and formed rather a contrast, with his long beard and quick motions. The *modérateur* Revel, who is short

and stout, read the report, which appeared eminently satisfactory. It is curious to hear these people up in their remote mountain valleys talking of "leurs stations de Turin, de Gènes, de Nice," &c.

M. Peyrot's house is beautifully situated at the entrance of the valley. On one side the view extends over the wide fertile plain, which in the blue evening haze looks almost like the sea, with the *roche* Cavour [1] rising abruptly in the midst, rather like the Mont Dol. On the other side the high hills, thickly wooded at the base, rugged and bare at the top, and over all the splendid snow mountains. But what I think no words can describe is the extreme beauty of the country just bursting into spring life, the freshness of the green, the quantities of wildflowers, the splendid growth of the trees, the singing of birds, the sound of rushing waters on all sides; there is a joy in it all, of which the effect is wonderful! It is a great pity we could not stay out the week, but I think we made the most of our three days.

It was with no small regret we left the valleys, but it was time we should come back. On arriving here we found the Chief had gone to Alessandria to meet the Empress of Russia, and had sent for C., who had not yet returned. I am sorry for his missing this, though he does not seem to think it of any consequence, and is rather glad to escape a hot journey in uniform. We saw the Empress arrive in the evening, the King riding by her carriage. I suppose we shall learn to-day what we are to do, for as yet nobody seems to know.

May 25. After all it was a gala concert at the Reggio which

[1] On the summit of this isolated rock are the ruins of a castle which gave its name to the family of Cavour; it was taken and destroyed by Catinat in 1691.

we had last night in honour of the Empress. The Chief had a very good box between Sir James Hudson's and the Turk. We set off in good time, I in my Broussa dress, C. in full uniform. I think he looks better in uniform than most of the diplomats here; in general it suits them very badly. Rustem Bey paid us a visit before the proceedings began. He complains much of Turin, poor man! Heat, he says, is nothing to him, but the heavy atmosphere gives him headaches: "Vingt fois ces jours derniers j'ai pris la plume pour écrire, et vingt fois je l'ai rejetée loin de moi, incapable de faire l'effort." It is a sort of comfort to hear that other people feel stupid and idle too: it makes one less inclined to abuse oneself. However, to return to the theatre, Sir James, very handsome and gorgeous, with his two *attachés*, was next door and conversed very amicably. The French were opposite, all the Legation in one box; they must have been warm. The Duke was resplendent, but looked as if his uniform were rather tight. After a time the Chief arrived, quite worn out; he had been all day with the Empress, had dined at the Palace, had rushed from table to meet the King of Saxony, who came for the occasion; was, however, too late, but had gone with him to the Palace and had been there ever since. Brassier looked well; he was covered with orders, amongst others the *collier de l'étoile polaire*, which he got in Sweden, and which is supposed to excite the envy of those of his colleagues who have only stars. Presently there was a sort of stir and all the grandees came in; everybody stood up and there was a great deal of applause. I am very glad to have had this opportunity of seeing the Empress,[1] who is certainly the

[1] Alexandra Feodorowna, widow of Tsar Nicholas, *née* Princess Charlotte of Prussia, sister to King Frederick William IV. and Emperor William I.

most imposing-looking royal personage I have ever seen. She is tall and thin, and looks very ill, but very grand. Her dress was perfect—all white, with some sort of gold embroidery, almost high, with long sleeves. She had a magnificent tiara of diamonds, over which was fastened a kind of tulle veil at the back of her head, which was twisted round her throat and suited her very well. Such a diamond necklace as I have never before beheld sparkled on her neck, and she held a magnificent white feather fan. Not a flower, no *accessoires*, no colour. The effect was very fine and quite suitable to her age. The King led her in and sat down beside her. On the other side was the King of Saxony, with his daughter, the Duchess of Genoa, who was in white, with a great many diamonds. To the left of the King of Sardinia was his eldest daughter, Mme. Clotilde, who came out for the first time in order to receive the Empress. The young Princess is tall and not pretty; she had a white tulle dress, flowers in her hair, and a few diamonds, with the red ribbon of an order the Empress had just conferred upon her. Various Ministers were presented to her, and she talked very prettily to them and to La Marmora, whose fine melancholy face appeared in the background of the royal box. Cavour also stood behind the King, and an ugly Russian in a red uniform was behind the Empress's chair, with whom she talked and laughed a good deal. Still further back our Russian friends were discernible. Stackelberg got out of bed to go and meet the Empress, and I suppose was ill again last night, for I did not see him. The concert was decidedly poor, and the Empress did not seem to think herself called upon to pay much attention to it. She *lorgné'd* all the first row of boxes and made Cavour tell her who the occupants were.

We came in for our turn and were fully inspected. She talked to the King, who, after the first half-hour, seemed as if he really could not bear it any longer—he hates all "representation"—and looked about him with short impatient gestures, as if an outbreak of some kind would be a relief. Once the Empress addressed Mme. Clotilde, who did not hear her at first; her father pulled her forward, she got up, listened, and curtsied very nicely. Finally, about the middle of the concert, they all departed. Then, as it was getting very slow, C. went to see if Benz was there; fortunately, he found him, and as we drove out and saw the perfect army of carriages on the square, we congratulated ourselves on getting off so well.

Time really slips away in a most dreadful manner. This is a cool day, on which one can exert oneself, and here is the morning almost gone already. To be sure we were late, after our dissipation last night. There was breakfast and Ali, the puppy the Chief has just given me, to be fed. He howled fearfully all last night, and was quite exhausted this morning. He has just been separated from his family and feels lonely. Then the cook came with his menu. Then I saw C. depart for the Legation. Then, as it is Monday, there are various bills to be looked through, for I am making an attempt at keeping accounts, which is the more laudable because C. discourages it altogether — when once the money is gone he does not see that the accounts make any difference. Then I arranged my flowers, a beautiful bouquet of rosebuds the cook had brought from market. Then in trots my doggie, who is now on my lap while I am writing. He is so pretty, with a little round face, full of fun, and a blue bow round his neck. He is a constant amusement to us, excepting when he

howls. C. is to come back early if he can, as we have visits to pay, and if he comes at two my whole morning will have gone without my having read "Soll und Haben," a charming German book I want to finish and send to you, nor have I read Nicolo dei Lapi in Italian, nor have I been to the gallery to draw.

May 23. C. has been suddenly seized by a love of dissipation and a strong desire to go out in the evening! On Monday we went to the Marchesa Arconati, who is a new acquaintance. She receives every evening and it is a nice house. C. meets there some of the political people, those *hommes sérieux* Brassier declares he is always in search of.

The other evening the Russian Gerebsow came in quite unexpectedly to tea. He, too, abuses the climate, and says his nerves are so "agacés, qu'il casserait volontiers toutes les vitres de sa chambre." He told us all sorts of stories. At a *jeu d'esprit* at the Palavicinis', one of the questions put was what kind of *déclaration* was most likely to be successful. The little Countess Thérèse, who is only sixteen, said she did not know what to write. Her mother told her not to be a goose, and she wrote, "Qu'on me l'apprenne et je répondrai!" *Cela promet!* Then about the little Belgian who is called Paternoster, and has just gone to Brussels in search of an Ave Maria, as Gerebsow told him, and so on.

C. is most amusing with the puppy. He has undertaken his education, for which he has a decided talent, but a baby would certainly give *him* less trouble. The remarks he makes to the dog in German are too funny. "Ja, das leben ist bitter" (Yes, life is bitter), that is when Ali is in disgrace, "aber Strafe muss sein in der

Welt" (but there must be punishment in the world). Then he always speaks to him very politely in the third person; for instance, when refusing his persistent efforts to get on his knee, "Es ist sehr freundlich von Ihnen an mich zu denken, aber," &c. (It is most friendly of you to think of me, but).

This afternoon I had to go to a committee meeting at Meille's, which I was decidedly rather afraid of, never having had anything to do with that sort of thing before. It turned out to be rather amusing, however, although this specimen has by no means augmented my respect for the institution. The assembly was composed of the young ladies who are to be members of a charitable society, their mammas, and a few other matrons. Meille opened the proceedings by reading a sort of plan which he had drawn up. The society is to occupy itself with poor children, and is to be composed of young ladies, directed by a committee of elder ones, who are responsible for its acts. When he had finished, Meille begged that people would make remarks and say what they thought of it. Of course, there was a dead silence at first; then, one person having hazarded an observation, a perfect Babel of voices ensued, everybody talking at once! The chief objection raised was that the young ladies' part seemed too subordinate, as they were to act entirely under the direction of the committee. Meille, who seems to have rather old-world ideas as to the subjection of youth, defended his system. There was a great deal of laughing and giggling going on in a corner amongst the young people, who were at last asked for *their* opinion, and then the startling fact came out that they thought they could manage very well by themselves and didn't want any ladies over them at all! On this the confusion became still greater

June 4.

and Meille seemed very much taken aback. I must say I rather sympathised with the young ladies: as they were to do the work, it seemed right they should have a voice in the matter. Meille, however, declared positively that a committee of girls alone would not do; he had not time to look after it himself, and there must be some responsible direction. The first idea had been a committee of *nine*. The *demoiselles* declared, however, that they would feel *écrasées* by so many of their elders and would not be able to speak freely in their presence. To do them justice they had seemed on the whole very well able to speak up for themselves, but the number of ladies was reduced to four, "avec un pasteur, si toutefois," Meille said somewhat reprovingly, "le pasteur n'est pas de trop!"

These four are to meet with the young ladies, consult with them, and decide "en dernier ressort." By the time this was really settled we were all getting pretty well tired, but Meille wished the four members of the committee to be elected at once, as it would save much time at the next meeting. To this there was much opposition, but he carried his point, provided all the ladies with pencils and paper and assured them it would be done in a minute. In Meille's first plan, which certainly was rather autocratic, he was to have named the committee himself, and I knew he intended to put my name down, but now that we had suddenly come to universal suffrage I gave up any idea of being on the list and was not sorry on the whole to be well out of it. To my great surprise and amusement my name was in nearly every bulletin, and when the votes were counted up I turned out to be president! It really struck me as very funny—the vice-president is the mother of a tall daughter;

CHÂTEAU OF THE VALENTINO IN 1858.

To face p. 43.]

I think I shall abdicate in her favour, for, as somebody said before the election, "Je plains la future présidente." I suppose it was the prestige of the Corps diplomatique that did it, and C. is very well known amongst the Vaudois; as for myself, I hardly knew the name of a single person there. Meille seemed very much pleased and shook hands to congratulate. Another meeting was agreed on for Saturday, and I returned home to kill C. with laughing at the idea of my new honours, and with the account of all the proceedings.

June 8. I had my committee at three in the afternoon, and very warm work it was. Did I tell you I had a visit from Meille, who wished me to accept the *présidence*, which I accordingly did? I took the chair for the first time, and though I felt as if the proceeding was highly ludicrous, I got used to it by degrees. Besides, things are beginning to shake right and work more smoothly now.

June 12. Yesterday was a very busy day; we were to dine at the Stackelbergs', but began early by a walk before breakfast to the Valentino. This is a beautiful old Renaissance *château* built long ago by Christine de France, daughter of Henri IV., who married some member of the House of Savoy. It is covered with *fleurs de lys*, and though used as barracks for soldiers and much neglected and decayed, is still one of the prettiest buildings near Turin. It is surrounded by shady avenues, and the air there, after the rain, has been exquisite on these fine mornings, with the whole range of distant Alps clearly cut against the blue sky. It was the Corpus Domini, or *Fête Dieu*, and after breakfast C. left Uebel to do the work at the Legation and took me to see the procession, which is still a very grand function, although the King and

Court no longer follow it on foot as in the time of Carlo Alberto. All the narrow little streets of the old part of the town were crowded; the balconies hung with grand old stuffs, red with gold fringes, blue and yellow silk—it was a pretty sight. We took up our stand on the shady side of the Dora Grossa and soon the procession appeared, very different from any I had yet seen. Various *confraternitas* headed it, singing as they came along, with lighted tapers in their hands and a guard of soldiers in front to force the way through the crowd. Wondrous were the costumes, old-fashioned, I suppose. Then long rows of monks in brown gowns and sandalled feet. Then . . . for a little time I saw no more, for such was the heat, even in the shade, and the confined air in the surrounding crowd, that, although not given to such proceedings, I fainted right away and fell to the ground. C. picked me up, and soon after I found myself, feeling rather queer, in a *café*, which was fortunately open, all the other shops being strictly shut. They gave me a glass of *vermouth*, which was abominably nasty, but invigorating, and after a few minutes I was all right again, and able to get up on a chair in the shop door to see the Host borne past under a canopy, followed by all the magistrates in robes, the University, &c. I was sorry to give C. such a fright, but my feeling faint came on so suddenly I had barely time to move out of the thickest crowd to the side of the street before I fell. We walked home, for there was not a cab to be seen, and C. made me lie on the sofa and rest until we went to the Stackelbergs' at five. The Russian Legation is in a beautiful house, with large cool rooms with marble floors looking out on a garden. There were several people to dinner. The gentlemen

went away early after smoking in the garden, and the Stackelbergs proposed to us to drive with them and to stay to tea. Mme. de Stackelberg is very handsome, very dark, with splendid black hair, which she wears in big plaits round her head, crossing in front. She is tall and stately, with delicate features, and looked very beautiful in white muslin with her magnificent greyhound at her feet. Such a dog I never saw; he is alarmingly large, and looks as if he had walked out of one of Landseer's pictures. A good many people dropped in to tea. General La Marmora was there. I have at last made his acquaintance and find him most agreeable.[1] On going away Count Stackelberg said they were going to be in Turin all the summer and he hoped we should see a great deal of each other. Notwithstanding the dreadful heat, I had to dress after dinner, for the Chief was giving a musical party and I was to receive. C. had promised we should be at the Legation by half-past eight, so that of course we arrived long before any one thought of coming, but it was perhaps as well, as the Chief is fussy. He showed me all his pictures, walking through the rooms with his *chibouk*, as is his wont. We even went into his bedroom in search of his little dog, Ben Bel, Ali's brother. Ben Bel is the Piedmontese for *bien beau*. Afterwards my task in making tea was simplified by almost everybody preferring ices, and I had not much to do but to make my best curtsies to Cavour and a great many countesses and marquises, some known and some unknown, as well as to various officers and

June 18.

[1] "We have been extremely pleased with General La Marmora (indeed, he is a universal favourite), and found him so sensible, mild, and right-minded in all he says, and a valuable adviser to the King."—Queen Victoria to Lord Clarendon, January 28, 1856.

counts whom Brassier brought up in rapid succession. Several members of the Corps diplomatique had been forgotten in the invitations—the Chief generally does leave out somebody, but he threw all the blame on C., which I think was rather mean. After dinner he wrote a note to a colleague : " Mon cher, j'apprends a l'instant, que Bunsen a oublié," &c. Notwithstanding this tardy notice, that colleague was one of the first to appear. The *soirée* is said to be almost without a precedent in Turin, as ladies in society never sing before a large audience. It all went off splendidly. In the centre of the room was a pyramid of flowers, composed of bunches of pinks and roses, with a great branch of lily at the top. One lady in going away pulled out a bouquet, and the example was immediately followed—the pyramid was pillaged. For my own part, I took three or four, thinking I had well earned them, and the Chief seemed to think so too. He thanked me very much " d'avoir fait la maîtresse de maison," and allowed that he had presented most of the people without saying their names, either from not knowing them or having forgotten them, so that it was not astonishing I had caught so few. He sent his compliments to my doggie and was altogether gracious. I was very glad to come home after having virtuously outstayed the very last lady.

Books are what I most feel the want of, and you know I have never been accustomed to a scarcity of them. C. has the newspapers and a variety of deep German books which he goes to sleep over, but I find it almost impossible to beg or borrow anything here. The chief has nothing but the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*, and M. Uebel is also supposed to possess one book ; I do not know its title, but, as you see, that is not

much use. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which I get from the Belgian Legation and which I read from end to end, is about all I have. The mornings are the pleasantest time now : our nice shady walk, the return to our pleasant little dining-room with the shutters shut dark and cool, the breakfast itself—generally an omelette or new potatoes and cherries ; the doggie tired from his walk lying down to rest. When C. goes to the Chancellerie I resort to the drawing-room, which is at present full of roses and jessamine, and quite dark also. C. has at times *velléités* of thinking our mode of life very simple, while I maintain it to be quite verging on luxury. With abundance of ice, fruit, and flowers, a nice apartment and a good cook, what more could one require ?

The Turk was in a state of mind at Mme. d'Arvilars' the other day because I had not bowed to him at the Place d'Armes. He complained to C., who with great presence of mind assured him I was dreadfully short-sighted, getting over the difficulty diplomatically, though rather at the expense of truth, for *that* infirmity I certainly have not.

I went to see Mme. d'Alte to-day, who was most affectionate and gave me a very pretty piece of point d'Alençon. I was quite surprised. To be sure, she has stores of point d'Alençon, which it really makes one envious to behold, and which she inherited from her Portuguese mother-in-law. July 11.

As it is Saturday, I have just been going over Benz's account book, which is amusing sometimes. In general he spells well, as C. presented him with a dictionary. However, I have been puzzling over several words, finding out what a *balet* (*balai*) means, and also a *pain de sucre*, which in Benz's vocabulary turns out to be a

cake! How we *could* have consumed two sugar-loaves in a week I could not conceive.

I went to the G.'s, where I found the Princess quite lively. The baby is always asleep and very little to be seen. He has his ears pulled every day, to make them stick out, she told me. Her room is filled with Russian pictures of the Virgin and saints, all gilt excepting the faces.

July 17. "Ach diese Hitze!" That is the remark I have just been making to Ali, and what one feels inclined to say to everybody. The heat really is astonishing, and now that it begins to interfere with my sleep, I feel aggravated. Poor Ali does not know what has gone wrong with him, and passes his time in trying new positions and drinking water. C. sometimes has not even the courage to smoke, and the Chancellerie, where, as Uebel is away, he must appear alive or dead, is really no joke in this weather.

July 19. Yesterday I went out in despair, tired of sitting or lying in the house with all the shutters shut till you get stupefied and incapable of doing anything. I walked about the blazing and deserted streets for some time in rather a crazy fashion, but I certainly felt better after it. Last night we went to the Stackelbergs'. The Countess looked wonderfully handsome in pink muslin, with a pink mantelet to match trimmed with a deep flounce of rich old lace. The two Russian ladies, who are obliged to remain here for family reasons, Mme. d'Alte, and a few secretaries and *attachés*, are all that are left in town now. Everybody who can get away has gone. I am beginning to detest Turin again, after getting rather to like it. There are a few good things here, though, it must be allowed. The figs, for instance! We have great black ones, which C. despises

because he says they are nothing to those that come after. He eats them, nevertheless, and as yet I certainly have never tasted better ones.

I was so stupid this morning that I even forgot to mention our visit to Vela, the sculptor's, studio. We had long purposed going there with the Marquise Arconati, who at last called for us yesterday morning. Amongst several fine statues is one of a Piedmontese soldier in the Crimea defending his colours—quite a splendid thing, full of life and spirit. It is to be executed in marble at the expense of a Milanese committee and set up in the Place Château here at Turin, as a sign of admiration and fraternity from Lombardy. Altogether it was most interesting, and we were very glad to have managed the expedition at last.

The heat is quite dreadful. I have discarded every possible complication of dress, and do my hair quite flat in a net; it is not particularly becoming, but *bandeaux* were insupportable. I have also left off wearing shoes in the house, and go about "in my stocking-feet," as you would say in Scotland. I have bought a common green fan for church and every-day use. Everybody has a fan in church, and all the common people in the streets have them too. Alas! we dine at the Stackelbergs' this evening. They are indefatigably kind in asking us, but I think C. is looking forward quite eagerly to a certain family event which will put an end to these dinners, for a time at least. They ask us nearly once a week, and then we have to pay a visit in the evening. July 21.

Our dinner at the Stackelbergs' turned out much better than we expected, and we drove afterwards, the whole party in two carriages, to see a villa on the

colline which is said to be pretty. It is on a very high hill, and the view of the Alps from the terrace must be magnificent; but storms were lowering in all directions, and the mountains were quite invisible. The heat was suffocating, and we returned through clouds of dust, surrounded by flashes of lightning. We all went into the Stackelbergs' to get tea, but their *maître d'hôtel* had gone out, taking all the keys with him, so that there was nothing to be had. After waiting some time in hopes of his return, we took leave, and walked home with Faverney and Bartholdi. Benz had *not* gone out fortunately, and got us some tea very quickly, so that we enjoyed our evening altogether.

July 24. The heat is almost unbearable. The nights are so warm that the rooms never cool. It is dreadful to wake up suddenly in a sort of *angst* (terror) and feel as if you were in a bath. I never remember experiencing that in France, for even in the hottest weather there one began to live again after nine in the evening. Mme. de Stackelberg has had a son, the very evening after our expedition with them. The G.'s are going to Switzerland; lucky creatures, to get away from this *fournaise ardente!* I had a long visit from Meille yesterday, and as I told him I should like to know more about the Vaudois history, he has sent me a big old parchment-bound book, very rare and precious, printed in Holland, and dedicated to "Messeigneurs les Etats Généraux." C. says it is the sort of book you could hardly read in winter, much less in this weather. It was very kind of Meille to send it, however, and I quite hope to get some light about Arnauld and *la grande rentrée.*

July 30. We are thoroughly *done up* with the heat! It has lasted so long now that it is difficult to bear. C.

hardly eats enough to keep body and soul together, and walks about languidly with a stick. For two days past I have gone with him to the Legation and sat in the garden there, which is quite deserted. It is warm, but there is shade, and I stayed there quite happily with Ali and my work, coming back at two to my lunch of figs and lemonade, and finding that "Das Leben war nicht so bitter" (Life was not so bitter) after all!

Yesterday was a lamentable one for us, for it was marked by the death of our poor little dog Ali! He was run over by a carriage and died directly. We were on our way to the Legation, and once in the garden I must confess that I cried bitterly. C. had to go to the Chancellerie, but presently the Chief, having heard of the misfortune, came out to condole. He really was most kind, and said "qu'il n'y fallait plus penser et me distraire." He sent away Ben Bel—"il vous ferait encore pleurer," took me to see his new curtains, and afterwards to the Chancellerie, which I had never seen. It is a large, cool room, with some hideous old pictures—cheap works of art which the Chief is always buying. There is a long table arranged with the most scrupulous neatness and with such provisions of paper, envelopes, sealing-wax, and seals of all kinds, that it gives one quite a wish to write. I think in one way C. enjoys being sole lord and master there again. He says Uebel sings or whistles all the time he writes. On returning to the house I found a message from Mme. de Stackelberg to say she was receiving to-day for the first time from three till five. I felt very unwilling to go out again, but thought it better to do so, and found I was evidently expected. She was on a sofa in her husband's study, looking very pale

Aug. 2.

and beautiful, in the most elegant of white dressing-gowns and a few soft blue ribbons.

We had just begun tea that evening when Tchitcherine came in and stayed some time, talking very pleasantly. He described his day at the Russian Chancellerie: "J'y vais vers midi et demi, je cause un peu avec G., puis je monte chez le Chef, nous parlons un peu, je lui demande s'il y a quelque chose à faire. Non, rien. Je descends dire à G. qu'il peut se promener. Il s'en va—puis comme il fait chaud dans la Chancellerie, je vais au salon où il fait bon. Je m'étends sur deux fauteuils et je lis un livre d'anciennes dépâches. A trois heures je pars." Stackelberg is evidently an ideal Chief, and being a military man, he dislikes writing.

Our poor Chief is unwell; he cannot eat, has a headache, and does not perspire in the sun! The last symptom does certainly seem alarming! C. will not pity him; he says he should go away for a few days to change the air, instead of staying here writing despatches, which nobody else dreams of doing. Stackelberg was saying yesterday "que toutes les Légations ne présentaient plus que des débris." The G.'s go on the 10th. The Stackelbergs are sighing to get to the Lakes as soon as possible.

Aug. 4. I am writing *en Chancellerie*, rather impressed by finding myself sitting at such a big table, with everything looking so business-like around me. It is so hot in the garden that I come here now with my book or my work till Anna fetches me about one. C. gets home between three and four generally, and so the day passes quite pleasantly without my being so much alone. C. went to be photographed yesterday, as Kolochine has asked him for his portrait. It seems it is rather

customary for diplomatic people to exchange *des cartes de visite*, little full-length likenesses, no larger than a card, as a remembrance. We were to have gone to see how C.'s has succeeded, but were prevented by a storm, a most welcome event, a delightful storm, that has really cooled the air and brought us to life again.

In the evening we went to the G.'s at nine and stayed till midnight. The Princess showed me part of her trousseau, which is at last arrived. Russian fashion, she has twelve dozens of everything, and it all looks extravagantly expensive. Beautiful dresses trimmed with the richest lace, provisions of exquisite lingerie, &c., were all tossed together in confusion in a large box. She has forty made-up dresses and twenty *en pièce*. I wonder what she will do with them all, for she generally is very simple in her dress.

I am making a drawing of the Chancellerie. To-day I made the Chief sit, or stand rather, with his Turkish cap and little pipe. Ben Bel is to be in it too. C. is at the table writing and is rather like. It amuses me extremely.

This evening we go to the Stackelbergs, for to C.'s dismay the Comtesse sent to say she is well enough to receive again. She likes society, and they really keep open house. **Aug. 15.**

The other day Mme. d'Alte took me a long drive, which I should have much enjoyed but for her company! We went along the road to Milan, which I had not yet seen. The mountains were beautifully clear and the weather glorious, but Mme. d'Alte was worse than usual, and one really gets mortally sick of all the small talk she delights in—the last wicked speech Mme. E. has made, and how she and the Countess Stackelberg quarrelled and then made it up again, and

how the Princess G. was rude to Mme. d'Alte, and so on. The last tale may be true, I am afraid, for the Princess is not used to conceal her feelings much, and, if Mme. d'Alte bored her, might not be very scrupulous as to the means she might employ to get rid of her. Indeed, I am beginning to find her rather a compromising acquaintance, as people seem inclined to make me responsible for her shortcomings. She is determined not to see anyone she does not care about, and is not particular about politeness, and when I try to explain that she scarcely sees anybody and pays no visits, the answer is always: "Mais enfin vous la voyez très souvent vous!" Mme. d'Alte took me to Mme. Lannoy, who still keeps up her Thursdays, despite of heat and all. M. Lannoy came in during our visit. He told me he thought C. was decidedly the most popular member of the Corps diplomatique here, and said a great deal in his praise. On my repeating this to C., he only said he wished the Prussian Government would open its eyes to his merits.

One of our amusements at present is to take our evening walk in some meadows near the railway. C. smokes and we sit and watch the trains go by. I do not much delight in this, as it gives me a wish to be in them going away from Turin for a time, but C. takes a particular pleasure in it. He says it is an innocent amusement, which is certainly true, and why shouldn't he have it?

The G.'s have returned here. They went to Geneva, where there is the nearest Greek church, to have their child baptized, and then, according to Gerebsow, "ayant rempli leurs devoirs de parents et de bons chrétiens, ils ont laissé là l'enfant à Genève, sous la protection de son ange gardien, et sont partis pour

Paris!" This they had said nothing about, but went there quietly, stayed a fortnight, and have come back enchanted, picking up the baby somewhere on the way.

The Uebels arrived on Saturday, and so I cannot go any more to the Chancellerie; they had tea with us, and seem very flourishing. Yesterday we all had tea together at Mme. d'Alte's with the Marquise Spinola. The conversation was not of a very elevated kind. Mme. Uebel told us which dishes were most popular amongst their family party at Tegern-See, and how they agreed to have some turn about. Meantime the gentlemen talked German to each other, and the servants stood and looked on with trays in their hands, after handing round tea, for such is the custom at Mme. d'Alte's—a most objectionable one, I think. Sept. 14.

Princess G. is quite wild about Paris. She spent all her time at Felix Ode's and Mme. Roger's, and has ordered all her winter things there. "Vous serez bien belle cet hiver, Princesse!" "Moi, je ne mettrai rien de tout cela à Turin, ce n'est pas la peine. Non, je vais tout garder pour Petersbourg." "Mais vous n'y allez pas cet hiver." "Cela n'y fait rien, si je n'y vais que dans vingt ans, je porterai mes robes alors!" She is a peculiar person, but I am quite glad to have her back again.

My father-in-law is attending a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin just now. He only made up his mind to go in consequence of a most pressing autograph invitation from the King (Frederick William). People from all parts of the world are there; the King sent the singers of his own chapel for the opening ceremony, and is to be present himself at some of the sittings.

I am happy to say we really hope to go to Latour. Sept. 18.

The Chief has been away, and only returned yesterday. C. immediately asked for leave "pour quelques jours." "Mais qu'est ce que vous entendez par quelques jours?" C. said three or four, whereupon Brassier generously consented.

Latour, Sept. 21.

We are in full enjoyment of this lovely place, and live in a state of ecstasy! The delight of not being in the hot town, and having no Chancellerie, joined to the splendid beauty of everything around and the wonderful air we breathe—it is really difficult to take it all in at once! La Hollande, as the house of the Peyrots is called, is quite charming, so large and comfortable. Everything is perfectly simple, the cooking is of the plainest, but there are baskets full of fruit of all kinds; the butter comes from the mountain *châlets*, the honey and the game also; so that even if there are too many onions in the dishes it would be a shame to complain. C. and I think this an ideal existence, and make plans for having some such sort of abode in some very cheap part of the world when we retire from public life. C. wishes for a garden and plenty of dogs. The style of thing here would suit us perfectly, only we should like silver knives to eat the peaches with and sheets that were not so rough to the skin! On Monday I went with Mme. Peyrot to call on Frederike Bremer, the Swedish authoress, whose books we have all read. She is visiting the valleys, and brought a letter for the Peyrots. She is a curious-looking little old lady, with grey hair turned up in front and a peculiar cap. Mme. Peyrot introduced me. "Mais quelle Mme. Bunsen? Etes vous la belle-fille du Chevalier Bunsen? alors permettez que je vous embrasse," which she accordingly did. It was agreed that she should dine *en Hollande*, which is here.

It has rained all day, and Mme. Peyrot has been showing me the house and all her arrangements, which are on a very large scale. She superintends the making of her linen herself, giving out the flax to the poor women of the country to spin and weave. Her linen cupboards are a sight to see, two for sheets alone, of which she has nearly four hundred. They make their own bread, and two or three times a week a gigantic round cake of polenta; the slices are cut with a string fastened in the middle, and distributed to the poor who come past. M. Peyrot makes and sells wine.

Turin, Sept. 25.

We left Latour in pouring rain laden with many things. First a sack of polenta flour, then a huge brown loaf intended for the Chief, who it seems is fond of brown bread, then two pounds of butter from the mountains, one of which is also for Brassier, and a provision of delicious walnuts which we have just had for dessert.

CHAPTER III

Dinner at the G.'s—Mrs. Ashley—Our party—Campo Santo—Dinner at Sir James Hudson's—Church of San Carlo—Reception at Foreign Office—Genoa—My father-in-law made a Freiherr—Mechlin lace—Visits to Monaco and Nice.

WE dined yesterday at the G.'s, as it was the Princess's *fête* day. There were only the two other Russians besides ourselves. The Princess was really *en toilette* for a wonder and looked very nice. Tchitcherine and Gerebsow had both sent her splendid bouquets, and her husband had given her a set of ornaments in lapis lazuli, massively set in gold, with which she was delighted beyond measure, calling on everyone to admire them. After dinner the gentlemen smoked, except Gerebsow, who kept us ladies company, amusing himself with *chaffing* the Princess the whole time. The baby was not brought in because it was explained Gerebsow could not endure babies. He protested, saying, "qu'il était assez bien élevé pour savoir dissimuler dans de pareilles circonstances, et que d'ailleurs comme c'était la fête de la Princesse, il ferait volontiers une petite absence du salon," &c. The Princess is much excited about the arrival of the Ashleys, who are staying at the English Legation, and was quite envious when she heard that I had had a visit from Mr. Ashley and Sir James, or *Mr. Hudson*,

as she will call him, whom she has never yet seen. After dinner a box of wonderful bonbons was produced that the G.'s had bought in Paris as a present for their Chief's wife. The Princess declared, however, that Mme. de Stackelberg stayed so long away she could not keep the bonbons any more, so we all began eating them at once, except C., who has a soul above bonbons.

The other day C. had promised to introduce a German Professor to Count Sclopis; he is no doubt a very learned man, but his way of speaking French is remarkable; he always puts the verbs in the infinitive and despises articles altogether. As Count Sclopis remarked, when once you knew the system it was easier to follow him, but at first it was disconcerting. Wednesday I called on Mme. de Gramont, who has returned here to pack up, for, alas! the Duke has been named to Rome and they are going away, to our great regret.

I went yesterday to see Mrs. Ashley, and having heard so much of the splendour of Sir James Hudson's abode, which in a common way is inaccessible to ladies, I was quite glad to have an opportunity of seeing it. There is no doubt it is very superior to any of the other Legations here. The house is a fine old one and everything is in very good style. Two or three servants in black were at the head of the grand staircase, and I was conducted through a very handsome suite of rooms to the *salon* appropriated to Mrs. Ashley. She showed me her bedroom afterwards, all fitted up in English style. It certainly seems a pity that excepting Sir James, his two *attachés*, and a few Italian *habitués*, no one ever penetrates into the house or enjoys it all. Oct. 18.

The weather here lately has been abominable—a real deluge—bridges and houses have been carried away, the railway to Genoa is broken up in four different places, and serious accidents have happened. We have hardly stirred out of the house, although we owed several visits. The Princess, however, came to see me; at present she is most amusing, because she has discovered that her servants cheat her, and has determined to buy all her provisions herself and keep them under lock and key. She has taken up the thing with great energy, going to all sorts of big warehouses in the old town with the Canna Farina, a very well-known person here, who explained everything. She really has learnt a great deal already. "Un pain de sucre de tant de kilos, coûte tant? Combien payez-vous votre sucre?" I was obliged to allow that I could not answer without referring to the last bill of the *droghista*, as Benz calls the grocer. "Les raisins secs, coûtent tant la livre? Les amandes tant?" Her head was full of it, and she intends buying old lace out of her economies!

Yesterday C. had a bad headache, so after establishing him as comfortably as his state would allow, with the "Heir of Redcliffe" to amuse him, I went alone to Mrs. Ashley, with whom I had a long talk about Indian affairs, confinements, and baptismal regeneration! It seems that Sir James has some vague idea of asking us to dinner as soon as Mrs. Ashley is well enough to preside, but the better she gets, the less we hear of the invitation!

Life is decidedly pleasant here at present. There is enough animation to prevent the necessity of going to see the trains pass, as in summer, and yet not too much visiting and reception days to attend to.

The Chief is much pleased because he has just been made a Count. He has always declared that he had a right to the title, and has been trying to get it recognised. "Cela lui manquait depuis longtemps."

In the first place I must tell you about our dinner at Hudson's, which came off at last. We were the only people except the party at the Legation. Sir James showed me his studio or *den*, as he calls it, a lovely room full of beautiful things, where we talked long about a new system of colouring. He is devoted to painting. **Oct. 28.**

You must know that we have given a small party in honour of the Ashleys. Sir James was already engaged, otherwise Mrs. Ashley said he would certainly have come. It was a great pity, for besides his being most agreeable in himself, he so seldom goes anywhere that his presence would have lent a certain *éclat* to the proceedings. The Chief also could not come, neither could the Uebels, on account of mourning. We had the G.'s, Tchitcherine, and Gerebsow, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley came very punctually; the G.'s were late, of course; the Princess really beautifully dressed, "pour nous faire honneur." She was a little shy at first, but soon began chatting away in her usual style. She explained to Mrs. Ashley her favourite plan. Her husband is to have a place about Court at Petersburg, "et Madame Bunsen sera Ambassadrice de Prusse." She wanted the Ashleys to put off their visit to Russia till then! Mrs. Ashley said she would call on her here, *en attendant*, and that she hoped they would be sent to London. After the Ashleys had gone the Princess wanted very much to play Lotto, but it was late and that was put off to another time. The *jeu de Lotto* was bought with

part of C.'s winnings at steeplechase at the Stackelbergs' last Thursday, where to his great surprise he made fifteen francs. We find these innocent, stupid games are really the best. The *jeux d'esprit* are very doubtful here. It seems that at a party the other evening, the Neapolitan, Canofari, refused to read one paper aloud, and yet I should think he would not be easily shocked!

Nov. 1. I went to see the Ashleys yesterday, who seem to have been pleased with their evening. They had been evidently amused, by the remarks they made, and I stayed with them a long time. On my return home I found a message from the Comtesse Stackelberg asking us to come in the evening. That is the third time this week! C. was in despair. I did not want to go either, as I was tired, but as it was a party in honour of the baptism of their youngest child, we thought it was right to make an effort. It was decidedly dull. After tea some of the company departed and we rose also, but the Comtesse begged we would stay, as they wished to observe a Piedmontese custom of eating chestnuts on the eve of All Saints. The chestnuts were accordingly brought, ready shelled, in a silver saucepan, and Count Alfieri volunteered to act as cook. Stackelberg brought him a *bonnet de coton*, which he put on, and which did not suit him badly. He mixed the hot chestnuts with a little butter, sugar, and some spoonfuls of rum which were set on fire, and after stirring for some time they were pronounced to be ready, and proved very good. Canofari is decidedly amusing, and a great resource to the society here; always in spirits, always chattering with his funny Neapolitan accent, noisy and impertinent, he at least brings animation with him.

After the chestnuts some *jeu d'esprit* was proposed, the mere idea of which put C. to flight instantly.

On Monday last we went to the Campo Santo, which I had not yet seen. As it was All Souls' Day, the road which leads to it was crowded with people, chiefly women. The Campo Santo lies in the plain, a good way out of town, with the Superga in full view on one side, and the whole range of Alps on the other. By the roadside were little establishments for selling chestnuts, &c., and at the door a whole row of men with bags, which they shook continually, crying in most lamentable voices "Per le anime del Purgatorio!" (For the souls in Purgatory!)—"Per le anime del Purgatorio!" Inside the walls the graves were so crowded with flowers that the effect was quite bright and cheerful. Long alleys of cypress divide the ground, and a gigantic cross rises in the centre. There is a kind of cloister all round, under which are monuments and statues; several are by Vela, and a particularly lovely one is the tomb of a child. An angel is represented holding the child, who is springing upward as it were with a wonderful expression of joy and surprise, and the angel is beautiful beyond description. We drove on afterwards to the bridge of the Stura which was carried off by the inundations. The Stura has entirely changed its course and made itself a new bed, through which it was rushing, sullen and swollen. Crowds of workmen were engaged about the railway bridge, the passage over which had been in part repaired, and over which the trunks of the unfortunate travellers were being conveyed in small carts. The sun was shining in a wintry-looking sky, and the hills of the Superga were of a magnificent deep blue. The drive back through

Nov. 5.

the queer old part of the town was charming, though very cold, and the bright fire and dinner were both welcome.

In the evening I got a note from Mrs. Ashley asking us to dine at Sir James's with the G.'s, which is very pleasant. Wednesday the 4th I went with C. to the church of his patron saint, San Carlo. He says he always does on his birthday (he was born on San Carlo's day), as it reminds him of his childhood at Rome, when he had a holiday, and was taken to see the Pope officiate in the Church of San Carlo. The church that bears that name here is not particularly beautiful; it is one of the two in the Place St. Charles, the square with the fine statue of Emanuel Philibert. The altar was brilliantly lighted, and several monks kneeling on the floor looked picturesque, but there was no function.

The dinner at the English Legation was a very brilliant affair. In the first place Sir James received us in his *den*, which it seems was a great compliment, as it is seldom opened to the public. The whole suite of rooms was lighted, the dinner first-rate, and beautifully set out with flowers, &c. In short, as the Princess observed, "Nous ne sommes pas des chefs de mission, mais il faut convenir que M. Hudson nous a donné tous les honneurs." Mrs. Ashley looked wonderfully handsome in white muslin and blue ribbons. The Princess was very smart; she had on her grand pearl necklace and a new coiffure from Felix, a large black velvet butterfly, with rows of gold beads, which suited her very well. As the dinner was not official, the G.'s were treated according to their rank, not their diplomatic position, and the Prince took Mrs. Ashley in to

CHURCH AND PIAZZA OF SAN CARLO.

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dinner. Sir James seemed much amused with the Princess's conversation. She asked him to give a ball, which he promised to do. She asked him why he did not marry, assuring him that both she and I were in despair at being already provided with husbands, and chattered on in her original fashion. She told C., who sat next to her, she knew it was his birthday and drank his health. Her conversation with M. de Burgh, as she calls Lord Hubert, was also quite killing.

Yesterday was a quiet day—the Comtesse Stackelberg sent to say she was at home, but as we were there three times last week we decided on enjoying a quiet evening.

If you found Turin so cold in November, what would you say now I wonder! I am generally half frozen in spite of wearing all my warmest clothes, with C.'s *pelz* (fur coat) over all, quite on the top, regardless of appearances! The side towards the fire is warm, but the other is so chilled I can scarcely hold my pen. I think I catch a new cold about every day! It is almost impossible to avoid it when going out at night, as the staircases are open to all the winds of heaven. **Jan. 6, 1858.**

Fancy, the poor Princess G. fell down in the snow yesterday, and hurt herself so much that she sobbed in the street. She sent a servant to tell the Prince, who was dining out alone for a wonder, and as the man informed him "que la Princesse c'était cassée," he was decidedly alarmed. To-day she sent her carriage for me in hot haste, to show me some splendid lace that had been brought to her—a magnificent set of old Mechlin for a gown and train, belonging to one of the old Queens, and supposed to have been annexed by three

sisters who were formerly maids of hers, and who are very mysterious about it.

Jan. 19. On Monday we were at the Foreign Office, and waited for the G.'s, who came late. We sat together, and the Princess began commenting impartially on the Piedmontese ladies who passed and repassed before us, apostrophising them somewhat in this style, and by no means in a whisper: "Madame, vous avez une jolie robe, mais votre berthe est affreuse! Madame, si vous vous trouvez belle, vous vous trompez beaucoup!" &c. I tried to remonstrate, but was only told "qu'elle voulait s'amuser"! Finally we departed, leaving her to enjoy the national *risotto*,[1] which is often given at dances here, and always at Cavour's. It is quite a good thing in itself, but seems such a queer dish to give at a ball, and it always announces itself by an overpowering smell of onions spreading through the rooms.

Yesterday, before I was up, C. brought me a bouquet and a note in verse from the Chief, to excuse himself for not coming to dine as he had the *grippe*. We had asked him and the G.'s, as it was the anniversary of our wedding-day. The G.'s came very punctually, the poor Princess quite pale from a *migraine* she had had all day, but determined not to disappoint us. The cook quite distinguished himself, and there was a *filet de bœuf à la maréchale* and a *suprême de volaille* which excited universal approbation. The champagne somewhat revived the Princess, but she was in despair "de ne pouvoir goûter de tout." Her husband, however, did ample justice to the dinner. At departing the Princess stuffed a very large orange and an apple into her pocket, remarking that they would come in useful to eat at the play. She

[1] Rice boiled in broth, with plenty of onions, cheese, and saffron.

PRINCE LÉON G.

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certainly has queer ways, learnt probably at the convent, where she has told me the young ladies used to bribe the porter to smuggle in red herrings and other delicacies for them in his boots. At the theatre, where we saw an amusing piece, "La Corde Sensible," the Princess had a short snooze in the back of the box, then ate her apple and seemed much revived. Her husband was rather anxious about the apple, but she managed it very cleverly. M. de Chollet joined us on our return from the theatre, and our little party was very gay, the gentlemen singing all sorts of songs, German and French. The Prince is fond of this one :—

> "Grenadier que tu m'affliges,
> En m'annoncant ton départ,
> Tiens voilà six chemises
> Et trois paires de bas,
> Sois-moi toujours fidèle!"

Unfortunately he never gets further than that, as he does not know the rest, which I regret, as I like the beginning.

Genoa, Jan. 29.

We have really got off to Genoa at last, and if you could only see for a moment the magnificent view I have before me, all the port of Genoa sparkling in the sun; what a large cheerful room I am in; if you knew how warm the sun is, how little fire we need; if you could see C. enjoying himself like a schoolboy fresh from school, I really think it would rejoice your hearts. It is delightful to escape from the extremity of cold we have suffered lately. The climate of Turin must be really, I think, one of the worst in the world, with its violent extremes of heat and cold.

As to my father-in-law being made a Baron, or rather a Freiherr, that is official. People address things to us

at present in wild confusion. Uebel sends on your letters to la Baronne C. de Bunsen. According to German custom the ten children would take the title, but, as I explained to you, we all only take the *von* or *de*. At Brassier's last party, he always introduced me as Madame de Bunsen.

Turin, March 15.

I do not think I have yet told you that I am actually in possession of the famous Mechlin lace which I think I mentioned having seen some time ago. The negotiations were rather complicated, as the three old ladies who had it, and who had been maids to some former Queen here, never appeared upon the scene, and everything had to be transacted through an intermediary. Instant payment was one of the conditions, and had it not been for that difficulty it would have been sold long ago. Happily I still had a cheque which was sent me as a wedding present, and C. and I agreed this would be a good use to make of it. As soon as I got the lace I took it to the Marquise Spinola, who has splendid lace herself, and is a great connoisseur. At first she was quiet, but when I displayed more and more of the thirty-two *mètres* of which it consists, between broad and narrow, she got much excited and congratulated me warmly. "Pour avoir une chose comme cela il faut non seulement de l'argent, mais du bonheur! Vous pourriez avoir de l'argent tout prêt et chercher pendant des années sans trouver une garniture pareille. Comment, la Princesse G. et la Comtesse Stackelberg ont vu cela et l'ont laissé échapper? Elles n'entendent rien à la dentelle. Je suis bien contente que vous l'ayez, chère. Vous avez eu le cœur de donner de l'argent pour une belle chose et de l'acheter tout entière, sans la partager et l'abimer!" The old lady was quite enthusiastic. She had seen plenty of lace in her life,

she was a Genoese, but very little that came up to that. She quite confirms the story of its having belonged to one of the old Queens of Sardinia, from its having lain by so long and the mystery about it. Besides, as she says very sensibly, "If you or I want to buy lace to trim a dress, we get the quantity we require, and do not go in for yards and yards more as you have here."[1] Altogether she was very complimentary, and I reflect that the Mechlin is mine now with extreme satisfaction.

M. Uebel has been named secretary at Copenhagen; he is pleased, as he only had a temporary post here. His successor is to be a M. de Pfuel; I hope he will be nice, and unmarried.

Turin, May 30.

Now that our friends the G.'s are gone to Monaco our life is very quiet. Only M. de Pfuel occasionally breaks in on our retirement. He is very nice and pleasant, but too *restless* for Turin; however, the heat will soon bring him to reason; he is beginning to complain of it already, and yet it is nothing to speak of at present.

June 17.

We have had the kindest possible letters from the G.'s, asking us to pay them a visit at Monaco, and we are thinking of going to them next week. The heat here is setting in in good earnest, and we keep at home as much as possible during the day, going out after dark like the moths. By the time we have had tea we are able to read and occupy ourselves a little.

La Condamine.

We started on Monday evening, enchanted to leave Turin behind us, and got to Cuneo by the railway.

[1] I certainly was never able to wear the whole together excepting at Court, when both petticoat and train were entirely trimmed with it. I have also been recently assured that it is practically unique on account of its great width (13½ inches). Mechlin is usually half that, and connoisseurs are at a loss to explain how such an immense number of bobbins can have been employed.

All night long we went up hill in the *diligence*. C. and I had the *coupé* to ourselves, having taken the three places. R.[1] was outside, and rather felt the cold. In the grey of the morning we began to ascend the real Col di Tenda, a very long business. Before we reached the top the sun was shining brightly. The driver amused himself all the way up by decorating his mules with bouquets of wild red rhododendrons—*la rose des Alpes*, which I had never seen before. The mountain sides were covered with it and many lovely flowers. The men had bunches in their hats, and even stuck them about the old *diligence*, so that we looked quite festive. C. and R. walked up a good part of the way and let me out near the top, to enjoy the scenery. Then began the descent, about which I must own I felt rather nervous, as I had never crossed a mountain before, and this pass has a bad reputation. The instant you have done climbing one side you see the way down before you, horrible zig-zags clinging on to the precipice, with the town of Tenda right below, ever so far down at the bottom. I did not like it at all at first, but the driver seemed to know every turn of the road so well, and the two mules that remained of all those that had dragged us up seemed so steady and surefooted, that one's confidence revived. Nevertheless I was very glad to get to Tenda at last. We had some coffee there, the only meal allowed us till we reached Nice that evening. We came on to Monaco and la Condamine next morning, where we were most warmly received by our friends the G.'s.

It is one of the loveliest spots you can imagine. Even in the worst heat of the day there is a fresh

[1] My youngest brother, Richard Waddington, now Senator in France.

breeze from the sea, which, after the want of air at Turin, really puts new life into one. From the window of the room where I am writing I can see a little bit of the sea, so intensely blue against the white rocks of Monaco. The flies are a sad drawback to comfort; they really remind me of the plagues of Egypt; the whole table is covered with their dead bodies, for we have some very efficient *mort aux mouches* poison for them. They die in such quantities that when the rooms are swept out in the morning there are great heaps of them in the passages, which have a *fade*, sickening odour. I never saw anything like them.

It is really exceedingly difficult to write here. I got some ink from the *cook*, who seems to be the only person who possesses any, but the Prince carried it off last night, and I could not finish my letter. The whole household goes on in a most surprising fashion, and I must confess that we have had some rather disagreeable surprises since our arrival here. The first was, that after being shown to our rooms, which are quite nice, we found that the bed was not made up, nor was there linen of any kind put out. As we had just been received with the greatest kindness and hospitality, we thought this must be some neglect on the part of the servants, and at last I went in search of the Princess's old Russian nurse, whom I know from Turin. With some difficulty I made her understand what I wanted, for she only speaks Russian. She in her turn explained, chiefly by signs, that *she* was waiting for *me* to give her the necessary linen, &c. This was quite a new view of the case, and I told her I did not travel with house-linen, and had none to produce. She looked surprised, and rather contemptuous I thought, but finally had the bed made, and gave us *one* towel. Now I hope that

you may never be reduced to the use of one towel for two persons; it is neither an easy nor a pleasant experience. The next morning C. wished to have a bath in the sea, and wanted to take our unique treasure with him. Of course I opposed this steadfastly, and clung firmly to the towel! After his swim, poor C. tried sitting in the sun on the rocks to dry, but the police interfered, and informed him that at Monaco people were not allowed to sit about without any garments! Now it is all right, as I had finally to appeal to the Princess, and we have as much linen as we want, but it seems that it really is the Russian custom, and that people of a certain class always do travel with all the necessary linen, sometimes even with their beds, as the accommodation in the inns and post-houses is so very inferior. But this is not the only new experience we have had. I hope you will not be too much shocked to hear that we are rapidly becoming acquainted with the mysteries of roulette, rouge et noir, &c., and that we gamble regularly every evening! We had heard vague rumours at Turin, and the other Russians had hinted, that the beauties of nature and the flowers of Monaco were not the only attractions that the G.'s found here—that there existed a casino with roulette and other games; but we had hardly paid any attention, thinking it only some of the usual gossip which is always going on; besides, we had seen so much of the quiet family life of our friends that it did not seem likely that any such sudden change would come over it. Since we are here, however, I am sorry to say we find the *méchantes langues* were right, and that gambling at the casino takes a large place in the interests and occupations of the day. The Prince is immensely fond of play, and as he is not generally very lucky, always

wants, as gamblers do, *de se rattraper* and make good his losses, and his occasional runs of good fortune only strengthen him in this desire. The other day on entering the rooms he went straight up to the table and put down a napoleon on the number seventeen. It came out, and a golden rain of seventeen napoleons was showered on it; but that kind of thing does not happen often, and I am afraid he must have lost rather heavily. Indeed, we have private reasons for being unpleasantly aware of it. C. had reckoned on some money he lent the Prince some time ago to pay his return journey to Turin. When, however, he asked G. to return the loan, he said it was quite impossible. As we have all luxuries, and drink champagne every day, this was rather startling, and moreover decidedly awkward, for C.'s leave is nearly up, and letters take such a time between Turin and this place. He had hardly any money left, and really did not know exactly what to do. The gaming tables seem the only resource in this out of the way corner, and C. tried his luck at roulette. It is, however, quite a different thing, I assure you, playing for money you really want, and on which a good deal depends, or merely venturing a few francs to keep other people company; it is, indeed, quite painfully exciting. Fortunately the stakes are low, and you can begin with two francs. C. chose the *red*, which came out time after time, the little heap of silver growing apace and then changing to gold. When it got up to sixty or eighty francs my nerve gave way, I must confess, and I besought him to take it up before the croupier's rake should carry it all away. He was firm happily, and said he would only stop when he had enough for his purpose, and the red responded to his confidence, so that he soon had all he wanted. It was a great relief to see

him pocket it safely and know that Brassier would not have to be applied to, and he would be able to get to Turin in proper time. R. has no luck, positively—whatever he puts down on the table is instantly gathered up by the croupier, so that I don't think this first experiment of gambling is likely to give him any taste for it—a thing to be most thankful for! He is, indeed, so hard up, poor fellow, that it is not quite apparent how he is to get to Turin. He went on foot to Mentone yesterday for cogent reasons, and intended proceeding along the Riviera, perhaps picking up a *diligence* on the way.

So now C. has gone and I am left alone here, and cannot say that the life is exactly what I should choose. There are certainly few resources, excepting the casino. The G.'s have subscribed to a lending library at Nice, but have not taken the trouble to make out a list or select any books, so the people send them any rubbish that comes handy, and I have never yet seen such a collection of bad French novels. There is not a decent book in the whole lot, and I am reading the "Mémoires de Ninon de l'Enclos," which are not edifying, absolutely *faute de mieux*. Even the garden, which from description would seem an earthly Paradise, has its drawbacks. It is let to the great *parfumier* Rimmel, and on certain days of the week the hot, heavy smell of the poor roses, or jessamines, or verbenas being boiled and distilled to death is quite sickening. It is so hot one cannot move about at all in the day; the Princess has reduced her costume to absolutely the last limits, *une chemise et un jupon*. We sit about rather listlessly and play with the little boy, or talk, or read bad novels till evening comes; then the only carriage in the place takes us to the casino—a beautiful drive,

winding up all round the Monaco peninsula, with lovely peeps of blue sea through the wild, almost tropical vegetation. The casino is on a square at the top of the hill, just opposite the palace of the Prince of Monaco. In general there is no one there, and the croupiers are all looking out of windows smoking and doing nothing till the carriage drives up. "Ah! voilà le Prince," and they all take their places. We are not absolutely alone, for there is a sprinkling of ruined gamblers who have settled down in the place and look on at the game, risking a few francs now and then. I am getting so tired of the continual refrain of the croupiers, "Faites votres jeu, messieurs," "Faites votres jeu," "Rien ne va plus," &c., and the sharp click of the ball rolling round; but of course I cannot sit and look on, so that I gamble also, but with great caution not to exhaust my slender resources. After playing for some time we get into the carriage again, and return to la Condamine through the heavenly night. The Prince has what they call a martingale for playing roulette—a system which is supposed to be infallible if you follow it exactly. He is very anxious to study it thoroughly, so we all bring back the cards on which we pricked the game the night before, and go over them with him in a shady corner, the Princess and I marking with beans. As you see, the life is neither good nor particularly amusing. C. wishes me very much to go and stay with the Pilattes at Nice, who have very kindly invited me, rather at his suggestion, I fancy. He wants me to be out of this gambling atmosphere. If I do go, it certainly will be a change with a vengeance!

Carras, near Nice.

I have come here from la Condamine, and it would be difficult to imagine a more complete

shifting of scene and surroundings. The family life here is so quiet and orderly, with all the children to be looked after, and Pilatte coming and going; it feels so natural and pleasant. My present hosts are dreadfully shocked at all the Monaco goings on, and feel bound, I think, to occupy my time here quite differently. We sit out in the garden nearly all the afternoon, and Mdlle. Pilatte has undertaken to teach me a wonderful way of darning stockings. It really is almost artistic, the web of the knitting being reconstructed in such a marvellous way that no trace of a hole is left, and the place is rather stronger than before. I spend many hours learning this new accomplishment, which is by no means easy, and as M. Pilatte's stockings have the largest holes they are generally given out to me from the mending basket, as affording the best opportunities for practice. So that at present I am far enough from the roulette and Ninon de l'Enclos! I expect C. here on Sunday, and we shall probably return together to Monaco and take leave of the G.'s, who, despite the peculiar life they lead at present, have been most kind and hospitable.

Turin. We did return to la Condamine for a few days, but it was not very pleasant. The Prince is apparently losing more and more money and his wife looked worried and anxious. They much opposed our leaving, and the Prince was obdurate, quite refusing to let us have the one carriage of the place, which he takes by the month. This was a difficulty, but C., who was determined not to leave me there alone again, found out, after some inquiries, that there was a path or track up the steep hill-side to la Turbia, which is immediately above la Condamine, and by which one could avoid the long drive round by Rochebrune.

So he ordered a donkey and a boy at five in the morning, and we actually escaped from the house while all were still asleep, leaving my trunk to be forwarded. I had a delightful ride up to the Turbia in the beautiful morning, C. walking by the donkey, with a sort of suggestion of *la fuite en Egypte*, and both enjoying the absurdity of the situation. At the Turbia we had some coffee with goat's milk—may I never drink the like abomination again! We then took the *diligence* to Nice, and after a few charming days with the Pilattes, who spoilt C. to his heart's content, we returned here into the stifling heat. I am very proud of having managed so well with the money C. left me that after playing roulette regularly every evening in self-defence I had just enough left to pay my washing bill! This puts the people here in fits of amusement when I tell them about it, for indeed everybody knows about the gambling and the G.'s life and there is no secret to be kept.

CHAPTER IV

War with Austria—Speech of Victor Emanuel—Birth of my baby—Poerio—Dinner at the Stackelbergs'—Ultimatum from Austria—Arrival of Garibaldi—French troops enter Turin—Emperor Napoleon at Genoa—Battle of Montebello—Visits to the hospitals—Magenta—French hospital — Go to Latour with Stackelbergs—Peace of Villafranca—Arrival of Emperor of the French and Victor Emanuel in Turin.

THE beginning of the year 1859 was marked by some memorable incidents. First the Emperor Napoleon's fateful words to the Austrian Ambassador, Baron de Hübner, at the New Year's reception at the Tuileries, "I regret that the relations between us are bad"—words which were, of course, spread far and wide, and commented on in every direction. Ten days after this Victor Emanuel declared in a speech at the opening of the Piedmontese Parliament that he was "not insensible to the *grido di dolore* (cry of pain) which reached him from so many parts of Italy." An irresistible burst of applause testified to the sympathy awakened in the whole assembly, and many of the Italian exiles who had found protection and shelter under the constitutional rule of King Victor Emanuel were moved to tears. I well remember my husband returning from the ceremony still under the impression of the enthusiasm and emotion of the scene. The next link in the chain of events was the marriage, at the end of January, of the King's eldest daughter, Mme. Clotilde

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS BRIDE,
MADAME CLOTILDE DE SAVOIE.

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de Savoie, with the Prince Napoleon, first cousin of the French Emperor. This marriage was much criticised and deplored in Turin society, and the young Princess was often spoken of by the great dowager ladies as "la première victime de la guerre." The different Powers sought in vain to bring the Cabinets of Vienna and Turin into agreement and to stay the warlike preparations, which were becoming more and more menacing.

Although the year 1859 was destined to be so eventful and such a landmark in the history of Italy, it began quietly enough. People in general did not believe in war. It was thought that the French as a nation did not desire it, and that England and Prussia were both decidedly against an appeal to arms in Italy until a European Congress had tried to settle the matters in dispute, so that despite of all the rumours in the air our daily life went on much as usual.

My baby was born in January, 1859, and my mother, who had been staying with me for two months, returned to France.

Turin, Feb .26, 1859.

I have been out for the first time with the baby and nurse, and felt very matronly and rather queer. Apart from sentiment, however, I find them a great protection, and was much more comfortable than when going about alone. The mountains were glorious, the air delightful, and the Place d'Armes enlivened by cheery bugle calls and groups of soldiers exercising in all directions.

Some Italian gentlemen called on C. the other day whom he was evidently very pleased and interested to see. While listening to their conversation, I suddenly became aware that one of them, a mild, placid-looking

man, was talking with a quite startling familiarity of prisons and galleys, and at last I heard him state distinctly that he himself had lived for some time chained to a galley-slave! This assertion, made quietly by someone sitting in my drawing-room, was almost too much for me, and I suppose I must have betrayed my astonishment in some way, for C. laughed and said, "You can see that my wife does not read the newspapers, for while all Europe is ringing with your adventures, she knows nothing of them." Then there was an explanation, and I heard that the quiet-looking man was the Baron Poerio,[1] one of the political victims of the King of Naples, who had been in the galleys with Settembrini and others for years. Public opinion had at last forced the King to set them free, and they were to have been taken to America to be out of the way. A son of Settembrini's, however, concealed himself as a sailor on board the ship, and when on the high seas, aided by his comrades, took possession of the vessel and brought it straight to England, where they were received with enthusiasm. It really was wonderful to see a man who had suffered so much

[1] January 14, 1859, Lord Amptill, then Mr. Odo Russell, wrote from Rome an account of an interview he had with the Pope, in the course of which His Holiness mentioned that an extensive amnesty was to be granted by the King of Naples on the occasion of his son's marriage. Mr. Russell asked if political prisoners were to be included in it. "Yes," answered the Pope; "I saw the name of Settembrini, and I think also of that man in whom your Government took so much interest—his name begins with a P." "Poerio," Mr. Russell suggested. "That is the name," the Pope continued; "they are to be sent to Cadiz at the expense of the King, they are to be clothed and receive some money, and after that arrangements have been made with the Minister of the U.S. to have them conveyed to that country; they are to be exiled for life."—Correspondence of Queen Victoria.

BARON POERIO.

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injustice for his country's sake, and yet did not seem in the least soured or embittered. He said that his knowledge of poetry, and especially of Dante, had been a great help to him. He could repeat whole cantos by heart, and so raise his mind from the dreadful and sordid conditions around him. Still, to live chained night and day to a common murderer! It makes the imagination reel to try and realise it! It is true that I do not read the newspapers much, still, I think C. might have mentioned such a remarkable and interesting story, and not left me in such complete ignorance.

Did I tell you how kind Count Kayserling (our colleague at the Legation) was while we were away at Cannes, coming here himself to inquire all about the baby and then writing that all was well. I am quite in love with the baby, independently of being his mamma, he is so pretty now, with dark blue eyes, bright and sparkling.

We are beginning Turin life again, and have dined at the G.'s and at the Stackelbergs'. The last was a grand affair, and I had an aide-de-camp of the King to take me in, who was interesting to talk with. He told me that for the last month he has had everything packed and ready to go to the war, and that at times they had been in momentary expectation of departure! This sounded rather startling, as the talk *we* hear is all about Congresses and everything being peaceably settled by the intervention of the Powers. He also told me about King Vittorio's visit to England,[1] and

April 18.

[1] It is interesting to read Queen Victoria's impressions of King Victor Emanuel at the time of this very visit to England. She writes to the King of the Belgians, December 5, 1855: "My time was entirely taken up with my *royal* brother the King of Sardinia. He is 'eine ganz besondere, abenteuerliche Erscheinung' (a most

the great fatigue of such expeditions, with the constant moving about, the quantities of meals, and the necessity of being always amiable and enchanted with everything. "Je vous assure, madame, que j'ai passé des mois dans les montagnes, pour des travaux de génie, vivant avec les paysans, mangeant de la polenta, et que j'en ai joui, mais dix jours de plus d'un voyage comme celui là m'auraient tué."

I can hardly feel properly sorry for papa's rheumatism, if it brings him to Aix again! I hope the war will not in any way interfere with this peaceful plan, and that I may present his grandson to him—"le petit prince héréditaire" as Pfuel and Kayserling call him.

April 22. Yesterday there was an alarming rumour about an ultimatum having been sent to the Government here by Austria. If it was not accepted, people said, hostilities were to begin in three days! At such times Turin feels unpleasantly near the frontier, but the ultimatum has not come yet. Many people here, however, are reported to have hidden their plate and valuables, and a certain amount of anxiety prevails.

April 24. After all, as I suppose you know by this time, war is almost certain. Even when I was writing yesterday, the ultimatum *had* arrived at Turin. It came very quietly, brought by two Austrian officers, a Baron Kellersperg and his companion, who went at once to our Legation, which represents Austria here at present.

peculiar and adventurous personality) when you first see him. He is so frank, open, just, straightforward, liberal, and tolerant, with much sound good sense. He never breaks his word and you may rely on him, but wild and extravagant, courting adventures and dangers, and with a very strange, short, rough manner. To-day he will be invested with the Order of the Garter. He is more like a knight or king of the Middle Ages than anything one knows nowadays."

C. was writing as usual in the Chancellerie, when the servant announced that two gentlemen from Lombardy wanted to speak to Son Excellence. C. replied that Son Excellence was out, and the gentlemen from Lombardy must wait. He then went on quietly writing, little thinking it was the messengers of peace or war that he left in the ante-room. The fact is that after the first rumour people did not believe in Austria sending an ultimatum. Of course, as soon as Brassier returned the scene changed completely, and the importance of the situation was fully realised. The Chief at once took the two Austrians to Count Cavour ; they delivered the ultimatum into his hands and are now lodged at the Legation till next Tuesday, when they depart and take war with them, unless something happens in the interval, for there is no doubt that Cavour will refuse the terms they brought.[1] I wonder when the French troops will arrive. Everything is as quiet as possible here ; the Austrian gentlemen could hardly believe their eyes, as they expected to find Turin all in commotion. I am rapidly getting fond of the Piedmontese, who are decidedly plucky, and even of that gruff-looking Vittorio Emanuele, "il nostre Re leale" (our loyal King), as he is always called. They say the ultimatum is most impertinent, demanding the instant disarmament of Piedmont. C. was all day at the Legation, and when he came back to dinner did not yet know the result of the interview with Cavour. Pfuel and Kayserling came in the evening to tell us

[1] The Earl of Derby wrote to Queen Victoria : "Downing Street, April 21, 1859.—The only step which can properly be taken at present is to protest strongly against the course which Austria is now taking, and to warn her that, whatever may be the results to herself, she deprives herself of all claim to the support and countenance of England."

that there was no doubt the conditions would be refused, and then C. went to the club, where the whole world was in uproar. It is exciting. I shall be dreadfully disgusted if the Austrians get the best of it. The rice fields towards Lombardy are to be flooded in order to retard the march of the Austrians and gain time until the French arrive. Turin, fortunately, is quite an open town, which can neither be taken nor defended.

If there is the smallest disturbance we go at once to the Legation, where there is plenty of room, but the town is so quiet you would not imagine there was anything extraordinary going on, and even the volunteers for the army who pour in every day from all parts of Italy make no sort of uproar. Pray don't be in any state of mind about us. We have the Legation as a resource, but at present that appears quite unnecessary. I enclose the *Opinione* of to-day with Cavour's speech.

April 25. I suppose you will like to have news often just at present, when we flatter ourselves the eyes of all Europe are turned this way. The Sardinian troops marched from the town this morning; I was too late to see them, to my great regret. C. said the artillery looked very well in marching order. As you know, all the officers belong to the nobility, as it is the *arme d'élite* here.

The church was very full yesterday, Easter Sunday, and Meille, who is *Italianissimo*, spoke feelingly of the war, and of the *Re magnanimo*, who was going forth at the head of the army to risk everything for the cause so dear to all. Almost all the congregation remained for the Communion, and there was something very solemn in the whole scene. Poor C. could

PALAZZO MADAMA, WITH VELA'S STATUE OF PIEDMONTESE SOLDIER IN THE CRIMEA.

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only come for the celebration and had to leave immediately after, there being so much to do at the Legation. On my return I met Kayserling, who accompanied me home, giving me good advice in a paternal manner and exhorting me not to be frightened, which I don't feel at all disposed to be.

After writing to you I went out with nurse and baby, and I must say the perfect quiet was rather grand; the people were all walking about in their new clothes for Easter, as if there were no such things as war and ultimatums in the world! The two Austrians are, it seems, much struck by the "assurance" of the population while their fate is, as it were, trembling in the balance. As we passed the railway-station an immense band of volunteers for the Piedmontese army arrived from Genoa, as they do by every train. The crowd applauded and clapped hands as they passed, two and two, a curious assemblage—men of all ranks and conditions, some grey-haired, others quite young, some ragged, others well-dressed, but all with a determined, business-like silent look, which is said to promise well with Italians, who on all former occasions gave vent to their feelings in singing and shouting and writing sonnets. Most of these men come at the peril of their lives—for many of them are fired at as they cross the frontiers—to enrol themselves as common soldiers in the Sardinian army; not a particularly attractive life! As soon as they arrive they are taken possession of by Piedmontese non-commissioned officers, marched off to the citadel, and set at once to their drill. Many of them are nobles from the different parts of the country—we have been told it is by the *chaussure* you can best recognise the differences of class—but all are led by the same devotion to Italy, and an

enthusiasm for liberty and a great cause which is very contagious.

The ultimatum was given into Cavour's hands on Saturday at five. On Tuesday, at five, the three days expire. Cavour has been entreated not to answer until the last moment, as something might possibly happen to give another turn to events. Hudson arrived today; who knows what he may bring? I confess, though, I have little faith in peace now. Things have come to such a pass that they must be fairly fought out; any arrangements made by a Congress at a distance could hardly be brought to bear on people wrought up to the pitch of excitement and determination the Piedmontese now are.

Yesterday C. dined at the Legation with the two Austrians and went with them afterwards to the theatre. They cannot be left to go about alone, as the Legation is in a manner responsible for them, and Count Kellersperg being known here, they naturally attract great attention wherever they appear. It seems they don't belong to the war party at all, poor fellows, so it must be rather an unpleasant business for them. They have called on us, and seem to expect to be back here very soon with the Austrian army; they told us to be sure to have the Prussian flag at our windows and that no harm would happen to us.

C. and I walked to the Place Château this morning, and I saw Vela's magnificent statue of the Piedmontese soldier in the Crimea defending his colours for the first time since it has been put in its place at the entrance of the old building where the Senate sits. As it was ordered and paid for by a subscription amongst the Milanese and intended to be a token of sympathy and admiration for the Piedmontese army, as well as a pro-

test against foreign rule, it certainly will be one of the first victims should the Austrians come here. They will either destroy it or take it to Vienna! It is a splendid thing.

I want so much to know when the King will go to join the army. I should like to see that.

April 26. Nothing new as yet. It was said yesterday that the French were at Chambéry, in which case they might, perhaps, arrive to-day. Of course, we are looking out for them with great impatience. Garibaldi and his people came last night—crowds were waiting for them at our station, but they were sent round to the Novara railway to avoid any demonstration. Everything is done as quickly and quietly as possible, and from the look of the streets I don't think you would know that anything particular was going on. To-day at five the Austrians get their answer, but will still dine at the Chief's, as Cavour *regrets deeply* that the railway is so busy transporting troops that it is impossible for him to put a special train at their disposal; they must therefore wait till the ordinary train goes. It seems one of them was waxing decidedly cross yesterday. It is said that Cavour is rather amused at being besieged by entreaties to take time and not to hurry with his answer to the ultimatum. He has no wish at all to hurry—every minute that passes before the Austrians leave is so much gained for his preparations, and I fancy he has made good use of his time. From what one hears this ultimatum has been quite a boon to him! He had just been made, by great pressure from the Powers, to consent to a disarmament under certain conditions, and was in despair at seeing all his long deeply laid plans, and all his hopes for the liberation of Italy, destroyed, or deferred for any length of time.

Austria, by taking this sudden and unexpected step, has not only made war inevitable,[1] but put all the wrong on her side and played into his hands completely. Cavour is not musical, but it is reported that he has been heard humming "Di quella pirra," a stirring air from the "Trovatore," which is supposed to be a sign of extreme satisfaction on his part.

There is nothing new at all at present, excepting the good news from Florence which you will have seen in the papers. The Grand Duke, remembering that he has always declared he considered himself as an Austrian Arch-Duke in the *first* place, and only *secondly* as Grand Duke of Tuscany, has left Florence and gone to the Austrian camp.[2] A provisional government was formed on his departure, which has instantly placed the Tuscan army at the disposal of Victor Emanuel.

We are still expecting the French troops. The day before yesterday they were expected to arrive here in the evening, which was really not possible. I rushed off, however, to the Novara station with Anna (C. was at the farewell dinner to the Austrians at the Legation).

[1] Queen Victoria wrote :—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *April* 16, 1859.

"I have *no hope* of peace left . . . it is the madness and blindness of Austria which have brought on the war now. It has put *them* in the wrong and entirely changed the feeling here into the most *vehement* sympathy for Sardinia."

[2] As late as the 24th of April a last effort was made to induce the Grand Duke to enter into an alliance with Piedmont. Buoncompagni, the Sardinian Minister in Florence, submitted a note to this effect to the Tuscan Government. It was rejected. Notwithstanding this rebuff, he sent his secretary, Marchese Spinola, to expostulate with the most important members of the Court, but he was everywhere received with a pitying smile and the assurance that all Europe would join to defend the Austrian possessions in Italy and to fight the revolutionary Emperor of the French.

We waited for a long time, hoping to see the well-known uniform of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, who it is said will be the first to arrive. Even without the soldiers the sight was very fine—the whole range of Alps clear against the sky, with the Monte Rosa glowing in the last rays of the setting sun; the station decorated with flags, partly French, partly Italian; the assembled crowd animated and excited, with the ideas of war, independence, liberty, &c., floating in the air. At the farewell dinner to the Austrians at the Legation, Count Kellersperg's last words were, "Auf Wiedersehen in einigen Tagen in Turin" (*Au revoir* in a few days in Turin).

Yesterday I went with C. to the Cathedral, where there was a service for the success of the war. The church was all hung with red silk outside, and there was an inscription to "Il Re e Esercito d'Italia," &c. There was a great crowd, and no possibility of getting inside, but we had the satisfaction of hearing La Tour d'Auvergne (the French Minister) well clapped as he descended from his gala equipage.

There has been a *réquisition de guerre* of a number of horses here, and the poor Marquise Momina Spinola, an old lady you must remember, has had a horse taken from her which she declares was twenty-one years old, and of which she was very fond.

It is said that Austria has at last accepted the intervention of England. Too late, I hope! It would be a pity to stop things when they are going on so well! However, C. has warned me not to express my Italian sympathies too openly, and I must try to keep my feelings more to myself, though it is difficult.

At last we have seen the French *avant garde* enter Turin this morning! We were up at six, and had to April 30.

wait more than an hour, but the morning was fine, and to our great consolation the *état major* arrived very little after we did and had also to wait. There was an immense crowd and great enthusiasm. The Chasseurs de Vincennes looked tired and dusty, and some of them had bouquets of flowers stuck on their bayonets. Canrobert put himself at their head, and I got a good glimpse of him. We saw him yesterday evening returning from the camp at Chivasse with the King, who had on a little forage cap. At this moment the little chasseurs are spreading all over the town, the people following them about and gazing at them with wonder. Genoa is said to be full of French soldiers. I went yesterday to Mme. de St. Germain's day, for visiting continues just as usual, and is even rather interesting at present, as one hears a good deal of what is going on. Three of her Visconti nephews, who are Milanese, are in the Piedmontese army. The eldest, the Duke Visconti, is at the Military School at Ivrea. Another brother has enlisted as a private in the cavalry, and the third has just been admitted to Ivrea too.

May 1. The town is peopled with French. Our rue Lagrange, although so near the Genoa station, is comparatively quiet, and we see nothing from the windows; but hardly an hour passes without hearing the sound of drums or bugles, whereupon I feel impelled to sally forth with Anna to see what is going on. This evening it was the departure of some French troops who had been fraternising with the inhabitants all day.

According to Anna, the scene was *rührend* (touching). I am afraid it struck me in a more amusing

light, though the idea that the poor fellows may perhaps be fighting to-morrow makes it serious enough. Some of them were embracing the Piedmontese, and taking leave in very high-flown style—"Adieu, frères," &c. These, however, were the *retardataires.* The greater number marched into the station in good order, amid repeated cries of "Vive les Français!" "Vive le Piémont!" There are great rumours of hostilities, and one skirmish is said to have taken place, in which an Austrian officer was killed. Poor man! he is the first victim. I think you are in need of being a little spirited up about the war, as you seem inclined to take a dismal view of it. Austria by this last move of the ultimatum "a mis tous les torts de son côté,"[1] and it is a *guerra giusta* (a just war), if ever there was one, as is continually said here—a struggle to maintain the liberty and independence of Piedmont, and to help the States of Italy which are more or less directly under the foreign rule of Austria. It is no use sending you the *Opinione* any more, for we are governed by a Dictator now, and a very severe law has been passed about the Press, forbidding it to write about the war. Cavour says the papers may talk about Cochin China as much as they like, but nothing but official news shall they publish of what happens nearer home. The consequence is that they have suddenly become most uninteresting.

It is well you like to hear about the baby, for I have not much else to write about; everything is so quiet here, perhaps a trifle stiller than usual. Since last **May 5.**

[1] The Earl of Derby to Queen Victoria, April 27, 1859. He had described Austria's action in a speech in the City as "hasty, precipitate, and (because involving warfare) criminal."

Sunday, when there was so much fraternising, the French troops are taken direct from one railway station to the other outside the town. Some say it is to save time, others that Canrobert declared "qu'on lui gâtait ses soldats." At present the two hostile armies are almost in presence, and a battle may be expected any day. The bad weather has prevented any great movements these last days. The river Dora which the Austrians are trying to cross is, happily, not the one near Turin, but the Dora Baltea, which comes down from Aosta and Ivrea, and forms an angle in joining the Po near Chivasso. This angle is, I believe, occupied by the Piedmontese camp, and strongly fortified. The other evening we were at the Arconatis'. As they are exiled Lombards, and had their estates sequestrated in 1853, there was much excitement and exultation amongst the company, and talk of the "futur royaume de haute Italie," &c. It is annoying that the people here always call the Austrians *les Allemands*, which sounds almost personal. The Arconatis have property in Piedmont just where the Austrians crossed the frontier, and it is not likely to have been improved by that operation. Happily, they are so rich, and have so many properties in all directions, that one spoilt one will not do them much harm. Pray don't be anxious about us. Turin is, I should think, about the quietest place one could be in just now. Genoa seems much more excited. Some volunteers still come in, and to-day they say some French are to arrive.

May 8. Only a line to prevent your being anxious. Yesterday evening we were at the Stackelbergs', all making "charpie." The Princess G. has returned from Nice, after various adventures. She was obliged to wait

three days at Genoa, as the railway was blocked on account of the passage of French troops, with one franc in her pocket—so she says—but happily met some Russians, who came to her assistance. The Prince had returned to Turin, intending to send her and the children to Nice, but finding all so quiet here, wrote to her that she had better come home.

On Monday there was again an alarm about the Austrians, who were said to have entered Ivrea. Some of Garibaldi's men who came into Turin from that direction were thought to be retiring before them, and there was a slight panic. Why General Ginlay did not march upon Turin long ago, and take possession of the town before the French had time to arrive, no one can understand. That seemed to be the Austrian plan when the officers with the ultimatum were here.[1] Now the Austrian troops have evacuated Vercelli, and no one knows what they are after, except plundering! Meantime everything goes on as usual here. Last week we had still a few French troops passing through amid much enthusiasm. We went several times to see them enter the station, which is always amusing. Nearly all of them carried flowers, some of them really beautiful bouquets, bunches of lilies of the valley, &c. Joking and boasting went on at a great rate. Once there was a stoppage, and a soldier called out, "Il n'y a donc plus moyen d'y aller maintenant en Autriche?" One old sergeant stated distinctly that he had forgotten his matches, where-

[1] Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians, May 9, 1859: "What are the Austrians about? They would *not* wait when they ought to have done so, and *now* that they should long ago have made a rush and an attack with an overwhelming force they do *nothing!* Nothing since the 30th! Leaving the French to become stronger and more fit for the struggle every day!"

upon a box of them was instantly handed to him out of the crowd. He cried "Vive le Piémont!" and proceeded to light a big cigar. The soldiers were all smoking *cavours*, as the one-sou cigars are called here, and quantities were given them as they passed. Sometimes the men got into great confusion, and the officers swore a good deal. "A ça, voltigeurs, dégagez-vous, mais dégagez-vous donc! Demi tour à droite," &c. The voltigeurs were all chatting and talking, and did not pay the slightest attention. Another officer came up—"Prenez-les par la gauche, capitaine." But that did not seem to answer much better. The confusion went on, and the cheering, "Eviva la Francia! Vive le Piémont!" and the *chœur des Girondins*, which they have adapted to the occasion, turning "Mourir pour la patrie" into "Mourir pour l'Italie, c'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie." Then "A bas l'Autriche, les Autrichiens c'est de la canaille," &c., till at last they were all got into the station.

There are all sorts of anecdotes about the French officers who have been lodged in the houses here. The Arconatis had a major who said, on the Marquis presenting him to the Marquise in their grand *palazzo*, "Bonjour, madame; je vais me nettoyer!" The old Marquis inquired at what hour he would like to dine. He said it was quite the same to him, so "après beaucoup de compliments," Arconati said half-past five was their usual hour. "Ecoutez, j'aime mieux six," was the answer.

The old Spinola cannot get over the loss of her ancient horse and abuses everything. "Those poor Austrians, who only want to live in peace and quiet, and have been worried and provoked into war," &c. She and many of the old families here, although perfectly

loyal to the King and the House of Savoy, would in their own minds infinitely prefer the old traditions Austria upholds to the novelties of the Statuto, &c. I went to Comtesse Robilant's reception on Saturday. Her son is with the King, but as her sympathies are very Italian she was in good spirits. Mme. La Marmora, the General's wife, was with her. She declared "Alphonse" had written to her positively that the Austrians will not enter Turin, so she is quite reassured.

We were surprised this morning by an early visit from M. and Mdlle. Pilatte on their way to the Vaudois Synod, which I suppose we shall not attend this year. They were in a state to see the baby and pronounced him *magnificent*, to my great satisfaction, as they are experienced in babies. Mdlle. Pilatte thinks him like my father-in-law, "il en a le front, et la vivacité du regard"; I have thought so too sometimes. **May 14.**

I am in despair at our not having been to Genoa to see the Emperor Napoleon's arrival on the 13th; we did not think of it in time, unfortunately. Pfuel and Kayserling, who went, say the sight was unparalleled. You could not positively see the sky in the streets of the town (which, to be sure, are narrow) for the number of flags hanging from every window, in every story. The horses of the Emperor's carriage could only advance step by step through the crowd. Our two colleagues went by special train with the Prince de Carignan at night. In the morning they visited all the French camps, which are most picturesque, and went to see the effect of the illuminations in a boat in the harbour in the evening. They were offered a box at the theatre for the moderate sum of 400 francs, which they refused, and came back the next day enchanted.

My only consolation is that, as the Princess G. says, "C'est une économie." As for the Austrians, they seem to have made an end of their plundering *raid*—it really deserves no other name—and have retired. I wonder what will happen next. The Emperor, it appears, intends campaigning in state and style—his people are already busy organising his "service" of provisions and buying up delicacies, &c. That way of making war does not appeal to me! The Stackelbergs are at Genoa, so we are very quiet here.

May 19. I have had a violent cold since I last wrote. The weather is raw and unpleasant, and we have fire every evening—rather a contrast to the strawberries at dinner and all the flowers one sees about. As for the war, we scarcely hear anything of it at all. C. has ceased going to the club in the evening—there is very little going on, and that little is kept as quiet as possible. If the Rouen papers have interesting letters from here I congratulate them, but fear their correspondent must draw a good deal on his imagination.

May 23. I suppose you have heard all about the battle of Montebello and the victory of the French and Piedmontese troops by this time. It is impossible to keep things quieter than they do here. In short, it is almost a nuisance to be so near the seat of war and have nothing but the small annoyances of it. One of these is the difficulty of getting change. The hundred-franc notes of the bank here are in forced circulation, and since it is forbidden to refuse them, no one will take them—unless you happen to owe them exactly a hundred francs. This creates an extreme difficulty in paying small bills, for of course the banks give *us* paper, and it is a continual small bother. The prices of provisions, too, are rising, but I cannot say we

perceive that much yet, as the cook always took care to keep them sufficiently high. It seems he was never pleased unless he had made five francs on the day's marketing! We must see how his successor will turn out; he will be the third we have had here. Yesterday we went to the races, which were very quiet indeed. The Palco della Societa was nearly empty, and there was not a face that one knew, except a few gentlemen. Cavour arrived late, just as we were going away. He looks as stout and as pleased as ever. One thing that struck me was that all the young men one saw amongst the ladies were volunteers in the uniform of common soldiers. It was curious to see them sitting by the most elegant women, *faisant la cour* to all the marquises and countesses in their coarse rough clothes, with the little short infantry sword at one side. Talking of the dialect, when the baby goes out all the people look after him and say "Che bel masnra," that being Piedmontese for "child."

There is not much new about the war, and yet the number of victims increases steadily. At Mme. de Robilant's the other day they were talking about that poor young Danesi, whose death you may have seen in the papers. He was an only child, and his parents, although they wished him to join the army, were fearfully anxious about him. He was first in the artillery; then they thought that was too exposed and moved him into another corps, and again into another, that he might be under his father, who is a general. Count Charles de Robilant, who is *officier d'ordonnance* to the King, saw him, and struck by his extreme youth, asked who he was, "un enfant si blonde, si rose, si enchanté, de faire la guerre"; he was not eighteen! A ball struck him at Montebello and he fell dead on the spot. His

May 27.

father came up a moment afterwards, saw them carrying off a dead officer, went up to the bearers, and found it was his son! The poor mother had followed the army step by step, living in the neighbouring villages in order to be near her child. It is a harrowing story. Another young officer's horse fell in one of the de Sonnaz's charges—he was found afterwards dead without a wound; the whole charge had passed over him. De Sonnaz is named General, and everybody has been to congratulate his wife. People say his charges were a reckless exploit in the style of Balaclava. The King exposes himself dreadfully. His *entourage* say it is just like the time of Charles Albert, only that the latter used to take his whole *état major* with him, and Victor Emanuel only has a few officers.

Three times since I began to write have I been interrupted by troops, Piedmontese, passing under the windows. It is pouring rain, but the balconies were instantly filled—the bands played and flowers were showered down upon the soldiers. Many stopped for a moment to embrace some friend *en passant.* Notwithstanding the rain there was a sort of joyful "effusion" and enthusiasm which was very striking Poor fellows, when one thinks of the blood already shed, of the dead and the wounded, *le cœur se serre* to see them marching so steadily and joyfully, to the same fate perhaps. The Marquise Arconati sent the other day to ask if we had any German books or papers we could give her for some poor Alsaciens in the hospital here. We took her all we could find, and I am to go with her to one of the hospitals to-morrow. She and her niece, the Marquise Litta, form part of a society to help the wounded set on foot by the Marquise Costanza d'Azeglio, a very distinguished and benevolent lady here.

The world in general is very anxious about Garibaldi, whose success seems almost incredible, as he is reported to be on the road to Monza. It is much to be feared that he will be surrounded, and his corps run more risk than any other, as the Austrians hang all their Garibaldini prisoners. At Mme. de St. Germain's reception the whole conversation was about the wounded, or news of all the relations people here have in the army. "As-tu des nouvelles de ton fils?" "Il va bien; il est avec Cialdini." "Et Checco?" "Il est avec Sonnaz; il n'a rien eu." "Et Alexandre?" and so on without end. But Piola is decidedly the hero of the hour. He had *trois coups de sabre sur la tête*, and was returning to his corps when he saw some Piedmontese struggling with Austrians. He rode to the rescue and had three fingers of his left hand cut off, passed his bridle under his leg and continued fighting. Finally another officer, Salasco, got him off. A Countess Piola, his pretty sister-in-law, was telling the story with great animation.

Baby has been vaccinated and the doctor who comes to look at his arm can't admire him enough. He says he is the finest child he has seen since he has been in Turin, "il est si fort et si fin."

I went with Mme. Arconati to visit the Military Hospital here. There were no wounded, only sick soldiers, and I was rather disappointed, for the ladies do no nursing and only bring books, papers, oranges, pastilles, and so on to the convalescents. However, the poor fellows seemed very glad to see Mme. Arconati, and we found an Alsacien reading one of our German books. **June 2.**

We saw an Austrian prisoner, a Hungarian, taken in one of the first little skirmishes, who can speak no

known language, and the only way they could manage was to put him in the same room with one of Garibaldi's men, a Hungarian also, who, though not speaking the same dialect, was able to make him understand. He looked rather like a wild animal in a cage, with a bandage round his head.

There are plenty of wounded now in all the hospitals here after the victory of Palestro. Mme. Arconati was at Vercelli last Monday, the day or the first fight, and saw the Emperor there. I would fain go to Vercelli, but C. does not seem inclined, also he does not approve of my going again to the hospitals, so I can find neither a vent for my feelings nor satisfaction for my curiosity, and feel aggravated! The second day at Palestro is said to have been very decisive. The King charged in person at the head of the Zouaves, despite all entreaties. They call him now *Le caporal des Zouaves*. The Emperor is said not to like this. La Marmora had a horse shot under him.

June 4. The price of bread *has* gone up three sous the kilo!

I have seen the Austrian prisoners who are at the citadel. I was rather ashamed of going to stare, but there was a small crowd looking at them and they did not seem to mind it, so I went boldly up with nurse and baby. They had white coats with orange cuffs and collars and blue caps; they are the first Austrian soldiers I have ever seen. Some are from the Italian provinces and enchanted to be taken. They were gazing down from their barred windows and the crowd were staring up at them. Brassier the other day saw a *gamin* making a *pied de nez* at them; a Piedmontese sergeant came up behind and gave him a good box on the ear. The Chief has been also visiting the

hospitals, and says the wounded prisoners seem quite touched at the kindness with which they are treated. All the wounded were taken up together promiscuously and sent off here ; at every station on the road refreshments—lemonade, all sorts of things—were handed in to all, whether French, Austrians, or Piedmontese.

Of course, you know about the victory of Magenta on the 4th. As much as we do probably, which is very little. One has the impression of a fearful battle, and that is all, so far. I went with Meille to the hospitals to-day, as he had asked me to interpret for him to some of the prisoners and C. did not object. I am still quite under the impression of the hospitals, and yet it is not so bad as I should have thought. The first was the worst. It is a former College of Jesuits called Le Carmine, which has only been taken to put up the wounded for the time being, and is one of those large dark brick buildings you see in Turin, nearly at the end of Dora Grossa. A good long walk, *par parenthèse*, on a hot day. We provided ourselves with caramels, one of the few things the distribution of which is allowed, and went in. As in all buildings of that kind, there is a big court, surrounded by a kind of gallery on which the rooms all round open. The arrangements seem to have been hurriedly made and the place looks anything but clean. In the long gallery one saw an endless row of narrow beds placed close to one another, on which human forms were stretched in all possible positions. Some were sitting, some were half dressed. The hot sun was shining in at the uncurtained windows ; an official personage was taking down the names and regiments of the prisoners, accompanied by an interpreter who seemed to speak their various dialects ; ladies were going

June 5.

round accompanied by sisters of charity; quantities of people were visiting wounded friends and relations —the whole scene was noisy and disturbed, a sad place for fever and suffering! At last we found the poor Hungarian we were in search of. He kissed Meille's hand fervently again and again, but that was all, for no word could they interchange. A comrade in the next bed understood a little Italian and translated a few questions, but it was melancholy work—and yet the poor fellows seemed pleased just to see a clergyman. The first time Meille came one of them cried bitterly because he could not speak to him, but to-day he seemed indifferent; he has a ball through his body and suffers dreadfully. I pitied the poor prisoners from my heart, not but that they seemed to be treated exactly the same as the others, but they looked so lost and bewildered.

It was really a relief to go to the French hospital, which is in the same part of the town. In the first place, none of the men there are badly wounded, as the serious cases are taken to hospitals nearer the seat of war. This one has been open four days, contains already two thousand sick and wounded, and has only one fatal case so far. The French soldiers seemed in wonderful spirits, smoking and laughing, eating no end of oranges and drinking lemonade. Most of them had a neat little white bandage somewhere about their persons, and that was all. I asked a Zouave who had had a ball in his ankle if it hurt much; he said not at first, "c'était comme un bon coup de bâton." He had hung up by his bed a white Austrian uniform which he had in fact *plundered*, "pour avoir un petit souvenir," as he said. All these Zouaves had been at Palestro. They spoke of the King with much

approval: "c'est un Zouave que votre Roi!" One of them had a bomb, or perhaps it was a *biscaien*, exploded in his arm. He showed me his coat with some pride; it had a great hole and the sleeve was all ripped up. He showed me his arm too, which was bandaged fortunately, and looked very neat, only rather red and swollen just above the spot. Some of the wounded from Magenta had already arrived. It must be said that you hardly hear a groan or a word of complaint amongst all these men; every now and then one of them made a wry face on turning round, but that was all. One poor Zouave, a Protestant, had a shot through his nose which had carried off a piece just in the middle. He had a patch of white lint on the place, which, contrasting with an exceedingly dark complexion, gave him the oddest possible appearance. In general they were very merry and civil, and when we left a room there was a general "Bonjour, monsieur et dame" which seemed so familiar. Finally I was dreadfully tired, and when I came home I can assure you the sight of the baby, so fresh in his white dress, looking so well, and with no *wounds*, was positively delightful!

June 12. I am afraid it is rather longer than usual since I wrote, but there are violent thunderstorms every day, which make the air heavy, and one feels disinclined to write or do anything particular. The poor wounded soldiers complain of the stormy weather, which it seems they feel very much. I went again to the French hospital with Meille yesterday. Many of the men were engaged in writing letters, and no doubt many a queer account of Palestro and Magenta will find its way to remote corners of France. Yesterday evening Mme. de Stackelberg came to take me for a drive.

C. had a bad headache and could not come. I went back with her to take tea. We first looked at the children in bed. They seem to me such giants compared with baby—the youngest is two years old. Then we made "charpie" and talked to the numerous circle of gentlemen who generally drop in there about tea-time. Rochegude, the new French Secretary, has just returned from the *quartier general*, and has visited the battlefield of Magenta; Pfuel and Kayserling of course, Chollet, old Robilant, Gerebsow, &c. As Stackelberg generally goes to bed early, the Comtesse is rather in want of some person of her own sex to be with her and all these men. The conversation was interesting. Rochegude, I think, said that when passing through Alessandria he heard a great noise, and on inquiring what it was, he was told "que c'était les prisonniers Autrichiens qui criaient 'Vive l'Italie!'" It sounds absurd, but there are so many Italian regiments in the Austrian army that it is not really unnatural. You remember Mdlle. Dielitz, the music teacher, I hope? She has come out strong lately. On the first arrival of the wounded she was sent for to the hospital to translate for some of the prisoners, and made herself so useful that she was given a permission to visit all the hospitals, at all hours, and was thanked by Cavour. From her being able to speak Piedmontese and knowing so many people here, she has been able to do more than anyone. Besides giving her music-lessons, she manages to go twice a day to the hospitals, carrying with her all sorts of little luxuries for the poor wounded, which *she* is allowed to take to them. She has found out five Austrian cadets, who, although belonging to good families and accustomed to very different treatment, are not counted

as officers, and have to share the straw beds and coarse linen of the hospitals with the common soldiers. C. has sent her some shirts and handkerchiefs for them, as well as books, and is writing to Germany to try and get some money for them. One of the poor fellows has had his chin shot off and can neither eat nor speak. He was in the canal at Palestro, and swam under water for some time to avoid the bullets. He dragged himself out by means of an acacia tree, which has left the marks of its thorns all over his hands, and just as he got out was struck in the chin! He lay there for eighteen hours before he was found, and yet has never had a day's fever! The Croats and Slavs are said to be delighted; they have never had such good soup or such good bread, and they eat as much as they can.

Turin, June 24.

We have just returned from an expedition with the Stackelbergs to Latour, which was very enjoyable. We were just five, the Count and Comtesse, Gerebsow, and we two. The weather was rather uncertain the first day at Latour, but we managed a small expedition to Luserna. We saw the garden of the *château* which belongs to the Marquis d'Angrogna, the King's aide-de-camp. It was very pretty, and Stackelberg recited verses of Lamartine. The night, however, was not pleasant; storm succeeded storm, and you know what they are at Latour, just under the mountains! Our rooms had been changed and our things had got mixed, which was very disagreeable. The key of our bag was missing, and as it had not been unpacked I made a pilgrimage along the open gallery, despite of lightning and pouring rain, to ask for it. Stackelberg was, I think, already in bed; however, he handed me a key through the door, which proved, alas! to be a wrong

one. I had not the courage to return, and what with the storms and the want of several necessary articles, spent a very uncomfortable night. The next morning the weather cleared up by degrees, and we determined to set off for Bobbi, with, I think, all the horses in the village. The Comtesse and I had no habits, as we had not contemplated this cavalcade, and had to ride in our crinolines, which spread out almost to the horses' tails and must have looked peculiar. The weather, however, became glorious, the sky without a cloud, everything fresh from the rain of the night, the beauty of the road beyond description; it really was enchanting.

At Bobbi we rested and had a small repast by a spring under chestnut trees. The return was enlivened by Gerebsow's horse, who had already shown his kicking propensities, making a sudden *pointe de gaieté* and depositing his rider head-foremost at the feet of the Comtesse's horse. Happily he was not in the least hurt. We were to have returned to Turin that evening, but the weather being so fine, it was voted unanimously that we should stay till the next day. We spent a pleasant evening sitting on the balcony in the court of the "Ours," looking at the mountain outlines over the chimneys of Latour and listening to the Comtesse singing. We returned to Pignerol the next day and were nearly stifled by the heat in the train to Turin. The Stackelbergs begged we would finish the day with them, dining *à la fortune du pot*, as nothing had been ordered; so after seeing that baby was all right and in no wise diminished by our absence, we joined them again. It was rather an amusing contrast—the charming rooms, the refined cookery, everything so different. The Comtesse in pink muslin, not much

more beautiful, however, than in the one plain gown she wore on the expedition. After dinner, being still very *en train*, we went up the Cappucini to see the mountains again from afar, then drove in the Place d'Armes and round the town till past nine. Then tea and the usual set of men all eager to see the Comtesse again and hear all about our excursion. How the Comtesse manages it all I don't understand. She looks thoroughly after her two children, who are certainly very well brought up, she sees after that great household, pays a lot of necessary visits, finds time to read a little, play a little, to be always well dressed and always look beautiful. It is really a good deal to accomplish.

C. and I did go to the Carmine hospital, but we came in for the arrival of a *convoi de blessés*, and of course all the authorities were occupied. Since then, however, C. has obtained permission to buy linen and articles of clothing for some of the prisoners with the money he has received from Germany. I had never seen the arrival of the wounded before. Some of them limped along cheerily enough with the help of the *infirmiers*, some were carried, others were borne in litters; these, of course, were the worst cases, and looked fearfully exhausted. Altogether the hospital is a melancholy sight; the pale patient faces of the poor Austrian cadets who have been amputated always haunt me, and C., who had not been there before, could hardly get to sleep at night. The Austrian I told you about who had his chin shot off is getting all right, his chin healing and mending in a marvellous way. June 27.

Last evening we went to the Arconati's, where we heard much talk about the last battle, although very little is known as yet.[1] One of the Marquise's numerous

[1] Solferino and San Martino, June 24th.

sisters was there from Milan. She told me the accounts of the Milanese ladies going in their carriages to pick up the wounded were a little exaggerated. All sent their carriages, and many of the men were received into private houses because the twenty-two hospitals were not sufficient for the mass of wounded. She told me that they arrived continually from Magenta for two days and two nights. The unfortunates who came last, when people began to be tired and sympathy to be exhausted, were much to be pitied. Four Austrian officers were in this case. They were sent to one or two houses that refused to take them in; the people who carried them would not go any further, saying every place was full and that it was of no use. In vain they entreated and offered money. Happily the son of this lady, passing at the moment, heard the state of the case, and had them instantly carried to his own palace, where every care was taken of them. Still, it must have been a most bitter experience in the town of which they were the imperious lords and masters two days before.

July 10. We are very warm here, as you may imagine; indeed, as one of the Austrians in the hospital amused me by saying the other day, "Die Hitze in Turin ist merkwürdig" (The heat in Turin is remarkable). I am still very busy with the wounded and generally go to two hospitals a day, which is rather fatiguing; nevertheless, I must say that I never felt so well, during the hot season, as I do this year. The worst of going to the hospitals is the number of living creatures one brings back with one. Of course, I have to change entirely before having any intercourse with my household, and I generally have a basin of water at hand into which I throw as many "F sharps" as I can find.

The other day I began counting them by curiosity, but gave it up when I got past forty. Being *livrée aux bêtes* in this way is unpleasant, certainly, otherwise I am getting quite attached to my poor Austrians, and feel as if something was wanting if I have not seen them in the course of the day. I have had a visit from the Marquis and Marquise Roberto d'Azeglio, who, I think I told you, have organised the visiting of the wounded by the Italian ladies. They wanted me to join their association, but it could not be managed. The money we have received from Germany being destined entirely for the Austrian prisoners, it is already difficult to get at them without arousing jealousy amongst the other wounded, although in general they are all very well disposed towards each other (I have even been asked by a Piedmontese to give something I was offering him to some neighbour, who, *povero diavolo* (poor devil), was a prisoner). The Dielitz has happily had ample funds sent her by her friends the Schicklers, in Paris, without any restriction as to use, so that we can manage to give to all parties and get on very well, but it would not do for me to belong to any exclusively Italian Society. The d'Azeglios understood this and were very kind about it. They have given me permission to visit all the hospitals, so that I am now an authorised person, which is a great boon. The Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio has a wonderful red wig and looks rather old-fashioned, but he has charming old-school manners and is liberal and philanthropical. Although a fervent Catholic himself, he was most helpful to the poor Vaudois at the time of the Statuto, seeing that their religious liberty was ensured. He and his wife teach the poor children in the schools here, and do an immense amount of

good. The Dielitz and I go now regularly in the evening to the Carmine hospital. We proceed from room to room, followed by waiters from a neighbouring café, bearing trays of iced lemonade and other drinks in glasses, of which we distribute more than a hundred certainly every evening. After a long hot day in those crowded rooms, the refreshment of such a drink is wonderful; some of the poor fellows look quite different after it. The other evening a priest who saw us arrive said kindly, "Ecco le signore che danno da bere agli assettati" (Here are the ladies who give drink to the thirsty). It certainly is a privilege, which I have felt much, to be able to follow *literally* the Gospel injunctions, to give drink to the thirsty, and to visit the sick and the prisoners. I came across an affecting scene the other day; a poor fellow was receiving Extreme Unction. Of course, such things must be of daily occurrence in the hospitals, but as it happened I had never seen it before. There was a hush in the room for the soul that was passing. The lighted tapers in the deepening twilight brought out the group round the bed, the wasted figure upon it, the priest bending over him, and the cross held aloft. It was very impressive and very sad.

July 19. The Italians are bitterly disappointed at the armistice and sudden peace of Villafranca, which has put an end to so many high hopes. "Free from the Alps to the Adriatic," said the Emperor Napoleon's own proclamation, and now poor Venice is left under the domination of Austria, just when she had gone half mad with joy at the sight of the masts of the French and Italian fleets from the campanile of San Marco. It is heart-rending to think of, and people are murmuring fiercely at what they consider a breach of promise. It all came

so suddenly; the battle of Solferino, fought about a month ago (June 14), is said to have been the bloodiest of modern times; it lasted from early morning till evening, and the losses on both sides were tremendous. The Italians took and retook San Martino five times before they could drive the Austrians out of it. The fearful carnage is said to have affected the Emperor so dreadfully that he hurried on the armistice without consulting his allies. Soon after, he met the Emperor of Austria at Villafranca, and the preliminaries of peace were settled at Verona. Cavour, who had had a long interview with Napoleon two days after the battle, was quite unaware of his intentions, and returned to Milan in great spirits. On July 8th he started again for the camp, and heard by accident, at Desenzano, that peace was declared. When he met the King afterwards, it is said, there was a most violent scene, and he resigned all his ministries—he was at the head of four! Now he has gone to Switzerland, to his relations there, quite in despair at the wreck of his hopes. Victor Emanuel signed the armistice, adding the words "pour ce qui me concerne," still, it is said, by Cavour's advice. It is very clever, for he accepts Lombardy, and does not bind himself to anything else. The return of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany and Modena to their respective duchies is anything but popular, and it is quite difficult to believe that the news of *peace* can be received with such feelings of anger and disappointment. As you may imagine, there are no signs of rejoicing anywhere.

I went, with several other ladies, to La Marmora's new house near the Novara station to see the Emperor and the King make their entry here. The reception was cold: there was no applause from the people in the

streets, and they were allowed to pass almost in silence. As they drove by the King showed the house to the Emperor; the latter looked up, and seeing ladies on the balcony all waving their handkerchiefs, lifted his *képi*. The Emperor is much changed since I last saw him; I don't think I should have known him again. He looked ill, but *impassible* as usual. The King looked very fierce; but that he always does. All the aides-de-camp, Robilant and the others, are burnt black and brown after the campaign.

July 23. C. spoke to the Chief yesterday, who said at once that in Kayserling's absence any real leave would be impossible, but that perhaps C. might go backwards and forwards to Pesio. Meantime, this is the second day of rain here, so that for the present the weather is cooler, and one does not feel such an ardent desire to get out of Turin. We still visit the wounded, and at the Carmine, where we go every day, things go on satisfactorily enough; but the other hospitals are discouraging. Going there only occasionally, one just sees a mass of misery quite beyond one's reach. We have plenty of money, between what came from Germany and Mme. Schickler's gift, but the pity is we can trust no one to spend it but ourselves. We have been warned that the Sisters have favourites, and make an unfair division. The surgeons, at least all those that I have seen, are real barbarians—*executioners* (*Scharfrichter*), Weber, our Legation doctor, calls them. In short, there is no one to help, and what with the confusion of languages, Piedmontese, Slovaks, Hungarians, Croats, &c., all clamouring for all kinds of things, jealous of each other moreover, I can assure you that one gets quite confused sometimes. At the Carmine, as I said before we know our people, and

therefore get on better, although our "service" there in the evenings is complicated enough. Some are to have wine, others broth, some chicken, some a little meat, some will only drink *gazeuse* or beer; this besides giving lemonade all round, and remembering the numerous applications for shirts, drawers, stockings, shoes, coats, books, in short every imaginable article! Adieu, I must close, for a funny little woman is waiting to take me to the hospital of St. Isidoro, which I do not yet know.

CHAPTER V

Visit to Certosa di Pesio—Journey to Florence and Perugia—Brassier's return—My husband made Legations-Rath—Dinner at Cœllos'—C. prepares memoir for Cavour—Visit Naples, Rome—Bonn—Death of our child.

WE were able to join my parents at the Certosa di Pesio, an old Carthusian monastery in the Apennines, which had been made into a summer resort. Later on we accompanied my husband, who was sent to Florence *en courier* with important despatches. We were almost the only travellers moving about so soon after the war, and the journey was most interesting.

We arrived at Florence just at the time when the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont was being voted, and were much struck by the order and dignity of the proceedings. We then went on to Perugia, where an uncle of mine, M. Evelyn Waddington, had long been established. The whole town was still thrilling with the horrors of its recapture by the Papal troops two months before, and the accounts of murder and pillage heard on all sides seemed to take one straight back to the Middle Ages. It was difficult to imagine that such scenes had happened quite recently. My husband took notes of all that he heard and saw, which proved very useful afterwards on our return to Turin.

Turin, Nov. 11. At the Sclopis's the other evening we met a new arrival, a Mme. Peruzzi, from Florence, who told me

she had seen W. quite lately in Paris. She had just crossed the Mont Cenis, and had been nearly forty-eight hours on the way on account of the inundations. She had, however, *not* rested since, had received and read thirteen letters on her arrival, and come straight to the Sclopis's, where she was giving a most animated account of her journey in such beautiful Italian that it was a delight to listen to her.

Yesterday I went to see the Comtesse Stackelberg, who has just lost a brother from consumption. She herself has not been at all well and looked very pale in her deep mourning.[1]

By the way, our new *attaché*, M. de Krause, has arrived. He is young and tall, with a fresh, honest look about him, and seems to promise well as a colleague. I must say for our Legation that as a body it is about the best-looking here.

The Chief returned yesterday, and C. has relapsed into obscurity again. At present he is delighted at being able to read his papers quietly, without thinking of despatches or having to rush out in this wet weather to hunt for news. Brassier has brought him his nomination as "Legations-Rath" (Councillor of Legation), which is merely a title, I believe. C. does not seem particularly excited about it, as it is a step that must come sooner or later. It is, however, the first thing he has got since we have been married, and there is a great diploma signed by the Prince of Prussia *höchst selbst.* It is always a proof that they are pleased with him as *chargé d'affaires.* Brassier dined several times at the Prince Regent's while he was away, and it seems C.'s telegraphic despatches about the state of

[1] The beautiful and gifted Comtesse Stackelberg died at Nice in the following spring.

affairs here were one of the great subjects of interest. I do not think Brassier can have enjoyed his stay in Berlin very much. People there are so opposed to the whole Italian movement and to anything coming from Turin at present. One man came up to him at Court and asked, "Wie geht es dem Räuber Hauptmann Victor Emanuel?" (How is the robber chief, Victor Emanuel, getting on?). Now, it is not pleasant to hear the sovereign to whom you are accredited designated as a robber chief! And then it is not true! You who have seen it in Tuscany know that there is no coercion or deception in the case, but that the people vote eagerly and unanimously for their annexation to Piedmont and wish to come under the rule of the "Re leale," the only ruler in Italy who has been loyal to his word.

The populations of the Emilia (as they now call Parma and Modena) and of the Romagne are tired of broken promises and bad government. They agree with Farini, who refused to leave Modena and declared that Italy had not countersigned the peace of Villafranca. They have taken things into their own hands and refuse to be neatly arranged in confederations under their former Princes and Cardinal Legates by the Congress of Zürich. C. is preparing a memoir on the sack of Perugia from the notes he took on the spot last summer; he also wrote very plainly about things here when he was *chargé d'affaires*. Indeed, he told me once or twice he had sent off a despatch which might cost him his post, it was so contrary to what they would like to hear in Berlin. The despatches have not cost him his post, happily, but brought him promotion, so that one may hope things are not quite so bad as they seem.

I went to the Cœllo dinner in my new *pensée* dress, with the wonderful coiffure which is just like a diadem. The Cœllos, who are the new Spaniards, have a splendid apartment in one of the old palaces in Dora Grossa, and everything is very well got up. Mme. Cœllo was most *élegante*, although I was the only other lady. She speaks very little French; she pointed to my gown: "Joli, Paris." I said, "Paris." "Mme. Roger?" to which I replied, "Non, trop cher," and so on. Everybody complimented on C.'s new title and addressed me as "Frau Legations-räthin." I must add that Gerebsow told me he had met baby and heard he was getting a third tooth! As he is supposed to dislike children particularly I was astonished, but he explained that he liked children when they were not only pretty, but "bien tenus, quand ils ont quelque chose de comme il faut et de distingué." You may imagine that my maternal feelings were flattered! Tchitcherine also told me at the dinner "qu'il avait rencontré M. de Bunsen jeune, avec un manteau neuf."

There is a new Neapolitan here who speaks very funny French and is a great amusement to all his colleagues. He was talking the other day of something he had wanted to do, but had not succeeded in. "Je l'aurais bien vou*lou* mais je n'ai pas pop*pou*" (avrei ben voluto, ma non l'ho potuto)." You may imagine the delight of the whole club; they all go in turn to get him to repeat it, saying sympathetically, "Oh, si vous ne l'avez pas *poppou*, je comprends," &c.

I paid a visit with C. to the English chaplain here, Mr. Loftus Tottenham, who has a wife and a numerous family. They seem to be quite nice people.

C.'s nomination as Conseiller de Legation has been in all the papers here with favourable comments. It

seems to have made a great stir, for every creature congratulates. F. saw it at Siena in the *Monitore Toscano* and wrote immediately. Kayserling sent a most affectionate letter from Königsberg, Uebel wrote from Copenhagen, &c.

Here is the mention of C.'s promotion in a German paper. "The nomination of the young Herr von Bunsen to Legations-Rath in the Prussian Legation here has made a very good impression. Herr von Bunsen has known how to win for himself the respect of the Italians." As C. did *not* write this himself and really does not know who has written it, it is pleasing.

Dec. 29. The other day C. had a note from Sir James Hudson to say that Cavour wished to see him and hear some details about the storming of Perugia. He went, of course, and after spending an hour with Cavour promised to write out some of the facts for him. Happily he still has the notes he took on the spot.

I have not been able to write lately, C. and I have both been so busy with his memoir for Cavour. We made two copies, and as it was an affair of fifty pages it was not easy to manage with all the interruptions. I wrote when C. was out and dictated to him as soon as he came in. The great object was to get the copy for Cavour finished before the Court ball, where C. would be sure to meet him. This was accomplished, and at the ball Cavour came up to C. and thanked him —"J'ai reçu ce que vous m'avez envoyé et je vous en remercie beaucoup." I hope you can imagine the effect of this mysterious speech on the bystanders! Cavour has just returned to power, but has not formed his new Ministry yet.

The next day came a letter from Cavour regretting that the memoir was not intended for publicity and

asking C.'s permission to submit it quite privately to the Emperor Napoleon, giving him the name of the author confidentially. "Le caractère de haute impartialité qui caracterise ce remarquable travail m'aiderait puissamment à convaincre l'Emp. Napoléon de la nécessité de laisser à la logique des faits son cours inexorable."

I have long wished for an autograph of Cavour's, and now I have got one really worth keeping in the family archives! C. had promised Sir James Hudson to show him the paper also and took him the copy I had written. Hudson was sending a messenger to London next day, and wanted to send the memoir to Lord John Russell. There was no time to make another copy, so mine has been sent, but Hudson promises to have it back again, as we have none left. C.'s hope of being of use to the unfortunate sufferers in the Papal States has been fulfilled quite beyond expectation, and the truth will have been laid before those who have power to act upon it. It really gives one a feeling of heartfelt satisfaction.

I must try and write before I go out with the Tottenhams on this beautiful morning. I often walk with them now, and when we have been right round the Place d'Armes at a great pace I feel better in body and mind. I am really very busy with the prospect of soon starting for Cannes and perhaps Rome and Naples. So far it had seemed quite a visionary scheme, but now I am beginning "to feel it in my bones," like Candace in Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's last book. Jan. 27.

The Chief will not hear of our starting till he is sure of Pfuel's return; unfortunately his *somnambule* has assured him that Pfuel will not come back till March, so that he is more cautious than ever.

We did get off, however, and went to both Naples and Rome, leaving our child at Cannes with his Bunsen grandparents, who were devoted to him. Soon after our return to Turin, in June, when all Italy was absorbed in following Garibaldi and his *mille* in their expedition to Sicily, illness entered our house. My husband and Wilhelm took the measles from a servant and were seriously ill. The fear of contagion kept all away, and I should have been utterly alone at that terrible time had it not been for our friends the Tottenhams, who came every day, regardless of their numerous children. My husband recovered after a long and tedious illness. Our beautiful, most promising child passed away on June 25, 1860, and life was never quite the same afterwards. His memory will always remain associated in my mind with the stainless lilies which surrounded him as he lay in his last sleep.

In the autumn of that year we went to Bonn to be near my father-in-law, whose health had been failing for some time, and remained there till his death on November 28, 1860. We had both much dreaded going back to Turin, but my father-in-law, who had always been deeply interested in the Italian cause, and who followed to the very last the important events that were taking place in the Peninsula, repeatedly expressed his desire that my husband should not apply for another post, but return to one which was every day becoming a greater centre of interest.

Thus it was that in December, 1860, we found ourselves once more in the well-known capital of Piedmont.

CHAPTER VI

Return to Turin—Union of kingdom of the Two Sicilies, Umbria, and the Marches to dominions of Victor Emanuel—Garibaldi enters Naples—His meeting with the King—We take an apartment—Piazzi Bodoni—Sale of Prince G.'s curios—Death of King of Prussia—Opening of first Italian Parliament—Dinner at Cavour's—Go to the Reggio—Debate in the Chambers—The races—Illness and death of Cavour.

MANY and wonderful events had taken place in Italy during the six months we had been away. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies and the provinces or Umbria and the Marches had been added by a plebescite to the rapidly increasing dominions of Victor Emanuel. Already, before our departure, Garibaldi had embarked on May 6, 1860, with his *mille*, on his adventurous and romantic expedition to Sicily. In vain the young King of Naples, realising at last the dangers of his position, promised a constitution to his people and declared himself ready to enter into the long-rejected alliance with Piedmont. It was too late. Garibaldi had conquered Sicily to the cry of "Italy and Victor Emanuel!" He was now at the head of some twenty thousand men, and determined, despite of protestations from both friends and foes, to cross the Straits of Messina and effect a landing in Calabria. On August 21st he entered Reggio, the garrison capitulating. On September 6th, Francis II.

abandoned his capital and sailed for the fortress of Gaeta. The next day, September 7th, Garibaldi entered Naples in an open carriage, receiving a welcome such as has seldom been accorded to mortal man. Exhausted at last, after hours of speaking and showing himself to the people, he invented the sign which became so popular—holding up the first finger of the right hand alone, which meant *Italia una!* The quick-witted Neapolitans were enchanted with this concise expression of the great aim of the moment, and adopted it at once.

Meanwhile events progressed in other parts of the country also. Our poor friends at Perugia had been released from their Papal garrison by the Italian troops, under General Fanti. On the other side of the Apennines, in the Marches, General Lamoricière, a Frenchman in command of a force raised from all parts of Europe in defence of the temporal power of the Pope, was defeated at Castelfidardo by the Italian General, Cialdini, and forced to surrender at Ancona.

On October 2, 1860, Cavour asked the Parliament for full powers to annex all these new provinces of Central and Southern Italy if they desired it. A vote of 290 against 6 approved the policy of the Government.

Victor Emanuel now put himself at the head of his army and crossed the Neapolitan frontier. Capua capitulated, and the King of Naples shut himself into the fortress of Gaeta, where he was still besieged. On October 26th, Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi met at the head of their respective forces. There are, of course, many accounts of this remarkable interview; this is the one I prefer, and which I heard from a person usually exceptionally well informed :—

When they came in sight, the King and Garibaldi both rode on alone. As he approached the King, Garibaldi saluted, and said simply, "Re d'Italia" (King of Italy). The King held out his hand: "Vi ringrazio!" (I thank you!) Thus was the crown of the Two Sicilies laid at Vittorio's feet!

On November 7th, the King entered Naples with Garibaldi at his side, and after that the legendary hero departed to his barren island home at Caprera, refusing titles, honours, riches, everything that would have been showered on him, and taking with him only the deep satisfaction of having done more to help and liberate his country than often falls to the lot of mortals.

When we returned to Turin in December, 1860, the King of Naples was still besieged by the Italian forces in Gaeta, where he and his Queen, a Bavarian Princess, were making a spirited defence.

Victor Emanuel was in Sicily showing himself to his new subjects; Garibaldi quietly settled in obscurity at Caprera, giving an example of the purest and most unselfish patriotism which the world, perhaps, had ever seen; and in the whole country twenty-two million Italians, united under the Government of the *Re Galantuomo*, were preparing for the election of the first Italian Parliament, which was to meet in February. As Prussia had joined with Austria and Russia in protesting against the late events, and the annexation of the Two Sicilies, Umbria and the Marches, to the new kingdom of Italy, the position of our Legation was at this time rather a difficult one.

And now we are at Turin once more! On the whole it is strangely familiar and comfortable; of

Hotel Feder, Turin, Dec. 12, 1860.

course, painful recollections will come often, but where did they not follow us? It was hard to pass our old house in coming from the station to-day, but I was glad to have it over at once, and so thankful that we have not to live there again! We have not heard of an apartment yet, but are very comfortable here in the Hotel Feder. There seems much talk of the Court moving from Turin to one of the many great towns now at its disposal, but where, does not clearly appear.

To-day being Sunday, I have given myself a rest from lodging-hunting, and have much enjoyed a little quiet this morning. We went about for a whole day seeing one set of rooms after another, each of them dirtier, more dismal, and gloomier than the last. Finally, that evening I overturned the lamp (accidentally), breaking the glass globe and throwing the hot oil over the table-cover and a quantity of poor C.'s papers! As you may imagine, I went to bed in no very complacent mood.

Do not be anxious about me here, for I am very glad indeed to be back again. The people are *very* kind; they all know our history, they had all seen and admired our darling, and I have no need to explain what a treasure we have lost. Of course, there is a painful thrill now and then, and seeing Meille again was rather bad.

Here at Feder's we have a splendid room, with a large alcove, in which is the bed of *the* beautiful Countess Castiglione! It was sold, it seems, at her sale, and the hotel bought it. It is really a gorgeous affair, "style Louis XV.," all white and gold, with curtains and draperies of silk. It is the admiration of all our visitors, and when Brassier came he asked to see it.

Piazza Bodoni, Dec. 21.

We are no longer at the hotel, I am thankful to say, but housed at last *tant bien que mal.* Our new abode is very near the Legation, and is not built on the barrack system, with the many stairs and sets of apartments, but is clean and quiet, and seems to contain only a few families. From our windows we have a fine view of the summits of the whole chain of Alps above the roofs of the opposite houses, and from the back we see the *colline.* We were glad to move in at once yesterday, after getting together the most necessary articles of furniture, and were delighted to sleep in beds of our own. This, however, I am sorry to say, was not such a pleasure as we had expected, for it was terribly cold, as we had a fall of snow for our installation. All our new things look nice and clean, and I hope when we have unpacked our own belongings we shall be quite comfortable. We happen to have come in for Prince G.'s sale, as they left Turin some time ago. It made me feel quite sad to see the furniture I knew so well in the hands of the dirty Jews. C. wants to get a big inlaid cigar-box, for which he remembers seeing the Prince collect enamels, old watches, snuff-boxes, &c. It was finally made up in Paris, and is a very handsome thing. It would be a remembrance of past and pleasant days when we saw so much of the G.'s.

I am writing in C.'s study, which is really quite warm, an unusual thing in a Turin room in winter. It is small, but comfortable and cosy, and we are getting quite to like our new home. We are having regular Christmas weather, very cold, and snow lying everywhere. Indeed, we find it colder than at Bonn, and miss the German stoves, which certainly give splendid heat.

We are much pleased with Edmond de Pressensé's article on my father-in-law. C. saw him in Paris and furnished him with most of his materials, which he has made a very good use of, giving just enough from the notes made at the time.

Jan. 4, 1861. I wish I could impart to you the sense of pleasure and comfort with which I sit down to write to you at my own table, in our new drawing-room. I never felt half so much at home in our old apartment as I do here, where we have chosen and arranged every article that surrounds us. As you know, I have always been devoted to bric-à-brac since the early times when I bought the Henri IV. chairs from the Château de Martinville with my pocket-money, and sat on the floor to look at them! C. has come round a good deal to old furniture since we have seen so much in the shops here, and I must allow that we have been launching out somewhat beyond the strict *nécessaire*. A pair of very handsome Gobelins *portières*, some good carved frames, besides the big cigar-box, are not perhaps quite the first articles you would get to put into perfectly empty rooms, but they give character to the whole place, and are a continual delight to one's eye.

You will have seen that our poor King is dead.[1] As we are already in deep mourning, it will make no change for us in that respect. We shall only have to put the servants into black.

Wonderful to relate, we have had a new arrival in the Corps diplomatique, a married Belgian, M. Bartholeyns de Fosslaert, with his wife and children.

[1] Frederick William IV. of Prussia. In 1858 his mind had given way, and his brother, afterward the Emperor William I., assumed the Regency.

She is English, and came to call with *empressement*, so I must try and go there soon. They have been at Rome, and Mme. de Gramont has recommended us strongly to each other. I went to the Lima's the other day early, and heard about the Court ball. None of our Legation went, of course, on account of the mourning; indeed, Brassier was annoyed the ball itself was not put off, like the one at the Tuileries.

Our new *attaché*, Herr v. S., is in despair, and wearies C. with his lamentations at not being able to go out in society. He wants to be "lancirt" as he expresses it. "Sie haben trauer, Pfuel hat mich da *plantirt*" (You are in mourning—Pfuel m'a planté là). Of course, Brassier does not trouble himself about him, and complains rather on his side to C. that S., who is very reactionary, talks "dummes Zeug" (stupid stuff) at the club! S. also brings sandwiches to the Chancellerie for his lunch!—a new departure, which is not approved of. In short, Krause and Kayserling continue to be regretted.

I have just been to see Mme. d'Arvillars. She never goes out in the winter, but had sent me cards and polite messages. She really was very kind, and told me that though she quite understood it must be a great effort to begin visiting again, yet she thought it would be good for me to see friends, people who took an interest in me, and so on. Mme. d'Arvillars' other daughter, the Comtesse C., came in with *her* daughter, who is the rising beauty of Turin. She is very handsome, about *fifteen*, according to her relations, fully *eighteen*, according to a malicious public, that accuses her mamma of wishing to keep her in the background as long as possible.

Feb. 17. On the day when the news of the fall of Gaeta[1] came the weather was splendid. From our elevated position we could see the white smoke of the guns firing from the Cappucini in honour of the event. The whole town was astir, and one really seemed to feel something in the air. Sometimes I quite rejoice at being here again in the midst of so much that is interesting and important. And then the Piedmontese are so full of enthusiasm and public spirit!

We do not yet know if Brassier—and his Legation—will be allowed to be present to-morrow at the opening of the first Italian Parliament or not. As I have ordered a new bonnet for the occasion, you may imagine how disgusted I shall be if we don't go! General von Bonin arrived here from Berlin on Friday, and C. packed him and his people off post haste to Milan, to join Brassier there, and be still in time to compliment the King by his old title of King of *Sardinia!* S. bothered Brassier so much that at last he consented to take him to Milan, and also to get his journey paid, for he by no means wished to go at his own expense. S. was so pleased at his success that he embraced C., which he is in the habit of doing in moments of great emotion. After having got his Prussians off on Friday, C. had just time to come back here and lie down with a dreadful headache. I am afraid sometimes that Turin really does not agree with him, which is a great drawback. It makes me sympathise with the cry of the Bolognese—"Vittorio Emanuele al Campidoglio!" for that would mean our all going to Rome, but it would be too much happiness!

[1] In February, 1861, Gaeta surrendered to the Italian forces, after being defended with great determination by Francis II. of Naples and his Queen.

Pfuel arrives to-morrow morning. Uncle E. is *not* named to the Italian Chamber, which is a horrid bore. Seeing the name of Waddington on the list, we thought it was all right, but found out we were mistaken afterwards. I am quite disappointed at not having him here.

Turin, Feb. 19.

C. is dining at Cavour's with the Legation and the "Mission extraordinaire." You must know that we, that is to say the Prussians, are quite on the top of the wave at present, what with Vincke's speech and General von Bonin's mission. Yesterday, at the opening of the Parliament, everybody said "que tous les honneurs de la séance avaient été pour la Prusse." We *did* go finally, but were in uncertainty up to the last moment. The Chief only returned from Milan late the night before. S. was lost. Pfuel arrived from Berlin early yesterday morning. Finally S. turned up after the most wonderful adventures and losing twenty-two napoleons at the Hotel de la Ville at Milan! Then there was still much rushing about, as the Chief had mistaken the hour and told Bonin to come too soon, but we did at last get off from the Legation, three carriages full. The building which has been erected for the first Italian Parliament is merely temporary, and though the general effect is pretty enough, is rather in the style of a circus or amphitheatre. On one side of the throne is the *loge* for the Princes, on the other the one for the Corps diplomatique. The King was received with immense enthusiasm on his entrance; all rose to their feet, and the applause was long and loud. He is now Vittorio Emanuele II., by the grace of God and the will of the nation King of Italy. It is certainly a magnificent result, which could scarcely have been dreamt of two years ago.

All Italy united except Rome and poor Venice! The King's speech was received with bursts of applause, and the whole scene was splendid and thrilling with emotion. Meantime the Prussians made a grand show, I can assure you. Brassier first, with his grand cordon of the Italian Order of St. Maurice et Lazare, which he only got the evening before. (He had not even time to buy the ribbon, and Cavour gave him his own.) Then General von Bonin with *his* broad green ribbon, also received the night before. The two other officers, tall, fine-looking men, in their splendid uniforms. You may imagine that they were the centre of attraction, and the mere fact of their being so conspicuous on such an occasion was of importance as a symptom of better feelings on the part of Prussia towards the new kingdom of Italy, even though some unkind remarks might be whispered about *ouvriers de la dernière heure*. The King made an allusion to Prussia in his speech which was received with immense applause, everybody looking towards the brilliant group in the *tribune diplomatique;* in short, nothing could be more satisfactory. All the colleagues were nowhere. Sir James Hudson looked well, as he always does, but he was quite unsupported. Lord de Burgh came in an old uniform and kept on a grey waterproof over it all the time. Lord Delaware, who came with Hudson, was also in a grey waterproof. Amongst other interests I had that of seeing C. in his new uniform of "Conseiller de Légation," and thinking *à part moi* how well he looked in it. He is now much more embroidered than Pfuel and S., which is of course quite proper. As a show I was rather disappointed; the deputies, a mass of men in black, most of them dark and ugly, were not imposing

and I was vexed to think Uncle E. was not amongst them.

The dinner at Cavour's yesterday was not very exciting, it seems. C. sat by the Marquis Pepoli, who is from Bologna. Peruzzi was there, as he is in the new Ministry for the Travaux Publics. The ice-cream was surmounted by a dove, to which Cavour called the attention of his guests. "M. le Comte Brassier, M. le Général, voyez-vous la colombe de la paix?" General Menabrea was there, looking very ill, just returned from the siege of Gaeta. Bonin excused himself to C. for not having paid us a visit, and turning to S., who was listening, "Nicht Sie, lieber Freund, nicht Sie, dazu sind Sie noch viel zu jung!" (Not you, dear friend, I don't mean you, for that you are far too young.) The whole Mission had themselves presented to me after the ceremony at the Chambers, and the two officers called yesterday in full style. By degrees now I have seen nearly all the people here again, and I must say they are extremely kind.

There has been a revolution in the Chancellerie, at which I am delighted! The gentlemen have declared *en masse* that they will work at the Prussian affairs first, and after that at the Austrian affairs till two o'clock, and then go away! This is the result of Pfuel's having brought back a report that the Austrian decorations, which have always been held out as a distant encouragement and reward, are as far off as ever! The Austrian Government is well pleased at having all its work done for nothing, and does not show the least intention of changing the arrangements here. The Chief was a good deal discomfited by this change, but they intend to keep to it.

The other day I had quite a series of small adven-

tures in search of Mme. Peruzzi,[1] on whom I wished to call. She is an official person now, and some one told me she lived at the Ministère des Travaux publics, so there I went. I was asked if I wanted the Strade Ferrate (railways) or the Telegraphe. I mentioned the name of Peruzzi. "Ah! il Signor Ministro," and I was directed to the end of a long passage and up a staircase. There was no porter or anyone about, and I thought it a wild sort of place for a lady to live in. At last I got into a kind of antechamber full of people, who were very civil, and it was with difficulty I escaped being taken straight in to Peruzzi himself. Finally I made them understand it was the *signora* I wanted, and they gave me her address. I trotted off a long way and found her just going out, as I had lost much time in my fruitless researches at the Ministère. The d'Aglié came to see me lately, and was extremely complimentary about our furniture. "Mais dites moi, tout ceci est à vous, n'est-ce pas? Aussi je pensais, tant de bon goût dans un logement meublé c'est impossible!" C. and I are always *très sensibles* to anything that is said about our furniture. Mme. de Lima has just been here, also charmed with the apartment, and certainly on a sunny morning it looks its best.

March 5. I have been wonderfully dissipated since I last wrote. C. came home suddenly one evening with a proposal to go to the Reggio, where there are some very good singers

[1] The Peruzzis belong to one of the oldest Florentine families. They are mentioned by Dante in the Paradiso as "quei della Pera" (those of the Pear), an allusion to their well-known armorial bearings of three pears, still to be seen on many of their old houses in the Santa Croce quarter of Florence. The Peruzzis were made bankrupts in 1339 by the refusal of King Edward of England to repay the enormous sums they had advanced to him.

just now. We made up our minds at once, and I sent to ask one of the little Tottenhams to go with us. She was delighted, and the whole thing was most successful. It was a *beneficienza* for the wounded; all the best people sang their best pieces. There was a cantata with a *refrain de circonstance*—

> "Viva Vittorio il grande,
> Viva d'Italia il Re,"

and great cheering and enthusiasm!

The next day came a note from the Peruzzi, kind and to the point. "Je viens vous chercher à huit heures pour aller au Reggio!" The servant did not even wait for an answer. She had told C. she wanted to take me some evening, but I did not think it would come so soon. I amused myself very well, and told "Ubaldino" (nearly everybody calls M. Peruzzi so) how near I had been paying him a visit the other day. Of course he said, as in duty bound, he would have been charmed. The box was soon filled, and the conversation went on in the most beautiful Italian. Peruzzi says that W. owes him a letter since last autumn.

We went one evening to the Sclopis's, for the first time since our return here, I am ashamed to say. We found a most formidable circle assembled, for sixty new Senators have been named since the annexation of the two Sicilies and Umbria, &c., and there were Senators and deputies from every part of Italy. It seems it is not always quite an easy task to receive and to keep the peace between all these gentlemen, many of whom are of totally opposite views and opinions. I fancy the poor Comtesse rather regrets at times her quiet Piedmontese receptions; but Sclopis, being now

President of the Senate, devotes himself to the task of bringing his colleagues together and encouraging a friendly spirit between them. Altogether it was amusing, and we at last made the acquaintance of the Marquis Caracciuolo, a Neapolitan whom C. had a recommendation for when we went to Naples, and who was arrested the day after C. delivered his letter.

I am thinking of taking Italian lessons again and having Piferi in the evenings. As I hear so much Italian now it might be useful. Besides, it is the fashion here; they say even Cavour is learning Italian! It certainly does not come naturally to the Piedmontese, *Regno d'Italia* though we may be!

I have received a little note from W.[1] to say good-bye, and hoping to come back by the North of Italy and pay us a visit, which would be delightful.

It is Sunday, and as bright a day as you could wish to see. Our two birds are singing almost too loud, and C. is at home, for a wonder. That is to say, just at this particular moment he is calling on Professor Matteuci, but he is not at the Chancellerie! By a new arrangement the gentlemen take it by turns now to go there on a Sunday, so that out of three they have two to themselves. It is curious that such a very simple idea never came into their heads before; but, as I told you, there has been a slight rebellion, and they are now determined to take things coolly. It is delightful having C. on a Sunday, instead of seeing him every morning, all the year round, go off to that nasty Chancellerie.

Altogether we are getting to be so comfortable that my desire to go to Rome is decidedly decreasing. I

[1] Mr. W. H. Waddington was just setting out for the East, where he remained a long time in Asia Minor, staying at Damascus, &c.

want to persuade C. to go this afternoon to the Peruzzi, as it is her day, and perhaps this evening to the Robilants'. He is always glad when he *has* made the effort, and he certainly would be difficult to please if he was not satisfied with the reception we meet with everywhere.

I have begun my Italian lessons with Piferi again, and we are reading "Il Principe," by Machiavelli, which regularly puts C. to sleep, to Piferi's great consternation, as he thinks it an extraordinary phenomenon, entirely attributable to Machiavelli!

You may fancy my feelings when C. coolly announced to me on Saturday that he had invited our Roman friend, Dr. Pantaleoni, and an Englishman, Mr. Cartwright, to dinner for the next day, quite forgetting it was Easter Sunday. I should have been very glad to see the two gentlemen any other day; however, it could not be helped, and the dinner went off quite pleasantly. Poor Pantaleoni seemed very low. He has been banished from Rome by the Papal Government as a Liberal, and obliged to leave his family and all his patients at a moment's notice and come to Turin, which is the universal refuge for all such cases. Happily for him, he has been named to the Chamber of Deputies for some constituency, and will now take his seat here, which will give him some sort of *raison d'être*. I was very glad to see him; he was so kind to us in Rome, and it reminded me of all the happy days we spent there—so wonderfully happy and light-hearted they seem now!

I have been very busy drawing all this week, as I wish to make an effort and finish Charles I.'s children by Van Dyke. It is quite the most troublesome thing I have undertaken yet, as all the lace and satin and

velvet is so wonderfully painted that it drives one almost distracted.

April 21. I have been quite too tired to write these days past. I went to the famous sitting of the Chambers Saturday last,[1] *stood* for four hours, saw and heard Garibaldi, Ricasoli, Cavour, Bixio, Crispi, &c.; came back in such a state of excitement that I felt no fatigue and could not keep quiet at home, and went to Mme. de Boyl's, C. picking me up there after going himself to the Arconati's. (The next day I went again to the Chambers, heard some very long, dull speeches, and later Liborio Romano and Bixio; fortunately, I had a chair that day, for I was feeling very tired, and since then I have been half dead, and do not seem to find it possible to get really rested.) It was Mme. Bartholeyns who proposed our going together to the Chamber; she seems to have taken up politics suddenly, not finding much else to interest or occupy her here, I suppose. I was rather doubtful, having heard much of the crowd and difficulty of getting in; however, as Mme. Bartholeyns reminded me, we both had a *right* to places, and we determined to try. When we got to the door of the *tribune diplomatique* my heart failed me, and had I been alone I should certainly have gone back; not only did it seem completely full, but the vestibule *outside* was full of ladies—Comtesse Alfieri, Comtesse Carpenette, &c.—waiting in hopes of getting a turn later. Mme.

[1] The discussion on bringing the army of volunteers which had rendered such brilliant services under Garibaldi's independent command under the control of the Government—a measure most unwelcome to the regular army, which saw its ranks suddenly flooded by this great influx of officers and men, all of undoubted bravery, but many of whom were also undoubtedly adventurers.

Bartholeyns, however, made her way in, and after a few minutes two gentlemen made room for us on the front row, where we had to stand, it is true, but could see and hear everything that went on. Soon Garibaldi came in, leaning on two friends, who sat down afterwards one on each side of him. He suffers from rheumatism, and is very lame. As you know, it was the first time he took his seat in the Chamber, and he was received with great applause, all the deputies rising. He is exactly like his portraits, with fine, regular features, which tell well at a distance. He was dressed in a red shirt, of course, over which he had a grey cloak falling in picturesque folds; his whole appearance was somewhat theatrical. Ricasoli rose and made a very good speech on lines that had been agreed upon that very morning between him and Garibaldi, with a view to conducting the whole difficult discussion in a conciliatory manner. It was this interview with Ricasoli, which was known to have taken place, which made all the violent scenes that followed such a surprise. I like Ricasoli's appearance; he is *très grand seigneur*, ugly, but looks clever and decided. Garibaldi spoke after him. He has a splendid voice, which filled the whole chamber, and speaks slowly, but not without eloquence. He did not get on far, however, before the excitement began, and when he came to the *guerra fratricida*, Cavour jumped up as if he was stung, and, thumping on the green table at which the Ministers sit, declared that such language he could not and would not hear! Whereupon Garibaldi repeated the expression over again! The effect was tremendous; all the deputies left their seats, crowding down to the centre, all talking, screaming, and gesticulating at once. The

public tribunes, which were full of red shirts, applauded. The President put on his hat. Such a scene I had never witnessed. Some people talked to Cavour, some to Garibaldi; the whole thing was quite unlooked for, as I said, on account of the arrangement with Ricasoli that very morning. What made Garibaldi change his mind and break the agreement is not known, but he is said to be quite under the influence of those around him, violent men, who make use of him as an instrument. In about half an hour the *séance* began again. Bixio made a very good speech, appealing to the good feelings on both sides, and then Cavour, I must say, won my admiration by the moderation of his reply. After seeing him so roused to anger, I should not have believed it possible that he could have got sufficiently calm in so short a time to answer as he did. He must have wonderful power of self-command. I cannot describe to you the excitement of the scene; some deputies were crying, and no wonder, seeing the two first men of the Italian movement so disunited. Garibaldi sat immovable the whole time, and when Bixio and Cavour, appealing to the patriotic feelings of all parties, declared that the first part of the *séance* should be considered as *non avenue*, Garibaldi could not be got to say a generous word, and merely went on attacking Cavour in his reply to the other's really wonderfully conciliatory speech. Cavour certainly had the *beau rôle* on the occasion. Poor Peruzzi, who sat between Cavour and Fanti, the Minister of War, seemed to have a hard task in trying to pacify his two colleagues. Some of the deputies came up the steps near our tribuue and talked with Sir James Hudson and others. Pantaleoni talked to me. An

Englishman who was with us explained to Mme. Bartholeyns that he had been to Sicily with Garibaldi and had commanded the second corps in the expedition there. Of course, he was immensely interested in all that was going on, but maintained that Garibaldi was quite right, and that the Italian Government had treated the volunteers in a "beastly manner"! He did not give me a very exalted idea of the *personnel* of the Sicilian expedition, but at that moment everybody talked to everybody! I found myself, rather to my surprise, speaking Italian to a lady behind me, who told me she had travelled far to come to this *séance*, and was so carried away by her feelings that she ended by leaning her whole weight on my shoulders. I also found myself applauding Bixio with great energy before I was quite aware of what I was doing. To give you an idea of the crowding in the tribune, I had, when I first came in, *one* person between me and a column. Before the end, although I was not aware of having at all changed my position, there were *four* between me and the column! That evening, at Mme. de Boyl's, I excited great envy, for Mme. d'Aglié had not succeeded in getting into the Chamber, having gone too late. When the evening papers were brought in she read the speeches aloud, and I quite confess that I gained from them a much clearer idea of the proceedings than I had had before.

Our apartment seems to me quite a little paradise, and I think C. is entirely of the same opinion. Just now he is reading, smoking, and enjoying his Sunday holiday; the birds are singing, and the room is perfumed with flowers. On one table is a most elegant bouquet sent by Mme. de Boyl—forget-me-nots, with a garland of wisteria hanging quite low round them. **April 11.**

Some of the first lilies of the valley, a present from the Tottenhams, are on my writing-table, and every breath of air from the open window brings in the sweet smell of roses on the balcony.

I went to the Chambers again after I wrote, but it was fearfully dull. Mme. Bartholeyns, who goes with me, looks upon it as an Italian lesson which costs nothing, when there is no other interest in the proceedings.

Our dinner at the Sforzas' was quite pleasant. There was a Professor Villari, a Neapolitan, who has just written a Life of Savonarola, which is said to be very good. I sat between him and a Piedmontese, Marquis Cocconito. We talked Italian all the time, and I amused myself very well. The Duchesse Sforza has lent me Villari's book, which seems deeply interesting, and he himself is very agreeable. In the evening we went on to the Sclopis', who are always too kind to us! There were a number of people there, as always now, and the Peruzzis came late. I had a long conversation with Poerio and Peruzzi. The former is worthy and interesting, but not a "passion" of mine, whereas I have warned C. that I have a decided feeling for Peruzzi! He is one of the most agreeable men I know, and looks so good-natured, with something *fin et railleur* behind his spectacles. Then he and Mme. Emilia are so happy and attached to each other. "Ma chère, quelle affreuse chose d'être Ministre; je ne vois presque plus Ubaldino!" is her constant complaint.

May 10. Yesterday I made a round of visits, finding every one at home. I went early to the d'Aglié, as I wanted to have a quiet chat. There was, however, a *milord Anglais* already installed in her drawing-room, whom

she and Mme. Alfieri and other ladies were fussing about a great deal, calling him *milord*, &c. He did look so English that I was quite *intriguée*, and wrote to the d'Aglié to ask who he was. He turns out to be the younger d'Azeglio, who is Italian Minister in England. She says he will be enchanted to have been taken for an Englishman, as his great ambition is to look like one. Certainly his "get up" was excellent. Mme. d'Aglié has given me her photograph, which I had been promised some time ago. It is pretty and graceful, and not unsatisfactory.

You must know that I have taken a cooking turn suddenly! Old Piferi, my Italian master, has lent me a cookery book by Soyer, which is extremely clear and elementary. The other day I made a beef-steak pudding, to Giuseppe's and my mutual astonishment.

I had not intended going to the races, but was inveigled into it, and the sight was very pretty. Instead of sitting in tents, people sit now in their carriages all round the racecourse, and the effect is much better. Nearly all the ladies wore round hats (pork-pies?), like the one L. had from Heath. There was rather an abuse of the new colour magenta and purple feathers and nets perhaps, but the little hats with the light-coloured piques and muslins, all made loose *en Zouave*, made a very pretty costume. Then there are certainly very handsome people amongst the society here, and I think it would be difficult to find a more aristocratic assembly than that which was walking about the Place d'Armes the other day—Mme. de Carpenette and her two beautiful daughters, the little Cigala, who is a lovely fair-haired girl, the Comtesse Gattinara, &c., all looking their best.

Fancy our astonishment the other morning when two

tall monks in white, accompanied by a priest, walked into the drawing-room! They turned out to be Camaldolensi, from Monte Corona, near Perugia. C. says you will remember one of them, a very tall gentlemanly man, who knew Uncle E. They are here in great distress, poor people, about the suppression of their convent, and came to see if C. could help them. I am afraid he cannot, for he has already had an interview with the Minister on behalf of the Bavarian nuns of Assisi, who have also been suppressed, and about whom the Marchesa wrote to him. It seems that instead of applying the Piedmontese laws, which are just and moderate, as has been done in Naples and Sicily, Pepoli has taken violent and summary measures in Umbria, where he is commissary, and there is nothing to be done for all these poor people. They are certainly hardly treated, as they are turned out of all their possessions, and most of them have no homes to go to.

Now, by way of change, after doing his best to protect the Umbrian convents, C. is going to the Vaudois valleys for the Synod, so that I shall be alone for two or three days. He returned yesterday morning in great spirits, having enjoyed himself very much at Latour. He says the beauty of the country was quite beyond expression. The Synod was very interesting and important. Only fancy that I got to the end of my letter without mentioning your photograph. It is really much better than I expected; quite successful on the whole, although the expression *is* rather severe. I have put you in my *paravent*, turning your back on C. in a very decided manner. These little photographs are really a blessed invention for those who live far from their loved ones!

Turin, May 30. In the evening there was the *comédie de société*. C.

took me to the Peruzzis', as I was to go with them. M. Peruzzi got into my cab and drove with me *en tête-à-tête* to the theatre, whereat I felt flattered. Moreover, he gave me his arm and led me up the room, people bowing on all sides. I was with the Florentine set, Mme. de Cambray Digny and Mme. Peruzzi. There was a long pause, waiting for the Duchess of Genoa, who came at last, accompanied by her ladies, for she has two now—the Castiglione, whom you saw at the lakes, and Mme. Gattinara, the beauty. The d'Aglié acted very well. She had quite a *succès*, and when, having finished her part, she appeared amongst the spectators, she was greeted with great applause and complimented by the Duchess.

I have asked Pifferi to dinner, and am going to make him a cherry tart! **June 1.**

C. has gone out early this morning to inquire about Cavour, the great object of interest and anxiety at present. He has to telegraph about him both to Berlin and to Brassier, who is away at present. Cavour being seriously ill makes one feel doubly the fearful importance of his existence at the present moment. In the midst of the *fêtes* for the Statuto which have been going on, races, reviews, a fancy fair, and finally a Court ball last night, people have not realised his illness as much as they would at a quieter time. Of course, we took no part in anything.

It hardly seems possible to recover from the general sort of stupefaction which followed Cavour's death.[1] I have just been paying some visits, trying to get a few details; but it came so suddenly, and his dangerous state was hushed up as much as possible on account of **June 7.**

[1] The great statesman, Count Camillo Cavour, died on June 6, 1861, at Turin, after a short illness.

the *fêtes* and the Court ball, so that very few really know anything about what happened, and the accounts are dreadfully confused. It seems positive that from the first he was taken suddenly and violently ill, and that he had a great deal of delirium. He sent for Fra Giacomo from the neighbouring convent of the Madonna degli Angli, confessed, and was *administré*. "Il est mort très chrétiennement." The only people who were with him were his elder brother, the Marquis Cavour, his nephew, Count Eynard Cavour, and his niece, the Comtesse Alfieri. In his delirium he was constantly occupied with politics and calling out about Rome and Naples. He was only fifty-one. It is too sad! Never, I suppose, was a man more regretted or seemingly more indispensable. We can hardly think or talk of anything else.

June 9. Yesterday I had a long visit from the d'Aglié. She and her mother, Mme. de Boyl, were great friends of Cavour's, and are much affected by his death. She told me a little more about it. The King went to see him on the Tuesday or Wednesday evening, I forget which. He came in accompanied by several people, but Cavour recognised him instantly: "Ah! sua Maesta!" All then left the room, and they talked for three-quarters of an hour. The King came out *pleurant à chaudes larmes*, and did all he could *pour arracher aux médecine une parole d'espoir*. But Riberi would not give him any hope, and, indeed, they say that from the moment he was taken ill there was none. The d'Aglié says Cavour was not exactly delirious; it was more an excited way of talking continually and disconnectedly. What he said was all right, but his ideas followed each other at random. One subject that occupied him much was the navy, as he had been preparing a *projet de*

loi on it just before his illness. It is a curious proof of the universality of his genius that he is as much regretted as "Ministre de la Marine" as in any other capacity. It seems he was a most excellent Minister. He died with great calmness, without expressing any regret, although leaving so much unfinished which he had no doubt hoped to accomplish. He expressed his faith in the destinies of Italy. All the shops in the town were spontaneously closed when the news of his death spread, and remained so for two days, and the grief and consternation were quite universal. The body lay in state, and people were allowed to pass by and see him, dressed in uniform with white gloves. His funeral would have been a grand sight had not the weather been so bad, but it poured rain unfortunately. C. went to the Madonna degli Angeli, Cavour's parish church, quite a small one, near us. Very few out of the crowds that followed the procession were admitted. Only the Corps diplomatique, the Senate, the deputies, &c. The Court servants in their red liveries took the place of chief mourners, none of the family being present. Altogether the ceremony does not seem to have been very satisfactory, and C. felt the contrast with the one we so lately witnessed at Bonn, where there was so much less outward show, but where his father's coffin was reverently borne by his own sons, and where the family followed with heartfelt grief. Brassier has been at Savona all the time, everyone wondering at his absence! He returns to-day, when there is no longer any need of him. Poor Hudson is dreadfully shaken and pulled down; he was personally attached to Cavour. The King wished to give Cavour a monument at the Superga, but he is buried by his own wish at Santena, his family place.

June 11. I gave you what details I could about Cavour; the newspaper accounts are both contradictory and unsatisfactory. Even here on the spot it is difficult to make out much. He seems to have died very simply, without fear or regret, doing all that a good Catholic should do. Though his death is lamented by the whole country more perhaps than any man's ever was, he had none very near and dear to surround him at the last—at least none of the closest ties. He was, however, much attached to his eldest brother's children. At the time of the death of his nephew, Auguste de Cavour, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Goïto in 1848, Cavour wrote: "Auguste est mort le sourire sur les levres, en soldat et en chrétien. C'est assurément la plus belle des morts, et la plus enviable; elle est affreuse pour ceux qui restent." Until his last days this nephew's blood-stained uniform hung in a glass case in the great statesman's study. He was also very fond of his niece, the Comtesse Alfieri; in writing of her to his great friend, Mme. de Circourt, he says: "C'est ce que mon frère et moi avons de plus cher au monde."

The two brothers lived together (the Marquis being a widower) in the old family palace. They were of different opinions in politics, the eldest being somewhat of a *Codino*, and not approving all the novelties his brother was introducing.

It is said that already in the times of the Siccardi laws, Cavour, wishing to avoid a scandal like that which took place at the death of poor Santa Rosa,[1] had made

[1] The Minister Santa Rosa, though a man of the highest character and a sincere Catholic, was refused the last sacraments, to the intense grief of his family and himself, on account of his sanction of the Siccardi laws against the old-world privileges of the clergy.

arrangements with a friend of his, Fra Giacomo, a Capuchin of the Madonna degli Angeli, who promised to administer to him the last consolations of religion. Cavour wished it to be known that he had prepared himself for the great passage to eternity and that he died as a Christian, whatever might be said against him. A member of the French Legation here happened to be passing in the street when they were bearing the last sacraments to Casa Cavour. He took a lighted taper, went in with the crowd, and was present at that solemn moment. It remains to be seen what will happen now to Fra Giacomo, for Cavour was positively excommunicated. C. and I read his name, as well as that of the King, on the columns at the entrance to St. Peter's at Rome in 1860. Many of the foreigners here think that Cavour, like many others, was a victim to too much bleeding,[1] the Piedmontese doctors being still devoted to that old remedy.

Ricasoli is now Président du Conseil ; it is a heavy responsibility, but although he has not Cavour's genius, he is a perfectly honest and upright man, of ancient Tuscan family, devoted to the Italian cause and to the House of Savoy. As you know, he governed Tuscany during the difficult times of the war and the annexation to Piedmont.

[1] He was bled *six* times in the first days of his illness.

CHAPTER VII

Birth of my little girl—Meet Madame Benedetti—Presentation to the Duchess of Genoa—Meet Mdlle. A., governess to Princess Marguerite—Court ball—The Carnival—Visit to Palace—B.'s presentation—Villa Tournon Radicati—Moncalieri—C. gets Austrian decoration.

MY little girl was born in September, and my mother, who had been with me for some time, left towards the end of October.

Nov. 6. I have really had no time to write. Baby is, of course, a great occupation, and I never seem able to finish with things. You will be glad to hear that C. has come in for a small share of royal favours. He has been named to the "Rothen Adler Orden vierter Klasse." Brassier had nothing to do with it, and it came spontaneously from Berlin, which makes it all the more satisfactory. S. saw it in the German paper, and watched for C.'s arrival at the Chancellerie *zu gratuliren* (to congratulate). All the colleagues are now repeating to C. a sort of mongrel rhyme, well known, it seems, in Germany—

> "Das Verdienst der grossen Masse
> Lohnt der Vogel vierter Klasse"

(The services of the great mass are rewarded by the bird of the fourth class); but, as one cannot begin with the higher *Klasse*, I am quite satisfied.

The other day I had not taken off my things after my usual walk with baby and nurse when Mrs. Cadogan was announced, bringing with her a very hideous but most amusing big poodle she calls Agrippina. Before she left others came—Pfuel, fresh from Rome and Florence, and Mme. Peruzzi, who was really in overflowing spirits. She has just accompanied her husband on his official journey to Naples and Sicily. She described the receptions everywhere, "dix collations par jour," every kind of public institution to visit—hospitals, schools, museums, botanical gardens, &c.—till any one with less strength and energy would certainly have been worn out. "Ma chère enfant, à Turin je suis toujours un peu mélancolique" (I cannot truthfully say that I ever perceived it), "mais avec tous ces Napolitains, ces Siciliens, qui sont très gais, je me suis abandonnée à ma fougue naturelle!" What was really touching to see, it appears, was the astonishment and gratitude of the people in all these out-of-the-way places at a Minister taking the trouble to come himself and look after them. Such a thing had never happened before. By the time Mme. Peruzzi left it was quite dark, and Pfuel said at last: "Je vous quitte, parcequ'il faut cependant que vous ôtiez votre chapeau."

I have at last seen Mme. Benedetti; she is a Greek by birth, and very handsome still, although I believe she has a grown-up daughter. She has beautiful teeth and a charming smile, so that, though her conversation is not particularly brilliant, she is pleasant to look at. They have taken a very fine apartment, and are a good deal fussed over here, as Benedetti is the first French Minister to the new kingdom of Italy, which Napoleon would not recognise for some time. Now comes the question of my presentation to the Duchess of Genoa, **Nov. 25.**

which did not take place last year on account of our being in mourning. This entails dressing *décolletée* at three or four in the afternoon, and seems rather a wonderful ceremony.

Dec. 2. Yesterday we went to Mme. Peruzzi's reception; it is a charming house to go to, and she is quite affectionate. Peruzzi came in from his Ministère; he is more dignified than he used to be. He is still extremely kind, but it is the benignity of a superior being. I am scribbling in a great hurry; I want to see baby started for her walk, then, as we have no cook for the moment, I must go to the kitchen to superintend the stuffing of a turkey and see about a pudding for dinner. Then a meeting of my society, visits and commissions, and back in time to see the turkey carved and ready to serve! I do hope we shall soon find a cook, for, though the charwoman and I manage splendidly with the help of Soyer's book, I feel quite overworked sometimes. The other evening we went to the *Legations-Tante*, as the gentlemen of the Legation call Mme. de Robilant. It was very nice to hear the congratulations on all sides on my reappearance in society. We really belong to her circle now, and when the Piedmontese get used to you I think they get attached to you, but it takes time. Count Charles de Robilant gave me an account of all the ceremonies at Königsberg for the coronation of our King,[1] at which he has been present. Weber, our Legation doctor, called this morning and told us some interesting things about the convents he attends. Owing to the unnatural lives the poor nuns lead, the want of proper food and exercise, he has many patients among them. Lately he had to amputate one of the Sacramentini; to use chloroform would have

[1] Afterwards the Emperor Wilhelm.

been contrary to the rules of the order, and it was a difficult operation. He was quite moved when he spoke of the courage she showed. A crucifix in her hand, she endured all without a sound; and when he asked her if she suffered, she said: "Jesus Christ a bien plus enduré."

He said it was splendid, but that he could not understand it. Another nun who was dying took leave of him, saying: "Adieu, doctor; I shall soon be in heaven, and there I shall pray for you." It is a comfort to think that he should have something to admire, and to raise him above the wretched realities he is forced to dwell upon habitually.

We have taken a woman cook, who comes to-morrow. I hope she will be a help towards getting out of the rush and confusion in which I live at present. Dec. 8.

I had intended wearing my blue satin for my presentation to the Duchess of Genoa, but at the last moment, when everything was ready, we received a notification to the effect that the Court is in mourning for the King of Portugal, and all had to be changed. Mme. Benedetti presents M. and Mme. de Hochschild (Sweden) and myself.

The presentation is over, and was altogether rather a striking ceremony. The Duchess inhabits one of the wings of the royal palace, which is called Palazzo Ducale; the apartment is very handsome, and there were rows of servants in scarlet lining the way. The rooms were all heated, which was a comfort, and we were met at the entrance of a sort of gallery hung with old tapestry by Count Gattinara, the husband of the beauty, who is *chevalier d'honneur*. He was *en habit de Cour*, sword and all, and conducted us into a drawing-room, after which he disappeared, coming back after a Dec. 17.

pause for M. de Hochschild. It was rather like waiting at the dentist's. Poor Mme. Benedetti looked blue with cold. Mme. Hochschild was red from the same cause; we had been driving between the heaps of snow in the streets. After a time Hochschild reappeared, and then the Comtesse Gattinara came to fetch us. We entered according to rank, each making a *plongeon* at the door, and two more as we advanced. It was like a scene in a play—the beautiful Gattinara in black velvet and diamonds in the background, then the Duchess, who looked extremely well, also in black and diamonds, with a long white feather in her black coiffure and a magnificent pearl necklace. We stood in a row. After speaking to the Hochschild, the Duchess came to me, said she remembered seeing C., asked if I could speak German, if I had children. She knew I had been in mourning last year, for she had not seen me. Altogether she was very gracious. A little general conversation followed, and we were soon dismissed with a dignified nod. Then came the worst part of the business—retreating backwards to the door, and a curtsy before disappearing. As I came last, I was left alone, and made rather a run for it. The whole affair may have lasted ten minutes; we rejoined M. de Hochschild outside and went off. I felt decidedly more impressed than I had expected—and queer, moreover, in full dress at that time of day.

Dec. 22. How dreadful the death of poor Prince Albert is, coming so suddenly and unexpectedly!

We had a visit lately from the Comtesse Castiglione, the lady-in-waiting of the Duchess of Genoa, who came to ask leave to introduce a young German lady who is governess to the little Princess Marguerite. She has arrived lately, and would like to be *en rapport* with our

Legation. Of course we said we should be delighted, and it was agreed that the Comtesse should bring her next day. I was expecting them in C.'s study, which is small, but which we are driven to inhabit during this bitter cold, as it warms better than the drawing-room, when in walked M. and Mme. Benedetti! I had scarcely installed them when the two other ladies arrived, and it seemed at first as if the room would not contain so many crinolines, but they did settle down somehow. The German lady, who is Austrian, it appears, said she wished so much to make my acquaintance. H.R.H. had spoken of me to her. She knew I could speak German; H.R.H. had told her so, &c. She told me how much she should like to get some companions for her little Princess, who never sees any children of her own age, but that the jealousies and rivalries of the Court families here made it almost impossible. Altogether I liked Mdlle. A., who seems pleasant and clever and is a first-rate musician.

Jan. 4, 1862.

I drove yesterday to the palace to return Mdlle. A's visit. After proceeding by sundry staircases and corridors delightfully heated, I was shown into a snug little room, where I found her sitting very comfortably. Presently she went to fetch the little Princess, and presented me to her. It seems so strange to hear a child of ten spoken of as *Madame*, and to have to say *Madame* to her, but *Madame Marguerite de Savoie* is her style and title. The little Princess is very pretty, still pale from a severe illness, and rather grave and stately. She leads a solitary life, and often asks her governess: "Shall I never have companions to play with me?" She speaks German very well, and Mdlle. A. wants her to learn English. Altogether it was an interesting visit. Mdlle. A. seems very

nice, and warmly attached to her little Princess. I must tell you about the Court ball, which was very brilliant, as they always are here. Our carriage followed the Chief's, as usual, to the private entrance. When we got to the little antechamber we found the Legation all assembled, and there was an exclamation of admiration at my lace as I took off my cloak. It was *the* famous garniture de Malines on mauve silk, just arrived from Paris, where it was sent to be made up. Afterwards, in the room where we wait, I met the d'Aglié, Benedetti, &c., and I had more compliments on my lace. Then we proceeded to take our seats, which were pointed out to us by the Marquis de Brème, Grand Maître des Cérémonies. When the King appeared the *quadrille d'honneur* was danced, the Prince of Sweden, who was the guest of the evening, joining in it. Mme. Benedetti was left out, which was wrong, of course; but mistakes of that kind are often made here. We stayed for supper, which was an extremely pretty sight—no end of little tables laid out in the long gallery, with ladies in brilliant dresses sitting at them, abundance of uniforms and decorations, the servants in their scarlet gala liveries, everything served on silver: it all looked charming. Castro, the Portuguese, took me in, C. taking Mme. de Castro. We ladies got seats and poured out champagne for the gentlemen, who stood around. They were not contented with that, however, but took our places when we had done and made a regular meal. I have forgotten to describe Prince Oscar of Sweden, the lion of the ball. He looks quite French, tall, spare, and dark, a great contrast to the fair, yellow-haired, jolly-looking Swedes of his escort. He danced the whole evening, and won the hearts of the Turin

ladies by taking out every one in the cotillon. Menabrea asked C. to introduce him to me; the hero of Gaeta is extremely agreeable and courteous in manner.

I heartily wish the carnival was over, for my part! Unfortunately, such is far from being the case. Yesterday I had two boxes at the Reggio, an invitation to a dramatic performance at which the Princesses were to be present, and a box at the Théâtre d'Angennes. It was really too much at once, and I spent much time in writing notes and excuses. At last we took the Bartoleyns to the Reggio and heard the opera "Pollinto," which is glorious. Afterwards we had tea at the Hochschild's. On Sunday there was the *bal des demoiselles* or *des "Tote,"* as they call them here, where all the *débutantes* come out—we did not go, for which I am sorry, as it must be interesting to see all the girls fresh from their convents—such beauties, too, as come out year after year. They marry at once, and are soon to be seen marshalling their army of admirers as if they had never known a life of seclusion. Last year there was quite a romance connected with one of these functions. A Count E. was coming to Turin to meet at the "Tote" ball a young lady whom his family wished him to marry. As it happened he travelled in the same carriage with a girl so beautiful that he fell violently in love with her on the spot, without even having exchanged a word. So deep was the impression produced that on his arrival in Turin he declared to his father that he could not follow up the plans formed for him, as the only person he could think of marrying was his *belle inconnue*. His father was not unnaturally much annoyed at this novel and most un-Piedmontese experience. The future alliance had been arranged

Feb. 13.

with a Count L., a great friend of his, it was suitable in all points of view, and it was awkward and unpleasant to have to withdraw from it. The young man was determined, however, and his father had to inform Count L. of this most unexpected freak. What, however, was the surprise of young Count E. when he discovered at the "Tote" ball that the beauty he had seen by moonlight and his intended bride were one and the same person! Of course he was now most willing and eager to conform to his father's wishes, but there was no small amount of difficulty before all could be got right. Count L. resented this fast-and-loose proceeding about his daughter, and did not approve of people falling suddenly in love and upsetting previous well concerted arrangements. He was ultimately brought round, however, and the little Comtesse E. is now one of the acknowleged beauties of Turin society. But to return to my list. Monday, Ricasoli's third ball, to which C. went alone, which was very good of him. To-morrow the Lima's, Thursday Robilant's, Friday d'Adda's (Governor of Turin), Saturday there is something, but I don't remember what! The other day we had made up our minds to have an evening at home, when an ominous ring was heard and a note from Mme. Peruzzi was brought in asking us to go to the Veglione at the Reggio. As I had never seen a masked ball before, I was quite pleased to go. The theatre, illuminated *a giorno*, looked very brilliant, and the pit was full of masks. Only two dominoes came into the box, however, and people seemed to think it very dull in comparison with the Veglioni at Venice or Florence.

The same day I had been to see Mdlle. A. at the palace, and Madame Marguerite came in. She is

ROYAL PALACE AT TURIN, WITH THE PALAZZO DUCALE ON THE LEFT.

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determined to see the baby, but how the interview is to be managed, according to the laws of etiquette, which are so strict here, is quite a puzzle. The *nurse* is the difficulty, as no servant can be allowed to go up *l'escalier des princes*, or enter their apartment. As B. cannot go without her nurse, they will really have to solve the problem for themselves! Madame Marguerite must be like her father, the Duke of Genoa, who is said to have been quite irresistible, for she has a great charm, besides being very pretty, with masses of splendid hair. She interests me so much; she is so simple and natural, making the best of her solitary life and amusing herself quite cheerfully, in spite of the stiffness of her surroundings. She showed me her doll, a splendid creature, who has handkerchiefs trimmed with real Valenciennes! Some time afterwards, when I was still talking quietly with Mdlle. A., the little Princess rushed in quite suddenly, gave me a kiss on one cheek, and disappeared. I was much pleased with this unexpected honour, for, as Mdlle. A. said, "Madame Marguerite vous traite en femme des colliers de l'ordre, qu'elle doit toujours embrasser." Mdlle. A., I am afraid, must also find her life dull. The Duchess is always enjoining prudence and caution, as the palace is so full of intrigues that she scarcely dare say a word to any one. When C. or I go to see her, we can hardly get away; she is so glad to be able to talk freely to any one.

The other day Pfuel met me walking with nurse and baby; he looked long at the latter, and told her she had "les yeux du petit frère," which is quite true. He also impressed on her the necessity of being pretty, "Pour une femme c'est la première chose!"

On Saturday I got a note from Mdlle. A. with two **March 3.**

tickets for a *représentation au théâtre des marionettes* given to children by the Duchess of Genoa, and at which the little Duke of Genoa and Madame Marguerite were to be present. One had to take a child in order to get in, and B. being as yet too young, I borrowed a little Bartholeyns. The Marionettes is a dingy little theatre in the old part of the town, very popular amongst the Piedmontese, though little known to strangers. When we got there the gallery was already crowded with children of the best families in Turin, the mammas and governesses sitting in the background. An open box in the centre was reserved for the Princes, who soon arrived, Madame Marguerite so pretty and eager, the little Duke rather stolid. Mdlle. A. took her place behind her charge, beside the old Marquis della Rovere, who is the Duke's *gouverneur*. The marionettes, which are, of course, only wooden dolls, were extremely amusing. The dialogue was in Piedmontese, and they were made to gesticulate in the most surprising manner, every movement perfectly natural and answering to the situation; it was altogether most quaint and charming. Watching Madame Marguerite was also quite a pleasure; as long as the curtain was up she leant forward in rapt attention, not losing a word or a gesture of the little dolls, and during the *entr'actes* gazed with delight at all the children around her. We are all wearing long chains of big black wooden beads, which are called "les larmes de Venise." The Duchess of Genoa and her ladies, Madame Marguerite, Mdlle. A., in short most of the people one sees, have them; they are picturesque, and supposed to express one's Venetian sympathies. This is entirely an Italian fashion, of course, but we have smart ladies here who keep us

up to the mark, and you can see "des suivez-moi, jeune homme,"[1] and "des pincez-moi ça," just as in Paris. My visits to the palace are very interesting, as they give me glimpses of a state of things which can hardly have changed since the times of Louis XIV. Mdlle. A. has asked me, when she sends me a message by a Court servant, to let the man come into the room and give him the answer myself. This, it seems, is their privilege!

There has been a children's ball at Mme. Prevers', which was quite a pretty sight. Her eldest daughter was *en Diane chasseresse*. "Pour montrer ses jambes," her mother said, "qui sont vraiment jolies et qu'on ne pourra plus faire voir plus tard." Mdlle. A. came, as she wanted to see the ball, in order to amuse Madame Marguerite with an account of it. As she was going away the Princess said to her: "N'est ce pas, mademoiselle, si je n'étais pas Princess je pourrais aller aussi au bal?" She is such a charming child. She sent me, the other day, a *carte de visite* photograph of herself with her signature. It was a delightful surprise.

We are quite in a state of mind about the change of Ministry, all our friends going out and that horrid Ratazzi coming in. On Sunday we went to Mme. Peruzzi's reception. She was in great glee, having had the whole town in the course of the afternoon, quite a demonstration! When Peruzzi left the Ministère many of his employés shed tears. We met them again at the Sclopis' that evening, also Menabrea, ex-Minister de la Marine, and a number of smaller ex-functionaries.

Monday was a very tiring day, for I went to the Chamber, where a stormy sitting was expected. Stormy **March 19.**

[1] Long ribbons tied at the throat and floating down to the hem of the dress behind.

it was indeed, and unsatisfactory. It was melancholy to see Peruzzi sitting amongst the other deputies, and to contemplate the row of new Ministers at the green table—Ratazzi, thin, clever, and sharp; Pepoli, stout and slovenly, and all the rest only known to me by their caricatures in the *Fischietto*. Of the great men who sat there so lately, Cavour dead and Ricasoli gone! The debate was badly managed. It was too soon to attack the Ministry, as they have done nothing as yet either good or bad, and the very doubtful means by which they got into power cannot be publicly discussed. Ratazzi shuffled, and got the best of it to a certain degree. The whole place seemed full of bad passions—intrigue, ambition, anger, revenge; no eloquent speeches, nothing elevated or stirring—boundless confusion, noise, and agitation. I came back with a headache and have still a *courbature* from standing so long.

We are busy looking out for a *vigna*, as they call a villa here, as we cannot possibly stay in town with the baby during the summer heat. We have seen several, but as yet none that will suit.

March 24. The event of the day is B.'s presentation at Court, as her long-talked-of visit to Madame Marguerite has come off at last. She was in the best of looks and spirits when we drove to the palace, and she and her nurse were admitted by some back entrance and brought to Mdlle. A.'s room, where the Princess came to see them. B. behaved very well on this first ceremonious occasion; rather grave to begin with, then brightening, and playing with Madame Marguerite's gold chain. The Princess inquired if she could walk. No! Could she say "Mama" at least? No! so that you will see that her ideas of a baby of six months old

are somewhat hazy. When it was time to go and B. found she had to leave the gold chain, she made a dismal face and began to cry, so that her nurse speedily carried her away. I was rather vexed, as till then the visit had gone off so well. Madame Marguerite is intensely happy in the possession of a dog which was given her a few days ago, and is quite a companion in her solitary life.

April 10.

We have at last seen a beautiful villa—Tournon Radicati. It is large and roomy and looks as if it would be cool indoors, but its great charm is a magnificent avenue of chestnut-trees commanding the view of the whole range of Alps from the Monte Viso to the Monte Rosa, and the wide plain of Turin. I do hope we shall be able to get it. Now that the trees are getting gradually green I feel quite wild to go to the country.

Villa Tournon Radicati, May 2.

We have got our villa and are already installed in what seems to us a perfect Paradise. We came out late yesterday and are all in the first delight, like children with a new plaything.

May 3.

Here we are still in Paradise, the weather is lovely, and our villa more beautiful every day—in our eyes at least. We are feeling more at home now in our suites of lofty rooms, and have settled into a small one quite at the end, which has a balcony from which you can see the whole view of the Alps over the trees of the avenue. We have put in most of our favourite possessions and it really looks like home, and is very cool, moreover. Now that we are settled here I hope we shall have a quieter life. It would be difficult to give an idea of the worry and bother we have had with servants this winter, especially cooks. After trying three female ones, we decided to revert to the male type, which

after all is the custom of the country. Just as we were coming here, we heard that our first cook of all, Michele, was looking for a place and is said to have given up drinking. He assured me that he looked upon me as his mother (which would require a certain amount of imagination), and that he was ready to follow us to the end of the world; so, on the assurance of his being quite a reformed character we have taken him again. It is a wonderful comfort having all that concerns meals off my mind. Yesterday, after all the bustle and packing, a nice little dinner awaited us here when we arrived, as if we had been settled for weeks. Besides, now, with fifteen beds in the house and Michele in the kitchen, we can ask whoever we like. Our first attempt at hospitality was a dinner to the Chief, before his departure for Berlin. I paid him a visit in his new apartment and gave my invitation in due form. He was very good-natured, as he always is when one gets really in contact with him, and accepted for the next day. His apartment in an old house in the Piazzo San Carlo must have been splendid, and even now, despite tarnished gilding and speckled mirrors, and hideous modern papers in place of silken hangings, looks very grand. The next day Brassier did come with S. and Loë; Pfuel had already left. All went off well, and we had a splendid *gerbe* of horse-chestnut blossoms on the table in the Japanese vase.

Quantities of people have promised to come and see us, and I don't think I shall feel lonely, though after being so long in town it does seem strange to see nobody all day, and I confess I am quite glad to see C. climbing the short cut on his return from Turin. C.'s brother Theodore is here on his way back from Japan. It is very pleasant having him, and he keep

me company when C. is away. He has brought me a lovely fan from China, made with feathers of the Argus pheasant mounted in ivory, very beautiful and original. It is most interesting to see all the curiosities he has brought with him, and China and Japan are growing much more familiar by listening to his descriptions.

We have got a pony carriage, which is a great convenience now that C. is *chargé d'affaires.* We heard of one to be sold quite complete with two charming little Maremma ponies. We have stables and coach-house here, and our man Giovanni, who has always been employed about horses, is wild with delight at having something to drive, and enjoys the ponies almost as much as we do. He takes entire charge of them, drives and washes up the carriage, besides waiting at table and getting through his usual work somehow or other. We have augmented his wages to eighteen francs a month.

The other day I went into town for commissions, ending up with a visit to Mdlle. A. She and the little Princess were quite excited about the ponies, and stood at the window to see us pass as we drove away. They would like so much to come to the villa, but that wonderful etiquette by which they must regulate all their actions would only allow of it on condition of our being *absent*, in which case I must say "que je n'y tiens pas!" They had their carriage stopped on the highroad lately, inquired for the villa, and looked at it from afar. Poor Mdlle. A. often complains of the old-world ways of the Court here, which really seem to date back to the time of Louis XIV. The other evening her Princess, with her brother, the little Duke of Genoa, were going to some performance with their *maison d'éducation.* Madame Marguerite was down

first and Mdlle. A. made her get into the carriage out of the draught. When the little Prince arrived, his *gouverneur*, Count A., said he was sorry, but the Princess must come down, as her brother, being of superior rank, could not get into the carriage after her, and so it had to be. Mdlle. A. was very wroth; the idea of teaching such bad manners to the little boy, who is younger than his sister, &c. She even spoke of it to their mother. The Duchess said she was afraid Count A. was right, and the next time the children went out together it would be better to have two carriages. Another instance of this wonderful etiquette was told me by the Marquise Spinola, to whom I had been rather complaining of having to be in full dress at four in the afternoon for my presentation to the Duchess of Genoa. "Ah, chère! what would you have said some years ago? When the Queen Mother was ill at Stupinigi (a *château* some distance from Turin), we, her ladies, had to drive out to inquire for her in low dresses and court trains—not to see her, for she was in bed, but to write down our names."

It is curious to trace the old-world customs here in all directions. One of them is that the ladies of noble families are subjected, like sovereigns, to publicity on the occasion of the birth of their children. As soon as the event is seen to be approaching, messengers are despatched to all the "ascendants" or older members of the family, fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, who have a right to invade the room and be present at the birth of an heir. Although I have heard many complaints of this wonderful custom, it is submitted to in general with the fortitude of high-bred women who know it to be their appointed lot. On one occasion,

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GENOA
AND THE COMTESSE GATTINARA.

THE DUKE OF GENOA WITH HIS SISTER, MADAME
MARGUERITE, WITH THEIR MAISON D'ÉDUCATION.

To face p. 164.]

however, things were near taking a tragical turn. The young Comtesse de St. U. had made one of her friends promise to be with her when her time of trial came. When the family assembled, however, they did not consider this lady's relationship near enough to entitle her to be present on the occasion, and so many unpleasant remarks were made that she prepared to leave the room, reluctantly abandoning her friend to her fate. This, however, the poor de St. U. would not hear of, and cried to her desperately, "Augustine, Augustine, je ne veux pas que tu me quittes!" There was quite a commotion till the doctor interfered happily, threatening to turn the whole assembly out of the room, as he could not be answerable for the consequences if the noise and squabbling continued. Of course, peace was restored, but the recovery of the Comtesse de St. U. was much retarded by the emotion and excitement she had undergone.

It has been very cold since we came out here; we have fires every evening, and, when the clouds disperse sufficiently to give us a glimpse of the Alps, we can see they are covered with snow. C. brought out S. to dine and sleep the other day—he is really very nice and amusing, and a great upholder of subordination and respect for superiors. Now that Brassier is away he treats C. quite as his chief, copies his despatches for him, &c. Of course, this is only what they call in German his "Verfluchte Schuldigkeit" (accursed duty), but it is pleasant not to have to exact it. He keeps Loë in order, moreover, who has a strong inclination to give himself airs. Sunday was a beautiful day and I drove in to church. Meille has gone to the valleys for a rest, so I went to the English Church and enjoyed the beautiful service so much. Mr. Tottenham gave us a nice short sermon, after which I went to

the Legation to fetch C., who, alas! had had to work all day. I cannot describe to you how beautiful was our drive back—everything so green, the foliage so luxuriant, the cherry-trees along the road laden with ripe fruit, the little ponies trotting so merrily, and then, at the turn of the avenue, baby in her little cart with such a colour and such bright eyes; and then to come into the large cool rooms, with the fresh green all round the house and the splendid Alps beyond. I can assure you it did make one's heart full of thankfulness. Unfortunately C. is so busy with all this Garibaldi affair [1] that he has hardly time to look about him.

June 1. This is the day of the Statuto, and we had promised to be at the Ducal Palace by half-past nine in the morning, to see the review from Mdlle. A.'s windows, but it poured rain and we had to give it up. In the afternoon the weather was better, and I had a good walk on a kind of terrace which runs parallel with our avenue on the outside. I can read as I pace up and down, or enjoy the view of the mountains. The only drawback is being obliged to keep a sharp look out for snakes. Th. narrowly escaped treading on a viper when he was here, and various harmless serpents make their appearance occasionally.

By the way, our apartment in the Piazza Bodoni is let at last to three Neapolitan deputies. They were in such a hurry to get into it that they slept there the same evening without its being cleaned or anything done to it! They have sent a whole list of things they want, but as they have only taken the place for

[1] Probably the beginning of the march on Rome which was stopped at Aspromonte, where Garibaldi was wounded and taken prisoner by the Italian troops.

a month (it is uncertain how long the Chamber will sit) I do not feel inclined to go to much expense. There are lots of things missing here that nobody dreams of giving us.

I wish you could imagine how beautiful the Alps looked this morning without a cloud on the whole range ; indeed, all the world looked bright and charming as we set off at eight o'clock with the ponies for a drive to Moncalieri, to buy oats for the said ponies. We were in no particular hurry, so we first went up the hill to the *château* to see the splendid view from the stately terrace.[1] We then drove down through the picturesque old town and went into the ancient Gothic church, both agreeing that this bit of sight-seeing reminded us of our travels. Afterwards we bought the oats for the ponies and some apricots for ourselves, and returned with the great sack under our feet, enjoying the whole expedition extremely. Now it is very warm, and I pity poor C. at the Legation in town ; however, the useful little ponies have gone to fetch him, and will soon trot him up the hill as merrily as if they had not been to Moncalieri this morning.

Thanks for Tocqueville ; C. is reading it in the evening. We have plenty of books just now. Mrs. Cadogan lent me "East Lynne," which is very interesting ; then Mr. Marsh has sent me his lectures on the English language, which I am afraid he expects me to read. **July 9.**

The recognition of the kingdom of Italy by Russia and Prussia has been rather an event. As for Prussia, it has been done at the last moment *de mauvaise grâce*, when there is a disreputable Ministry here, which it

[1] The Château of Moncalieri is one of the royal residences near Turin ; in 1862 it was inhabited by the children of King Victor Emanuel, with *leur maison d'éducation.*

will, of course, tend to strengthen, so no one is much obliged for it.

The marriage of the King's youngest daughter, Madame Marie, to the King of Portugal, is to take place in the autumn, it is said, but nobody seems to know anything about the arrangements.

I have planned my life here very pleasantly. After breakfast C. goes off to Turin with a great white umbrella, and I settle myself with books and work at one end of our long avenue. The chestnut-trees are cut into a regular arch at the top, and high hedges grow between the stems of the trees, with only an opening here and there. It is so fresh and dark and cool, like a long gallery, or rather the aisle of a church, and one is safe from both sun and wind.

As C. came out of the club yesterday he threw a little box or *écrin* into my lap, saying, "There is a present from Austria!" I opened and beheld, to my delight, a beautiful Order, *Die eiserne Krone!* (the iron crown). So it has come at last, quite unexpectedly, as a surprise. Brassier has got *une tabatière en brillants* at which he grumbles. S. has the *eiserne Krone*, too, and is delighted. He has explained its advantages to me, and says it confers hereditary nobility in Austria. As it is his first decoration he rather fusses over it, and wears it in the Chancellerie "pour faire plaisir a Bunsen!"

The Neapolitan deputies are staying on at Piazza Bodoni, which is satisfactory.

The villa below ours has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Gallenga. He is a deputy at the Italian Parliament, and curiously enough, also the *Times* correspondent at Turin. It seems that during a long exile in England he learnt to write English so remark-

ably well that his articles on Italian affairs are quite an important feature in the paper. Mrs. Gallenga is an Englishwoman and seems most agreeable; they have two children, their little girl just the same age as B. We hope they will be a *ressource*, as they are our nearest neighbours.

CHAPTER VIII

Meet Gallengas—Excursion to Verzuolo and Busca—Servants' ball —Royal Library—Court concert—Marriage of Princess Maria Pia to King of Portugal—Excursion to Chieri and Santena.

MR. GALLENGA brings me up the *Times* before breakfast, and has promised me all kinds of books and reviews. He is very clever, but odd. However, C. and he talk and discuss Garibaldi, &c., which is, of course, the burning question of the moment! Poor Garibaldi; he is no favourite with diplomatists, and it must be allowed that he has a disconcerting way of marching, or rather charging, through all the carefully considered arrangements of their Conferences and Congresses, and cutting the Gordian knot in his own way! The misfortune is that he is not gifted with political tact, and cannot see that, although his wonderful conquest of the Two Sicilies was possible in a time of general confusion, just after a war that had changed the face of the whole country, one cannot repeat that sort of thing in quiet and orderly times. Happily, the Italians in general have a feeling for political possibilities, and his cry or "Roma o Morte!" does not seem to have found much echo so far; they say also that the best of his former lieutenants are not with him. He is, however, so popular and has such a legendary reputation that he is sure to attract people to him, and the Government

here are in great anxiety, for should he come to blows with the French garrison at Rome, the consequences might be most serious. The King has issued a proclamation declaring that he alone, in conjunction with his Ministers and Parliament, has a right to summon the nation to arms, and General La Marmora has been sent with positive orders not to allow Garibaldi to advance on Rome. It is a sad sort of unnecessary complication.

We have just returned from a very pleasant excursion we made with the Gallengas to the Castle of Verzuolo, which belonged formerly to the Marquises of Saluzzo, who reigned there as independent sovereigns. Mme. Gallenga kindly asked baby and nurse to dine and spend the day with her children, thus relieving my mind from a good deal of anxiety. The castle is a grand feudal building with great towers at the angles and a court inside, with an open *loggia*, which must be a comparatively modern addition, but looks very picturesque. The position is magnificent, and the view out on the open plain, almost like the sea, is splendid. The approach is still guarded by a *pont levis*, and the castle gate is quite small in proportion to the rest of the building. In this gate there is a little door, so low that you must bend double in order to enter, and from above the portcullis is still suspended over your head. From the court you enter a large hall with a tremendous fireplace, hung all round with portraits of the old Saluzzos. Then you can wander interminably upstairs and downstairs, from one suite of rooms to another, some of them looking very much as if left exactly as they were in the time of the grandeur of the house of Saluzzo. The tapestry, with grim old figures, hangs on the bare brick walls, covering all sorts of queer uncanny doors and openings. The beds still stand with their

Aug. 23.

more or less splendid embroidered canopies and hangings, some of them evidently the work of fair hands in times long gone by ; the latticed windows are in deep recesses in the thick walls. The castle is to be let, and it is such a pity it is so far from Turin ! I would willingly brave a few ghosts and bad nights, which I am afraid would be inevitable in those tapestried chambers, for the sake of the beautiful garden full of flowers, the exquisite views, and the intense picturesqueness of the whole thing. The Gallengas seemed very much taken with it, too, but they also cannot go so far from town. Just as we were leaving the castle a violent thunderstorm came on, and we were forced to take refuge in the gloomy hall. There we listened to the roll of the thunder and watched the clouds descending on and invading the sunny plain, gradually spreading over it and shrouding it all in grey mist. As soon as we could get out again, we went down the hill to the old church of Verzuolo, where all the Saluzzos lie buried in one vault, without monument or inscription of any kind. We then proceeded to Busca, to the *château* of the Marquis d'Azeglio, a modern building in imitation Gothic, which it would be, no doubt, easy to criticise and pick to pieces, but which makes a good effect on the whole. C. and Gallenga sent in their cards and we were allowed to see the house. A flight of steps leads up to the hall, from which you have a lovely view of the plain, richly dotted with old towns and villages, on to the Maritime Alps, where we could distinctly see the opening of the gorge of Pesio. The storm had passed away, the setting sun shone on the mountains, whilst the dark masses of cloud still hanging over some of them added to the beauty of the scene. The large hall or *salon* looked nice, with old

furniture and quantities of books and *Revues des deux Mondes* lying on the tables; there was also a dainty lady's hat with a fox-tail in it! As night was fast coming on, we set off for Busca, where both dinner and carriage awaited us. It was a wet and weary walk, the roads being drenched after the rain, but we enjoyed our dinner all the more for it. As the storm had made us lose much time, we gave up Cuneo, and returned to Saluzzo, where we spent a very good night in a very good inn. We got back to Turin this morning, delighted with our excursion and with our companions. We dine with them again this evening, as our servants are giving a ball, and the Gallengas thought it would be more convenient for us to be out of the way. This ball has created great excitement: we have given up the ground-floor rooms which we do not use; all the furniture, except chairs and benches, has been cleared out, and old branch candelabras put up on the walls. Twenty people from the neighbouring villas have been asked, and we pay for the music, which consists of a barrel organ!

The ball turned out badly; there was *gelosia* and a fight between the servant and the cook. The latter insisted on showing himself to the *signora*—why, I don't know, but he came upstairs supported by two men, a ghastly spectacle, with a cut in his head, and his shirt all torn and covered with blood. I need not say that we were *intensely* disgusted! This morning, however, things look less tragical. **Aug. 24.**

The Gallengas are such active people it is impossible to live near them without being more or less in a bustle! I had long wished to see the public libraries at Turin, but had put it off in my own mind until W. should come, as Promis, the librarian, is a great friend

of his. I happened to mention to Mme. Gallenga that I wanted to see the libraries at Turin, and she instantly proposed to fix a day for going to the Royal Library, as Gallenga also knows the librarian. Old Promis was most kind, showed us some beautiful drawings by old masters, some exquisite illuminated manuscripts, and told us that we might come there, read, draw, study, and do whatever we liked. Promis told us that though *he* could not let any of his books out of his hands, the University Library was allowed to lend, and promised he would write and recommend us to the librarian there. The next morning it was pouring rain, and Mme. Gallenga, after her intrepid fashion, wrote to propose our going into town, as it was a day on which one could not enjoy anything in the country. Accordingly we went, and it was fortunate we did so, for after Promis's note we were *expected*, and were received with all honours. The Prefetto of the library came at once: "Was I Madame de Bunsen? They had all M. de Bunsen's works in the library, *all* of them! Would we come to the private reading-room?" This we did with great alacrity, for the public one was pretty full, and the atmosphere in it what R. would call *fuggy*. The Prefetto was only too kind—he had all sorts of treasures brought for us to look at: missals, illuminated MSS., wonderful prints, Marc Antonios *avant la lettre*, &c. A copy of Dante, illustrated by Gustave Doré, about which I had seen an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It is quite wonderfully fine: the scenery of the "Inferno" especially is perfectly splendid. So we spent our rainy day most agreeably and carried off a number of books to read at home. One of them, a curious old *bouquin*, with designs for point lace, dated 1587, made the secretary,

who was writing down the titles, pause a little: "C'est par une bien grande exception, madame, qu'on vous laisse emporter cela!" The Prefetto did allow it, however, and gave us to understand in the most flowery language that the books were honoured by our reading them—that the University was too happy to be agreeable to us, &c. It was very nice, and rather funny, the *huissiers* standing up and bowing whenever we passed, the *empressement* and the compliments on all sides!

We feel so much having to leave our beloved Villa Radicati. It has been sold, unfortunately, and the new proprietor is most anxious to get into it, so there is no chance of returning another year. It makes me quite sorrowful to look round at the great hall, and the old portraits and all the nice large rooms! **Sept. 21.**

We have had quite a succession of rainy days, but to-day the scene is completely changed—as my maid said this morning, "pare un altro mondo"; it seems another world. The sun is shining radiantly, the heaven is perfectly blue and the mountains glorious, though with a deep line of snow. Poor Garibaldi! However, it would take too much time to talk about him![1]

Of course you have heard of the marriage of Madame Marie Pia de Savoie, the youngest daughter of King Victor Emanuel, with the King of Portugal. As usual here, though it was known that the wedding was soon to take place, the utmost uncertainty prevailed, and no **Sept. 28.**

[1] Garibaldi had made an attempt to march on Rome with some of his followers. The Italian army, under General La Marmora, was sent to prevent him. Garibaldi was surrounded and taken prisoner at Aspromonte, near Reggio, in Calabria, on August 20, 1862. He was unfortunately severely wounded in the right ankle. He was conveyed to La Spezia with all possible care.

one seemed to know what was to happen on the occasion, and if there were to be any *fêtes* or not.

At last, quite suddenly, an invitation came for the Corps diplomatique to be present at a grand concert in the Palace at Turin. C. and I consulted together about it and agreed that my going in from the country would be difficult to manage, but that C. ought to go. S. would give him a bed, and we should only have to send in his uniform. So it was settled. I had a few regrets, but, considering that our town apartment is let, as you know, to the Duke of Mignano[1] and two Neapolitan deputies, and that my dresses are deposited at the bank, with my lace and jewels, I did not well see how I could go. On the *day* of the concert, C. and I went to see an exhibition of Castellani's imitations of old Roman and Etruscan ornaments. M. de Kleist, our new *attaché*, came with us, and I told him I was *not* going to Court that evening; afterwards I went to see Mdlle. A., who had come from Stresa with the Duchess of Genoa's children for the wedding. She received me with open arms and the greatest *effusion* until I said I was not going to the concert. Then she got quite angry and would not listen to all my good reasons. "It was the silliest thing imaginable: this probably would be the last *fête* to take place at Court till the marriage of the Prince of Piedmont. It would be a sight, for Madame Clotilde and her sister-in-law, the Princesse Mathilde, were to be there; I should see them, as well as the future Queen"—in short, she drove me away, telling me to go and get my dress ready!

How this was to be done was not easy to see. It was nearly four in the afternoon; I had not the receipt for my boxes in the bank, and not enough money with me

[1] Better known as Nunziante General to the King of Naples.

to pay for getting them out. I had no room in which to dress, or to unpack the boxes, supposing I should succeed in getting them. I had no hairdresser, and at that time of day it was quite hopeless trying to get my usual one—in short, I thought it as desperate a case as could well be found—and went to the bank, more as a proof of *bonne volonté* than anything else. The bank, however, was an Italian bank, and rose to the occasion. The *signora* wanted her diamonds for the *festa* at Court, of course ; that was natural. I explained that I had no receipt for the boxes, or papers of any kind, and no money. Should I know the box I wanted? Yes, certainly. Then lights were sent for, and I was solemnly taken down into the big cellars of the building, where I fortunately soon came upon the long black trunk which contained all the desired articles. I was assured in the politest manner that I had only to send for it, and that they trusted my word entirely. Having once got over what had really seemed the one insurmountable difficulty, I proceeded to our house, despatched one messenger for the box, which I could not bring away with me on account of its size, another to the villa for my maid, with a list of things for her to bring, and another for a hairdresser.

I went up to our apartment, invaded the astonished Duca, who was very civil, and allowed me to search for gloves, shoes, &c. I then went to the lady who lives on the first floor of our house, Comtesse Cagliano, whose husband is an aide-de-camp of the King's. I told her my story, explained about our apartment being occupied, and asked if it would be possible for her to allow me to dress with her, as she was going to the Palace. As I have an extremely slight acquaintance with her, I could not help feeling this was going rather far, but she was

most kind, and said she would dress early in order to leave her room for me. I unpacked the box, which had arrived by that time, got out the gown I wanted (lilac with the Mechlin lace); I wrote a line to C. to apprise him of my sudden resolution, and sent a message to Mdlle. A., who had offered me her room in the Palace. My maid just arrived in time. Mme. de Cagliano was dressed and put me in possession of her room most courteously. There were abundance of toilet adjuncts, but no soap, as I discovered to my dismay. On making inquiries, she told me there was some *pâte* of flour, which would do just as well, and with that I had to be content. A woman the people of the house got for me did my hair very well, and at half-past seven precisely I drove up to S.'s door. C. could hardly believe that I was there, and could not understand how I had managed, particularly how I had got the things out of the bank.

The concert in itself was not very exciting, but there was a good deal to see. Instead of the two or three melancholy chairs of state that figure on ordinary occasions, there was a whole row set out for the *Hohe Herrschaften.* The King came first, giving his arm to Madame Marie, who gained universal admiration by the way in which she made her *entrée.* Tall, slight, and very pale, she never lifted her eyes from the ground till she quitted her father's arm, and made a deep and most graceful courtesy, including the whole assembly, before taking her seat in the biggest chair. The Princesses Clotilde and Mathilde sat on each side of her, the Duc d'Aoste and the Duchess of Genoa at the two extremities. The King stood at the door, as is his wont, and the Prince de Piedmont kept him company. Behind the Princesses a whole army

ACCUMULATION OF ARTIC FROST

MADAME MARIE PIE DE SAVOIE,
QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

To face p. 179.]

of ladies took up their places; of these, the first was the Portuguese Duchesse of Tereira, *grande maîtresse* of the future Queen. After the concert, which was decidedly long and dull, the grand people got up, and after a moment's hesitation, Madame Marie took the lead and went to speak to the old Marquise Spinola and other Court ladies; the other Princesses dispersed in various directions and conversed with much condescension. Indeed, I was rather astonished at the vigorous *poignées de main* which the Princess Mathilde and her brother distributed most liberally, as it seemed to me. As for the Prince Napoleon in Court dress, or rather in the Court dress he chooses to wear, he looks dreadful. As S. declared, it is impossible to regard him with indifference; he rouses worse and more active feelings.

Madame Clotilde has grown almost handsome, her bust is splendid; she has much quiet dignity, and a mild serene expression which is very pleasing. Madame Marie used to be thought rather plain, and certainly was so as a *Bachfisch* in short petticoats, when one saw her walking in the Place d'Armes with her governess and Count d'Aglié in attendance. Now that she is a future Queen, however, she has come out in quite a new light. She is taller than her sister, very slight, and with a most graceful bearing; she has a beautiful complexion, and a mass of hair which does not look red at night. All this, with her extreme youthfulness—she is only fifteen—make her a very striking figure *en grande toilette*. At the concert she was dressed in blue, covered with lace, and had a high diadem of diamonds in her hair. The Princess Mathilde, whose coming from Stresa was a sudden resolution, had a white dress with bouquets of cornflowers, rather too *champêtre* for the occasion, and an

enormous necklace of pearls, with so many rows that it sat thick on her neck and looked heavy and almost ugly.

After the concert I did not return to the villa, but slept with my maid at the Piazza Bodoni, where they managed to give me a room on the ground-floor. At six in the morning I awoke from hunger, for I had had very little to eat the day before, and the Court concert was what is called in German *ein trockenes Vergnügen* (a dry amusement), for there were no refreshments of any kind. I had to send out for black coffee, the only thing to be got at that time of day After that the cook came from the villa for orders, and to report that baby had had a very good night. Then C. arrived with an invitation from S. for me to breakfast with them. This meal turned out to be one of the amusing parts of the proceedings; all served on Japan china, S. himself making an omelette and presenting it on one knee! Nothing could exceed his hospitality, and he had passed the night on a sofa, in order to give C. his own bed. After breakfast I went to the palace and made an unsuccessful attempt to see the wedding procession pass through one of the halls, but there was much pushing and hustling, and I got disgusted at a man in the crowd addressing me as *mia cara* (my dear), so gave it up. The marriage ceremony itself took place in the private chapel of the Palace, almost in secrecy, as is the Italian fashion, only the royal family and a few highly-favoured persons being present.

I then went to choose a coiffure for an evening reception (which we had only heard of late the day before), and came out to the villa, to find baby flourishing and very glad to see me. After enjoying the country and the quiet very much for a few hours, I

drove into town again in time to dine with C. at the Café de Paris. This time my dressing was not such a scrimmage (I had on my white taffetas dress with the point d'Argentan and a dark red velvet coiffure with white feathers), and when I arrived at S.'s lodgings it was still so early that I went in to have a cup of coffee. The rooms did not look so nice as in the morning: the breakfast things had not been removed, there were remnants of food scattered on the table, and various masculine garments thrown on the chairs. C. was walking about in full uniform, his orderly mind evidently disapproving of the state of things. He looks very well in his new uniform of Legations-Rath, with his Prussian red eagle. He will not wear the order the Austrians gave him, the iron crown of Monza, as he thinks the Italians might not like it. We took up the Chief at the Legation, and his coachman most stupidly drove to the Palace across the Place Château, which was already illuminated and filled by a dense crowd. The police did open a way for our carriage, but we had to go at a foot's pace under a perfect storm of abuse, and felt glad to escape with our lives. All the other diplomats had gone round by some back way and so escaped this ordeal. An immense orchestra had been placed in front of the wing of the Palace which contains the armoury, and a grand public serenade was to be given to the Queen of Portugal by the Turin municipality. The scene from the Palace windows was really striking, looking down on a vast sea of heads, strongly illuminated on every side. It gave one almost a feeling of awe, from a vague consciousness, I suppose, of the infinite possibilities contained in that mighty mass of living beings.

We passed through the state apartments, which

were all brightly lighted, but nearly empty. The King and court had just gone through, after a grand gala dinner, to the long armoury gallery, at the end of which richly hung balconies were prepared, from which they were to hear the concert. We followed in the wake of the procession, and then began one of the most interesting and original evenings I have spent in Turin. We were all assembled in the great hall of the armoury, behind the balcony where the royalties were sitting. The scene was picturesque beyond description. Figures of knights and steeds in armour towering above us reflected the brilliant lights with all the arms and trophies on the walls, and formed a striking contrast to the modern crowd of ladies in bright dresses and jewels, and gentlemen in much-embroidered uniforms covered with orders. Of the grand people on the balcony little could be seen, except the pale face and high diamond crown of the young Queen as she turned from time to time. She looked very tired, but she never left her place, and was greeted with deafening applause each time that she stood up and showed herself to the multitudes below. The other royalties came and went with cloaks and burnous over their grand dresses, and formed a small circle with their ladies, the Corps diplomatique, and some of the Court here. As there was no one present except the Ministers and the *Grandes charges de Cour*, one could really appreciate the advantages of the diplomatic position which admitted one to such a unique and beautiful scene. Stackelberg we were all glad to see again,[1] Gerebsow also; it reminded one of old times. Count Gattinara, one of the chamberlains, came

[1] After the recognition of the kingdom of Italy by Russia, Comte Stackelberg had returned to Turin.

up quite affectionately and presented me with a little *bonbonnière* he had taken from the royal table. I shall keep it as a souvenir, and really felt quite kindly to him, and interested in his *jabot* of point d'Alençon. In the course of the evening the Duchess of Genoa talked to me for quite a long time about Mdlle. A., whom she was so glad to have for "Marguerite," &c.

The concert was drawing near its close when we were told the Queen would receive us immediately afterwards, and we all hurried down the long gallery of the armoury to a pretty little *salon*, which was the place chosen for the ceremony. After a good deal of confusion, nobody seeming to know exactly what was to be done, the ladies got into a row, with Mme. Benedetti at the head, and the gentlemen stood in a crowd behind. Soon the procession was heard approaching, but as Brême, the *grand maître des cérémonies*, and all the others came to the door of the room, they filed off, remaining outside, as they had now nothing to do with the Queen of Portugal. M. de Castro, the Portuguese Minister, preceded the young Queen, who, after a moment's hesitation, entered alone very gracefully. She had on her *couronne fermée* in diamonds, a present sent her by her husband, a regular high crown, very elegant in design, and interlaced with orange flowers. As she had been sitting in the open balcony, she had a plain white burnous folded round her, and one only saw the skirt of her silver spotted dress. She spoke to each of the ladies, pausing before each one and speaking very low. Then she took her stand in the middle of the room and Sir James Hudson, as *doyen*, presented all the "Chefs de Mission, par ordre d'ancienneté," each chief in turn presenting the gentlemen of his Legation. Thus C. was the second

who made his bow. I thought as she stood, her head slightly bent as though the crown weighed it down, that she looked like some of the mediæval Madonnas the old masters used to paint with wondrous diadems. She was unlike any figure in everyday life, and one could not help feeling interested in one so young, on the eve of leaving all she had known and loved till now, to go to a strange land and an unknown bridegroom. The Portuguese allow no one to go with her of all her household but Mme. de Villamarina, who has brought her up.

As soon as the Queen had spoken to two or three ladies (we were but five in all) the Princess Clotilde began her *tournée*, and the little conversation I had with her, though nothing very wonderful, was more to the point than the one or two observations of the poor tired little Queen. I like Mme. Clotilde very much ; she has a kind expression, and something serene and thoughtful. All the ladies here declare she is a saint. When the last *chargé d'affaires* had made his bow the King, who had been talking *danseuses* with Kleist, who, as a new arrival, had just been presented to him by Brassier, gave his arm once more to his daughter and walked off, all the *altesses impériales et royales* following, bowing right and left, and we curtseying our best, and so it ended. C., who has been, as he says, "disturbed in his little comforts," did not enjoy it quite as much as I did, but I am very glad that we went and saw it all. Now we are quite pleased to be quiet again, to sleep in our own beds and enjoy the baby. The poor little Queen had a bad night—it seems her crown was so heavy it quite hurt her and they were obliged to apply ice to her head for several hours.

She left for Genoa, where she was to be formally handed over to her new *entourage*. Mme. d'Aglié described the ceremony, which is called "La remise de la Reine." One of the rooms in the Genoa Palace was solemnly declared neutral ground—all the Piedmontese suite were ranged on one side, all the Portuguese on the other. The Queen took leave of her former household, who were sobbing and kissing her hands, and was led by de Castro to the other end of the room, where she was received by her new court. She is said to have gone through this ordeal with composure, and to have borne all the partings better than was expected. She took leave of her cousin, little Madame Marguerite, very quietly: "Ciao, Margheritina," just as though she were going for a drive. Mme. d'Aglié was very proud of her share in the proceedings before the wedding. She, it seems, recommended to Madame Marie a new way of doing her hair, which she had seen in a photograph. It was tried on the Princess with great success, and was one of the elements of the change in her appearance that surprised every one so agreeably. We heard all this at Stupinigi, where we went to breakfast with the d'Agliés, who were, of course, still quite full of the marriage of their Princess. The King has given Mme. d'Aglié an apartment for the summer at Stupinigi, which is, as you know, a royal hunting palace, and they are very comfortably established there. We walked about the grounds, and saw the palace, where Mme. d'Aglié had often stayed when she was *dame d'honneur* to the late Queen of Piedmont. I forget if it was there, or in another palace near Turin, that a sort of lift had been arranged to go up to the Queen's apartment, which was on the second floor. The

Sept. 29.

machinery of this lift, which was very unwieldy, got out of order, and one day, when the two Queens (mother and wife of the King) were being hoisted up with their two ladies (Mme. d'Aglié and her mother, Mme. de Boyl), it suddenly broke, and they were precipitated into the cellar. No one was injured, though the shock was so violent that all their hair-pins fell out! Finally, we only reached home at five o'clock, having spent quite a long time with them.

I hope you see the *Times*, and that you have read an article on the marriage of the Queen of Portugal, which Gallenga calls *my* article, because it was almost entirely written from our accounts.

Oct. 18. We are all going on very pleasantly here, making excursions when the weather permits. The other day we went to Chieri with the ponies. It was a good long way for them to go, but they trotted along quite cheerily, like the brave little things they are, and we enjoyed the drive immensely. The weather was splendid, and it was quite a new sensation to pass the ridge of the *colline* which had till then been always a kind of boundary, and to look down on the broad plain on the other side, encircled by the Apennines, and so much more southern-looking than ours. Chieri is a picturesque place enough, and we had dinner in an old palazzo that has been made into an hotel. It was market-day, and the room was full of people, all eating. Different sets of musicians succeeded each other during the whole meal, and as soon as they struck up a waltz or a polka some of the company got up and danced till they were forced to sit down again from sheer exhaustion! It was an amusing scene, and the people were all very civil.

From Chieri we went on to Santena, as we wanted to see the place where Cavour lies buried by his own wish in his family vault. The King had wanted to give him a grand funeral at the Superga, but had to give way to what was known to be Cavour's desire. The Château de Cavour at Santena is an odd mixture of pomp and grandeur, dirt and discomfort. The family vault is above ground, like a somewhat gloomy chapel, just at the back of the house, in the courtyard which separates it from the village. I never saw a more unsecluded place of burial, or one so mixed up with all the routine of everyday life! The Marquises de Cavour were not like Abraham, and certainly did not wish to bury their dead out of their sight! Workmen were painting and working at the inside of the vault, and the whole effect was anything but solemn. It is arranged on the plan of the catacombs, with niches along the walls, those still unoccupied being left open, like shelves. There was a fresh bouquet of flowers on the top of the niche where lie the remains of Camillo de Cavour, and we were told that numbers come on a sort of pilgrimage to Santena to see his tomb. The park at Santena is fine, and we walked there in the light of the setting sun, but I did not like the place. Amongst other things, we were shown a fine dining-room—a recent addition to the house—preceded by a kind of gallery full of flowers, which must be quite pretty when well arranged. This, the old gardener told us, was the state dining-room when the "Signor Conte" brought the Ministers and grand people from Turin. But, we asked, how did they get in? for the only entrance we could see to both gallery and dining-room was through Cavour's own bedroom. Is there no other door? Oh! no,

said the old man, the "Signor Conte" did not mind people passing through his room!

It was all interesting, of course; but it was disappointing, and did not seem at all appropriate or satisfactory! As one thought of the wonders Cavour had achieved for his country, and of the passionate and universal grief which followed him to his grave, one could have wished for some outward expression of all that feeling and of the love and gratitude of Italy. Something more than the walled-up niche and the bunch of flowers!

I think the Superga would have suited him better.

Turin, Nov. 1.

W. writes from Smyrna he hopes to be here on the 10th. I only feel so provoked at having left the villa with all its abundant rooms, just before his arrival, and not to be able even to offer him a bed! Otherwise I am quite pleased to be settled again at Piazza Bodoni in our snug little abode. Our *ex-locataire*, the Duca de Mignano, has kept things pretty tidy, and the apartment does not seem to have suffered at all by his occupation this summer.

WILLIAM HENRY WADDINGTON, AFTERWARDS PRIME MINISTER IN FRANCE, AND TEN YEARS FRENCH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.

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Prima Regina d'Italia
Margherita.

FLORENCE

CHAPTER IX

Change of capital to Florence—Riots in Turin—Villa d'Ormea—Return to Turin—General La Marmora—Usedom's absence—Debate in Chamber—The Elliots' ball—Good reception of the King in Turin—C. goes to Synod at Latour—Viareggio.

THE transfer of the capital from Turin to Florence, which came upon us all so unexpectedly in the autumn of 1864, was the result of a Convention between the Emperor Napoleon and the Italian Government, with a view to the withdrawal of the French troops which still garrisoned Rome. By a sort of tacit understanding it was supposed that this was a step towards Rome becoming ultimately the capital of Italy, and in that hope Victor Emanuel and his councillors agreed to it. It was with real regret that the King left Turin, the city of his birth, to which he was much attached, and where he certainly felt more at home than in any part of his new dominions. It was generally acknowledged, moreover, that this removal of the capital was a poor return for all that Piedmont had done and sacrificed in the cause of Italian independence.[1]

The population of Turin was, not unnaturally, incensed at the measure, and disturbances occurred. The troops had to be called out, and the measures of repression were so badly managed that the soldiers

[1] "La pire des ingratitudes, si ce n'est la pire des imprudences," as was said at the time.

were said to have fired on each other. Blood was shed, unfortunately, and the outcry was so great that the Minghetti Ministry fell.

Some forty thousand people migrated at one time from Piedmont to Tuscany—the Court, the Corps diplomatique, the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies, all the Ministères, with clerks and employés innumerable. Florence was by no means prepared for this sudden increase of population. Lodgings were almost impossible to be had, prices went up with a bound, and the newcomers were anything but popular. Our Chief was then Count Usedom, who had succeeded Count Brassier de St. Simon. He had an English wife, well known in the world of that time by her loud voice and eccentric ways. My husband's colleagues were Count C., and Count O. Dönhoff and the Baron von Brinken.

We had spent the summer at the Villa d'Ormea, on the Colline, rather further from town than our beloved Radicati, and on a smaller scale, but commanding the same magnificent view of the whole chain of distant Alps and the plain of Turin. We had just taken a new apartment for three years in town and were looking forward to establishing ourselves comfortably for the winter, when we were startled by the news of the change of the capital from Turin to Florence.

Sept. 18. What do you say to this news of the capital being changed from Turin to Florence? C. came home in great excitement yesterday evening. Usedom is said to have embraced the first person who told him of it, and there seems to be general rejoicing amongst the Corps diplomatique. Only those who, like us, have an apart-

ment on their hands look less triumphant! Fancy, the Sackens, who have passed all the summer at a hotel, have just taken an apartment which costs them 18,000 frs. a year!

Villa d'Ormea, Sept. 23

This is only a line to reassure you. There have been riots in Turin about the change of capital, and blood has been shed unfortunately! Everything was quiet during the day, but in the evening bodies of work-people from the manufactories paraded the streets and hissed the troops. By some mistake, the Carabiniere seem to have fired on the soldiers in Piazza San Carlo, and these, thinking they were attacked, returned the fire and twenty-seven people were killed. The Colonel of the 17th Regiment fell with five soldiers, and there are said to be fifty or sixty wounded. It is dreadfully sad.

Villa d'Ormea, Sept. 29.

Turin is quite quiet again *outwardly*, but there is an immense deal of excitement still going on, and the general expectation seems to be that there will be more disturbances when the Chambers meet.

The proprietor of our new town apartment has not allowed himself to be influenced in any way by the change of circumstances, and we still have it for three years!

Beatrice is playing in the garden with the little d'Ormea and the other children, talking away in Piedmontese. She spoke of going to *Moncalet*, as they say here, instead of Moncalieri, the other day, and even came out, to my horror, with a distinct *contatch*, a *gros juron*, the meaning of which I have never been able to understand. One comfort of going to Florence is that she will learn the best Italian there naturally. Have you read "Henry Dunbar?"—quite the best sensational novel I know.

Turin, Oct. 27.

At last, after four days of unpacking and settling, I can sit down to write with some degree of comfort. Our *déménagement* has been got through under difficulties. We put it off day after day on account of the pouring rain, and when we did start on Tuesday, the rain came down again and accompanied us to town! C. stayed away from the Chancellerie for two days to help, but found such an accumulation of business when he returned there that he has been unable to come since. One day, when he had promised to come back at three o'clock, he only returned to show me a letter from the Ministère here, saying General La Marmora wanted to speak to Count Usedom on urgent business, and should he be prevented, begged M. de Bunsen to take his place. Usedom being at Florence *was* prevented, and C. had to rush off. La Marmora, who knows him from former times, was most kind. As C. was taking leave ceremoniously, as behoved him, the General said: "Ne me faites donc pas tant de saluts, nous sommes de vieux amis; donnez-moi la main."

Yesterday I saw the Duchess of Genoa and Madame Marguerite driving in from the railway. They had the red *piqueur* before them, a sign of royalty, but not one man in the crowded street took off his hat! I never saw such a thing in Turin before. The King's popularity here has quite gone, and people begin to criticise his private character bitterly. That is certainly his very weak side, but nobody *here* ever thought of finding fault before. It is the Convention of September which has suddenly opened their eyes to all his faults!

We have all been in a state of mind about Usedom's continued absence. C. and Dönhoff have been really risking a good deal to shield him and are determined to do so no more. It is a bore that there must be always

MARQUISE DE BOYL.

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something wrong with one's Chief, but apparently they are not nearer perfection than the rest of humanity!

After many visits and a good deal of noise and confusion, the quiet of the church was delightful. Meille preached splendidly. I shall much regret him and the church here. Besides, at present, one hears of nothing but the disadvantages of Florence, the inundations, the miliaria fever, &c. Christmas.

Our New Year's reception at the Duchess of Genoa's seems quite an old story now. The most amusing part of the whole thing really was B.'s surprise when I came home, as she had never seen me in full dress before. She was much astonished. "Oh maman, petite plume dans cheveux!" And before going to bed she declared her intention of having a "petite plume dans cheveux quand Béatrice sera grande!" Jan. 10, 1865.

She is in a particularly happy vein at present, chattering continually. She went to the Palace the other day, "Aller voir *Pi*ncesse Marguerite," as she says, and came back well pleased with her expedition. I wish you could hear her, when she is surprised at anything, say: "Oh! Béatrice très 'tonnée," instead of *étonnée;* it sounds so funny.

I went to the Chamber, as Usedom had told me that a stormy debate about the events of September was expected. However, Ricasoli had proposed an *ordre du jour* avoiding discussion on the past, and all ended quietly. Brofferio made a violent speech against the former Ministers, all *stragi* and *sangue* (blood and massacres) and was much applauded by the public tribunes, which were crowded. Mme. de Boyl, who was in the *loge diplomatique* and had come to *see her revenge*, was also quite in favour of Brofferio. Minghetti spoke very well, saying in a Turin, Jan. 27.

few indignant words that giving up the inquiry was the greatest sacrifice he and his colleagues could make, but when asked to do so "in nome d'Italia" (in the name of Italy) they could not refuse.

Rorà spoke in very bad Italian and so confusedly that no one seemed to know what he meant. Altogether it was interesting, though dreadfully warm, and I went off with poor Mme. de Boyl, who was extremely disgusted at all being hushed up and being balked of a lively debate and of the satisfaction of hearing her enemies well abused. Of course, these changes are very hard on old Piedmontese families who have lived at Court all their lives, and looked on most of the places there as belonging to them by a sort of hereditary right. That will be different now, as the Court will be mostly at Florence in the future, and they will have suddenly to make way for new people from all parts of Italy with fresh and contending claims. Both Mme. de Boyl and her daughter were ladies to the former Queens here, and the "relations" between them must have been most amicable and agreeable, for, as Mme. d'Aglié told me once, "l'honneur était bien des deux côtés." One cannot wonder at their feeling and resenting deeply this sudden change.

Turin. On Friday I went to the Elliots' ball with Mme. Pianelli, the wife of the General in command here. He, Pianelli, was detained on account of the *émeutiers*, waiting to hear they had been dispersed, to allow the poor soldiers, who were all ready under arms *inside* their barracks, to go to bed. That night the mob returned three times to the Palace, shouting "Morte al Re! Abasso Vittorio! Abasso Casa di Savoia!" Madame Marguerite and Mdlle. A. heard

them quite distinctly from their windows. Mdlle. A. took it very calmly. "C'est une très bonne leçon pour une jeune princesse, cela lui montrera ce que vaut la popularité des princes." There was a dreadful crowd at the Elliots—ladies' dresses torn in every direction; the *beau Prussien* (Count C. Dönhoff) led the cotillon.

Turin, Feb. 28.

We went to the Osten Sackens' to see the King's return to Turin, after his absence of nearly a month. Opinions were rather divided as to the warmth of his reception in different parts of the town, but at the Reggio that evening there could be no sort of uncertainty. The house was illuminated *a giorno*, and the King was enthusiastically greeted—obliged to bow and show himself again and again. It was a long time before we could sit down, and the same thing took place when he went away, directly after the ballet. The reconciliation between Vittorio and the Turinese is quite a weight off one's mind; the people have come to their senses again and shown themselves once more worthy of their reputation for loyalty and patriotism. The *carnaval* has gone off beautifully: it never was so brilliant, the King driving in the "Corso di Gala," a thing he never did before, and acclaimed everywhere; the weather also is splendid, quite spring-like.

I am sending you a paper with a capital drawing of the meeting between Vittorio and Giandouja, who is the popular personification of the Piedmontese. The scene was really enacted in the Piazza San Carlo on Monday last. Quite an ordinary mask came up to the King's carriage in the Corso, and after talking to him for some time, held out his hand, saying in broad Piedmontese, "Toc la li" (Touch it then), and the King shook hands with him.

March 1. Mme. de Boyl was one of the first to meet the King at the railway station on his return; he came up to shake hands with her, and said, "Cerea amabilissima Marchesa" (*Cerea* is the habitual greeting in society here of those who do not "thee" and "thou" each other), and her loyalty has now returned with double force. On Friday I went to Mdlle. A., who is in very low spirits because there seems no prospect of the Duchess of Genoa and her children going to Florence. While she was pouring out her grievances, the door of the inner drawing-room opened, and Madame Marguerite put in her *tête blonde*. Seeing we were alone, she came quite in, and joined in the chat about the dresses at Mrs. Elliot's party, apparently knowing all the people by name, although she can only have seen most of them from far at the Place d'Armes. She is rather shy and reserved at first, but that soon passes away, and she sits on the arm of a chair or jumps about examining my things. Then suddenly, on taking leave, she makes a stately curtsey and relapses into the Royal Princess again.

Turin, April 29. I am writing to you on Sunday. The room is full of lilac and lilies of the valley, brought from the Villa d'Ormea, and the roses on the balcony are in full bud. Altogether it looks very pretty, and I feel quite sorry at the idea of leaving so soon. B. is just talking of "la journée quand nous partons pour Florence"; she has picked up the idea from hearing us speak of it.

Mr. Elliot, whom we saw the other day, gave a very cheerful account of Florence, and said the difficulties there had been much exaggerated. He at least had found a house very easily. The Tottenhams

have also taken a ground floor in a beautiful old villa at Bellosguardo.

Everybody is going or gone! C. goes next week to the Synod at Latour, and after that we must begin our packing in good earnest. It will be a terrific affair, as everything here belongs to us and we have no hired furniture of any sort to fall back upon in the last days. We intend going to Viareggio for sea-bathing, and going to Florence from thence to see about apartments. **Turin, May 7.**

Our stay at Viareggio lasted till the summer was nearly over and it was time to begin seriously to look for an abode in Florence.

Saturday last I went to Florence to look at apartments with C. We saw various ones, which I need not describe, as he has since taken another which he had not then seen. We ended by going to the Legation, where we found Mme. d'Usedom in great excitement, as usual: "My dear, you are fainting—of course you are! That husband of yours wouldn't let me have luncheon for you. What *can* I give you to eat? Here is some preserved mock-turtle soup of Usedom's—the very thing! Giovanni! Giovanni!" The mock-turtle was boiled or cooked in some way, and forced down my throat mixed with some beef-tea. "It is not the authentic thing, my dear, but it will be all the more nourishing!" and, indeed, it revived me wonderfully, for I had had no time for eating. We set off again, only looking in for a moment at Brinken *en Chancellerie*, and I got back here for the night. **Viareggio, Aug. 17.**

CHAPTER X

Florence—Comtesse Usedom—Meet Layard—Our party—Dinner given by Minister of Baden for Prince of Wied—Dinner at Villa Capponi.

Florence, Aug. 30, 1865.

WE arrived from Viareggio early, as we got up at five to avoid the heat and drove at once to our new quarters here, which are very nice. To the left we have a lovely view of the Ponte Vecchio, and see all down the Arno to the Cascine on the right. Opposite is the campanile of San Giacomo and some picturesque old houses. We had hardly been two hours in Florence when Mme. d'Usedom arrived, full of kind proposals, saying that we were not to *call* at the Villa Capponi,[1] but to dine there next day, Mdlle. A., who is still with us, B. and all. People may speak against the Chefesse—and heaven knows they *do*—but till now I have found her most kind and hospitable. Life here seems to be one of perpetual enjoyment (excepting unpacking, going through inventories, and such-like occupations); every step you take in the town is full of interest and pleasure.

[1] Besides the offices for the Legation, in an old palace in the town, the Usedoms had taken the splendid Villa Capponi, situated on the hills under Fiesole. It was an ideal residence, with complete summer and winter apartments, and beautiful views on all sides; but the distance from Florence was a drawback, and especially in bad weather complicated things a good deal.

Last week a courier arrived from Alessandria, and C., who is *chargé d'affaires*, had rather a remarkable conversation with him. "Had he passed through Paris?" "No, his orders were to come direct to Florence, and to bring his despatch to 'Euer Hochwohlgeboren.'" "Was he going on to Rome?" "No, he was to await Euer Hochwohlgeboren's pleasure at Florence and take back the answer." It was the first time C. had had a courier all to himself with a despatch from the "terrible minister," as the *Revue des deux Mondes* calls M. de Bismarck, and he felt the importance of the occasion. Meantime Comtesse Usedom had asked us all to dinner at Capponi. The courier was there too, for as La Marmora is with the King at the camp at Somma, C. could not see him yet, and Freiherr von Huene is enjoying himself at Florence. He is nice, with an honest sun-burnt face and an abundance of fair moustache and hair. He is quite wild with admiration of Italy and Florence, and looked as though he thought Capponi like a dream that evening, and it certainly seemed a very pretty bit of fairyland, to say the least—Hildegarde with her beautiful hair floating on her shoulders, the Comtesse in pearls and diamonds and an exquisite dress from Barennes, the beautiful rooms all lighted, and then the high terrace with the view of Florence. I must say I always enjoy going to Capponi: it is one of the prettiest sights I know. In the course of the evening Mme. d'Usedom called out to me, "My dear, I go to the French theatre to-morrow. It is the opening night; you will come with me, of course." "Comtesse!" Then turning to C., "We don't want you if you are busy; M. de Brinken will accompany us." "Com-

Oct. 2.

tesse, with pleasure," and you may imagine Brinken answering *selon les règles de l'urbanité Française*, although he knows in his own mind he would rather go comfortably in his *stalle* with the *jeune diplomatie* than play the part of *chambellan de service*, carry the shawls, see that the carriage is there, and last, not least, take an occasional turn in the corridor, possibly at the most interesting part of the play, if it so happens that two Ministres plénipotentiaires should invade the small box at the same time. Notwithstanding all this, we found him pacing up and down before the club at the appointed hour, and we passed a very pleasant evening. When the Comtesse brought me home at twelve, I found C. just setting about his tea. He had had a snooze and the lamp had gone out, and Herries, the English *chargé d'affaires* had come in in the dark, and altogether he seemed decidedly in want of someone to look after him.

We had to go to Villa Capponi, where there was a dinner—only the Legation and Count Vitzthum, Saxon Minister in London.

Count Vitzthum absolutely *raves* about Madame Marguerite, whom he has just seen at Stresa. He says he has entirely lost his heart to her, and that it is long since he has seen anything like such a lovely and graceful apparition! I wrote the praises of the dear Princess to Mdlle. A., who, it seems, sent on my letter to the Duchess of Genoa. She now sends me in return an autograph note from H.R.H. thanking Mdlle. A. for the communication.

On our return from Capponi we went to the Sackens', who had a very brilliant soirée with the Apponyis, &c. I met there M. le Sourd, of the French Legation, who told me he had been staying at the de Courval's, in the

MADAME MARGUERITE DE SAVOIE.

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Departement de l'Aisne, and complimented me on W.'s candidature. "Commé employé du gouvernement, madame, vous comprenez que je ne pouvais faire des vœux pour M. votre frère, je sais qu'il n'a pas réussi, mais j'entendais parler de sa candidature comme fort sérieuse."

The next day was the opening of the Pergola, and I was not quite pleased with Mme. d'Usedom for not asking me to go with her. It is not that I by any means imagine that I am to be a fixture in her box, but on a *first* night Legations go together, as far as I have observed. Be that as it may, she did *not* ask me, and I was determined to go, if possible, to show that I was independent of her in that respect. So I went with Mme. Pettiti, the wife of the Minister of War, who has lately taken a fancy to me. Mme. de Sacken asked me also, which I should have preferred, but I was already engaged to the Pettiti. After all, it was nothing very particular. "Robert le Diable" was given; the singing second-rate. The Florence ladies do not all go in full dress to the opera, as was the rule at Turin. One quite missed the splendid row of boxes all round the house filled with women in low dresses, many of them well-known beauties, which always made such an impression on any one seeing the Reggio for the first time. Excepting General Pettiti himself, who is extremely nice and gentlemanly, we had only old fogies in the box, and now that I have seen the Pergola I am in no hurry to go again!

The only amusing incident was the visit of the King to the Grande Duchesse Marie of Russia, who, with her daughter, occupied the Osten Sackens' box. The Sacken's "avait déposé leur loge à ses pieds," and she was graciously pleased to make use of it.

The Sackens themselves were almost on the point of not having one at all, so it was as well I had not agreed to go with them. We were watching all the Russians *faisant leur cour* to the Grand Duchess, when suddenly the box was cleared as it by magic. The Grand Duchess and her daughter rose, and the King walked in! The Piedmontese in our box would not believe it; never had His Majesty left his box at the opera; it was impossible! Their opera-glasses soon convinced them, however, that such was actually the case. It was amusing to watch the poor little Princess, who seemed positively turned to stone, and sat bolt upright, turning neither to right or left, the whole time His Majesty's visit lasted.

Florence, Nov. 12. I could tell you much that is amusing if I had only time to write properly. Indeed, I hardly know where to begin. It was some time about the end of last week that we began to feel under the necessity of giving a small party. It was, moreover, evident that the sooner we gave it the better, that we might still have the credit of bringing people together who would soon probably be making acquaintance in some other way. C. was, as usual, very reluctant, but with Brinken's assistance he was got to see the matter in a proper light, and it was decided that a party there should be. First of all, however, Mrs. Hardman had one, and invited us to meet Layard, who is at Florence just now. She wrote, "He says he is a far-away cousin of yours!" So he is, of C.'s, in some intricate way. I was very glad to see Layard again. His hair and beard are changing rapidly to white and grey, and he is more than ever like one of his own Nineveh bulls, with a grand, strong expres-

sion—not the sort of head you often see. I did not get much of him at Mrs. Hardman's, but C. talked with him a good deal. I wasted some time in trying to explain to the *beau Prussien* (our colleague, Count C. Dönhoff) who Layard was, but he had never heard of the excavations of Nineveh, nor of the Arundel Society, and the only thing that seemed really to strike him was that he was Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office in London. That he was a great man in that capacity appeared clearly from the attitude of all our English colleagues.

Our party went off very well. Layard came *en parent* very good-naturedly. The Countess Usedom and her niece, Miss Campbell, filled half the room with their crinolines, and H.E. was most *gnädig* (gracious). It was Brinken who had advised asking her, as I do not think we should have had the courage; indeed, when in the course of the day she sent a message to Dönhoff *en Chancellerie* to ask what dress she should wear, and C. heard she was really coming, he was quite in a state of mind. To make up for having brought her upon us Brinken sent his servant to help in the evening. The man looked intensely proper and respectable, only being a German he could not make our people understand that he wanted a tray. At last he came to me in great distress, asking "ob kein *Presentier Brett* da war?" Of course there were plenty, and that part of the business went on smoothly. We had a pretty English girl, whose father is English Minister at Guatemala (I hope R. will tell you where that is); she speaks Spanish well, and instantly made friends with the Spaniards. Then Mrs. Monk and her daughters are here on a flying visit to the Mostyns, and Miss Monk came, looking very much the same as ever and

Nov. 15.

very glad to meet Count Dönhoff, who was, it seems, her cavalier in Rome, where they rode about the Campagna together. So you see there were elements that amalgamated. All went on prosperously, and Layard loomed grandly on the scene. Conversation with him is rather nervous work when any names happen to be mentioned. He said something about Jocelyn ; I told him he was on leave. "You know you are so generous in those things, you give four months' leave at a time!" "No, indeed we don't ; two months is the allowance." As Jocelyn is my particular friend I felt in a dreadful funk, but fortunately remembered he had allowed his leave to accumulate for two years. Then after some time Layard said, "Is that Mrs. Russell of our Legation—would you introduce me to her?" So I took him up to Mrs. Russell, who was talking to Brinken. Brinken, of course, eclipsed himself at once. Layard spoke to me much about Willy, and his book that is to be, in terms highly gratifying to a sister's feelings, then, "You write to your brother, I suppose?" "Yes, I do write sometimes." "Then will you tell him I have had the pleasure of seeing you here, and that I have been very glad to hear about him?" In short, he was very nice. Mme. d'Usedom invited him to dinner next day at Capponi and asked us to meet him. "My dear, you had a very nice party ; there is nothing like small rooms to make people amuse themselves. That cousin of yours is a nice little woman ; tell her to come to me on my Saturdays." And then H.E. and Lalla took themselves off, being nearly the last to go. When they were all gone I felt quite relieved and happy, for, after all, making oneself answerable for the amusement of so many people is rather nervous work!

The next day it poured, and our journey up to Capponi was not cheerful. However, it was worth anything to hear Layard talk, though we were not allowed much of that pleasure, for as soon as dinner was over Usedom carried him off and took entire possession of him.

We came down early, for we had a party at Mme. d'Orlich's, the aunt of the Guatemala young lady.

The day after, Patti sang for the first time in the "Sonnambula." She has come to Florence, and is to sing ten times. We have taken a half *abonnement*, and shall have the box five times, and a great treat it is! We took Miss Matthew (Guatemala), who was nearly beside herself with delight.

After that the Minister of Baden gave a dinner in honour of the Prince of Wied, who is at Florence at present. I wish I could describe the whole ceremony, but it would take too much time. When we arrived we were ushered into a large, cold drawing-room, dimly lighted at one end by a lamp that emitted a decided smell of petroleum. Neither the master nor the mistress of the house was there, so we entertained each other, with a gentleman, who had arrived early. Presently the S.'s came in, and Mme. de S. explained to me that her husband had gone out early, taking all the keys—wine, silver, &c.—with him, and had only just come home. A most inconvenient proceeding certainly. Soon the Prince arrived with two gentlemen who compose his escort, and was introduced to the company in the darkness. We then waited for a lady, who must certainly have been half an hour behind her time. When a prince is present I believe you ought not to wait for anybody, but excepting an occasional *Durchlaucht* (Serene Highness) they did not make much

difference about him that I could see. At last the lady, who was French, made her appearance, dinner was announced, and the servant immediately walked off with the lamp, leaving us to follow as best we might. The dinner itself was infinitely better than I had dared to hope after such a beginning, and except that the poor Prince sat between Mme. de S., who speaks a very small amount of German, and his tutor, of whom he must of course see plenty in a general way, things went off very decently. But I shall never forget the sort of dread as to what might come next which had taken possession of me, and the people of the house were so helpless and good-natured through it all that one felt quite sorry for them!

Nov. 5. Last week was very quiet. We dined at Capponi with the Arnims, and spent quite a pleasant evening. Mme. d'Arnim and her sister, the Gräfin Frida, are both tall and handsome, the younger sister very decidedly so, with a very pleasant, merry expression. She took my fancy most especially, looking so pretty in a white *gaze de Chambéry*, with a row of Venetian beads round her neck. She speaks English perfectly, and strongly recommended Trollope's novel, "Can You Forgive Her?" Her sister declared it was a stupid book—the history of a girl who did not know her own mind. "Ah! well," said the young Countess, looking pathetically at the ceiling, "it is very hard sometimes to know one's own mind!" She looked as if she were speaking from experience. They say she might have been Ambassadrice in Paris if she had chosen. Be that as it may, she is very charming, and I got the book "Can You Forgive Her?" at once. It is a very interesting story, which I hope you will buy forthwith. There is a delightful description of a

husband, who by some combination of circumstances is obliged to pass his evenings alone with his wife and her friend. He feels hopelessly sleepy in consequence, and takes little turns round the house in order to keep himself awake. I read this to C., who remarked that *novels gave a very false idea of life!*

Mme. d'Usedom had her first Saturday reception yesterday. By some mistake I did not hear of it soon enough to go, but Brinken, who came in the evening, said it had been very brilliant. Brinken was very friendly, and begged me to show him my blue moire antique, which has just been made up with the point d'Argentan lace. I did bring him the skirt, being much amused at his request, but he asked to see the body too, and expressed himself satisfied.

CHAPTER XI

War between Prussia and Italy combined against Austria—Battle of Custozza—Victory of Sadowa—Venetia ceded to Italy—Villino della Torre in Via de' Serragli—Count Radolinsky arrives—Defeat of Italians at Lissa—Peace proclaimed—C. receives Order of Zähringen Löwe of Baden—Goes to Venice—Fêtes at Venice in honour of Victor Emanuel.

THE summer of 1866 was a time of peculiar interest and excitement for our Legation at Florence, as Prussia and Italy had joined in the struggle against Austria, and the course of events was followed with breathless interest in the latter country, where the fate of Venice was trembling in the balance. Although a treaty of alliance had been signed at Berlin in the spring, there was much uncertainty in the conduct of Prussia as to the actual opening of hostilities; uncertainty caused in great part, I believe, by the extreme difficulty Bismarck found in bringing the King (afterwards Emperor William) to declare war on his old friend the Emperor of Austria.[1] Meanwhile all Italy was arming and volunteering, and the members of our Legation, finding themselves in the full stream of enthusiasm for the war, were in a trying position, not knowing from day to day how much or how little they dared respond to the feelings around them, the orders from Berlin fluctuating continually.

The fortune of war was against the Italians in the

[1] Cavour had long foreseen this alliance, and said, "L'Alliance de la Prusse avec le Piedmont agrandi est écrite dans le livre futur de l'histoire."

following campaign. The battle of Custozza, fought near the Mincio on June 24th, was lost by them, after a desperate struggle, during which the bravery of their troops won the openly expressed admiration of the Archduke Albert, who commanded the Austrian forces. Quite at the end of the war the Italian fleet, under Admiral Persano, suffered a terrible defeat at Lissa, not far from Venice, in the Adriatic. Meanwhile their German allies, chiefly led by the Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia, had carried all before them, marching from victory to victory, until the Bohemian campaign was crowned by the decisive battle of Sadowa on July 3rd. Ere this, attempts had been made to detach Italy from her northern ally by proposing the cession to her of Venetia and the Quadrilateral, and so making a separate peace. These suggestions met with no response, and hostilities were continued until the victorious Prussians brought the campaign to a close. In a speech in the Prussian Chambers Bismarck acknowledged these facts, saying, "We had a powerful support in the unconquerable fidelity of Italy, a fidelity which I cannot sufficiently praise, and whose value I cannot rate too highly."

Immediately after the victory of Sadowa the Emperor Napoléon announced to the King of Italy that by the arrangement already spoken of, the Austrians would cede Venetia to *him* and that he was willing to turn over that province to Italy. It was by this somewhat awkward and ungracious manœuvre that poor Venice, after so many vicissitudes, was returned to Italy at last!

Villino della Torre de Serragli, May 13.

We have just got through our *déménagement* and moved from the Lung' Arno Acciojuoli out here, almost near the Porta Romana. In one way we are

delighted, as our *villino* is situated between Boboli and the beautiful Torrigiani gardens, and we can almost imagine ourselves in the country ; but it is a great drawback to be so far from the centre just now, when one wants to hear all that is going on. The whole country here is bent on war with Austria, but Prussia seems uncertain still, and *i nostri alleati* (our allies), as all our Legation are called, have rather a difficult part to play, according as their instructions vary, which they often do. The other day I met Arrivabeni, and he gave much stirring news. In Milan every man in society has volunteered for active service, except three, and they will have to go, for not a woman will speak to them. Gian Martino Arconati, the heir to that immense fortune, the only son and hope of his family, re-enters the army. His mother, the old Marchesa, is content to see him go, and says he cannot do otherwise. Garibaldi wanted 12,000 volunteers to make up 20 *bataillons*, 60,000 are already inscribed. The two Princes join the army, "and if anything happens to them ?" "Il y a le Duc de Gènes. Il faut qu'ils se battent. La famille de Savoie n'est jamais restée en arrière." All party differences, all grievances about the change of capital are forgotten. "À Turin on est content, tout est oublié. Maintenant que les Piemontais peuvent se battre ils n'en veulent plus à personne !"

People still talk of negotiations for peace, but I do not see how they can stop all that is going on now. Poor Usedom looks consumed with anxiety. Just when he would like to be in four places at once he has had a fit of the gout, which has tied him by the leg. He is unable to leave the Villa Capponi, and, in addition to all the rest of his work, C. has had to travel up there every day to tell him what is going on.

COUNT HUGO RADOLINSKY, NOW PRINCE RADOLIN, GERMAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS.

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There certainly is a warlike spirit in the air at present. Anina, the maid, is always singing the pathetic Garibaldi song, "Camicia rossa" (Red shirt). Do you remember the sensation she produced in the hotel at Rome last winter by beginning it suddenly without thinking of what she was doing—how the whole hotel rushed to stop her before the police should hear her, and how well they knew the song and all it meant? B. also is continually humming a popular air she has picked up:—

"Addio, mia bella, addio,
L'armata se ne va;
Se non andasse anch' io
Sarebbe una viltà!"[1]

Then, of course, Garibaldi's hymn resounds on all sides and on all the barrel organs. Some people declaim against it, but I must say I think it fine and appropriate, with the stirring tune and the chorus: "Va fuori d'Italia, va fuori, o stranier" (Go out of Italy, go out, oh stranger), which certainly expresses the feelings of the moment.

Florence, May 16.

Things political continue to look black enough. Usedom is in the lowest dumps between gout and anxiety, and the Comtesse seems more thoroughly cast down than I could have believed possible. They are alone at Capponi just now, so that the poor Chief cannot even have any music to soothe and enliven him. The Comtesse says he talks politics all the evening, and if she does not give exactly the right answer he *snaps* at her. He won't see anybody, because they question

[1] "Adieu, my beauty, adieu,
The army is going;
Were I not to go too
It would be a cowardly act."

him about the state of things, which is too uncertain to bear talking of.

Count R., the successor of our dear old colleague Brinken, has arrived. Though quite young he is a married man. His wife, who is English, is said to be very beautiful, but she is not coming here for some time.

June 29. Here we are again in the times when newspapers are the most interesting things in existence, to be read with beating hearts and tearful eyes, and yet we have none of our nearest and dearest engaged in this dreadful conflict. Alas! this first battle of Custozza on the Mincio (June 24th) seems most disastrous. We went up to Capponi in the evening, and found them all almost beside themselves with excitement. Bernhardi, the second Prussian officer who has been sent to report on the war, was poring over maps on the terrace *en tenue de campagne*, ready to start for the Italian head-quarters. Usedom is quite ill with agitation and anxiety; he feels things too deeply, and has not nerve and physical strength enough to bear up against the pressure. The Comtesse takes admirable care of him, but is wilder than ever on her own account, wanting La Marmora to be accused of treason for losing the battle of Custozza and I know not what besides. Unfortunately it seems only too clear that on the 24th the Italian troops fought admirably during the twelve hours' stubborn contest, but they were badly generalled, and it does seem hard that the best blood in Italy should flow so freely without being turned to best account. The two Princes were quite up to the old reputation or "Casa di Savoia," and Prince Amadeo, the King's second son, has been wounded.

The first effect of the news of the defeat at Custozza

DUKE OF AOSTA.

PRINCE OF PIEDMONT.

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here was that nearly every man who was left in Florence went to offer to enrol himself. As to the ultimate result of the war one can feel no doubt; it is a righteous cause, and the spirit of the nation is wound up to heroic pitch. All sorts of little towns and municipalities that nobody ever heard of are voting sums as rewards to the first soldier of the place who gets a medal, or who takes an Austrian colour. Then there are to be pensions for life for the disabled, pensions for the widows and orphans. Those who fall are to have their names inscribed on marble tablets in the Palazzo di Citta (Town Hall). The papers are full of addresses to the King and to Prince Amadeo, some of them very good ones too.

Every woman in the place is making lint and bandages. B. helps too. "Maman, pourquoi est-ce-que Vittorio va à la guerre?" I tried to explain how poor Venice had so long been entreating Vittorio to bring his soldiers and come and help her. She listened with the tears in her eyes, and prays now every evening that God will bless "les bons soldats. Ils ne se battent pas pour eux, mais pour aider les pauvre Vénitiens." Poor things, may God indeed help them! fighting and suffering in this intense heat, when one can barely endure life by keeping perfectly quiet in a dark room! Every one who can is flying from Florence, and soon the Corps diplomatique will be left here alone.

Florence, July 4.

The news of the last great Prussian victory (Sadowa) has arrived. The Legation is all *imbandierata* (beflagged), the Sindaco of Florence came to congratulate officially, and, as Usedom was not there, C. had to receive him. All our gentlemen were "walking on their heads with joy"—at least, that was Mme. d'Usedom's description of them when she came in the afternoon. In the

evening we went up to Villa Capponi, where many people had come to congratulate, and where all was very festive. It is pathetic to hear the people about us inquiring as the news of one Prussian victory after another comes, "Non c'è niente per noi?" (Is there nothing for us?) Poor things, they have given all so freely—their blood, their money, and their lives. It is heartrending to think it should all have been of so little avail, and that the honourable defeat at Custozza is the only result.

July 23. The news of the terrible naval defeat of the Italians under Admiral Persano, at Lissa, has been a great blow. One had so hoped they might have ended the war with some success besides what Garibaldi has been doing in Tyrol. All the flags were out for that, however, and looked so bright waving in the sun against the grim old houses and palaces.

A pleasing episode in the midst of all this has been the arrival of a mysterious parcel for B. When opened it was found to contain a beautiful doll with an ample trousseau, and a letter from Mdlle. A. explained that it was one of Madame Marguerite's own, which had long been destined for B. All the clothes had been made by the Princess and Mdlle. A., "Depuis les pieds à la tête c'est notre ouvrage." You may imagine how grateful and pleased I feel—almost as much as B., who is delighted with her new possession.

Oct. 8. And so peace is signed at last! All the flags were out at the Legation and at the public buildings, but there were few signs of rejoicing about the town, and the streets that had been so decorated for Garibaldi's passage through Florence a few days ago looked very much as usual. Although the joy is great at Venice

being freed at last from the yoke which she has borne since Bonaparte gave her away to Austria in 1791 at the treaty of Campo Formio, the peace is not popular. All the comedy General Lebœuf has to enact in Venice, of first receiving it from the Austrians in the name of the Emperor Napoleon and then handing it over to the Italians, goes against the feeling here, and was received at first with a cry of indignation from the whole population.

Menabrea also has failed in his endeavours to get the *Trentino*,[1] a small Italian-speaking district, which is really on this side of the higher Alps, and which has no great barriers between the city of Trent and the Lago di Garda. It is sad to see it definitely cut off from Italy, in spite of its despair. The King has lost much ground, unfortunately, in consequence of the late disastrous campaign, and as for La Marmora, the caricatures one sees of him at every street corner are such that it is a great proof of his strength of mind to stay in Florence at all.

The Osten Sackens, who have just returned from the Lakes, say the irritation here is nothing to what it is in the north or Italy. There every man, almost literally, joined the army, and sore is the discontent.

The Senate is to meet next week for Admiral Persano's trial after his defeat at Lissa. I asked Count Rasponi the other evening what would be the penalty in case Persano should be condemned, and he

[1] This district is what is now known as the "Italia irredenta" (unredeemed). It is said to be most important in a strategic point of view, and has been strongly fortified by the Austrians; but the lately erected statue of Dante, in the square of Trent, still beckons with its hands towards the beloved mother country.

quite startled me by answering in his quiet, almost drawling way: "Mais il s'agirait de le fusilier, je crois." He seemed to think, moreover, that it would be a good thing if it was done and an end put to all the scandal that is going on. We had a *diner d'adieu* at Capponi before Comtesse Usedom went off to the Lago Maggiore. There were only Count Otto D., ourselves, and an Italian cavalry officer, who was on General Bixio's staff at the battle of Custozza. He was the first man I had seen who had returned from the war, and his accounts were almost painfully interesting, as he told his story with feeling and with plenty of bitterness. He described how he had met General Govone on the evening after the battle, and had heard him say in his quiet, sarcastic way: "Avec trois fois plus de troupes que les Autrichiens, ils [La Marmora and Co.] ont trouvé le moyen de se faire battre, c'est très fort dans son genre." He told how Bixio was left alone towards evening with two thousand men, and how he received the Austrian *parlementaire* who came to summon him to surrender. The troops were all formed up in defensive order behind their artillery, but when the trumpet of the *parlementaire* was heard, Bixio rode out at full gallop and caught hold of the Austrian by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Si volta!" (Turn round). Those who were behind, seeing the action and not hearing the words, thought Bixio was going to kill the man. He listened to his message, however, which the Austrian delivered in French. "Parla Italiano?" "O altro!" said the other. Bixio then gave him his answer and sent him off. Ten minutes afterwards the Uhlans were charging. Prince Amadeo, who was wounded, owed his life to his extreme thinness. The ball ploughed its way

round his stomach, and if he had been half an inch stouter all might have been over with him. As it is, they have been obliged to keep him without food for ever so long. He behaved very pluckily. "Evviva il babbo. Io son morto!" (Long life to papa. I am done for!)

I have been to see the wife of our new colleague, Comtesse R., who has just arrived from the uttermost parts of Prussia, and is very tired after her long journey. She seems very handsome and charming. Our present colleagues are all as nice as possible, and "Unsere lieben Vorgesetzten" (our dear superiors), as Comte Otto calls C., who is *chargé d'affaires* now that Usedom is at the Lakes, is in particularly good health and spirits. We are getting daily fonder of beautiful Florence, and I certainly never cross one of the bridges, which we do almost daily since we live in the Oltr' Arno, without a thrill of admiration as I look up and down the river and particularly at the high, dark hills of Vallombrosa.

Did I tell you that C. has been named member of the Consistory of the Vaudois Church, to the intense joy of his colleagues at the Legation, who now only call him the Consistorial-Rath (Consistory Councillor). Indeed, it has got to be quite his usual appellation, so that Count R., who, as a new-comer, was not aware of it, was utterly puzzled by the Chief's bursting into the Chancellerie in a great hurry and inquiring, "Wo ist der Consistorial-Rath?" (Where is the Consistory Councillor?) "Excellenz?" said poor R. in perplexity. "Ja, wo ist de Consistorial-Rath—wo ist Bunsen?" upon which all became plain.

Just at present C. is busy trying to help the German deaconesses, who have a very prosperous school here, to find another house, as the one they occupy is to be

pulled down according to the plans for improving, or, at any rate, *altering* Florence!

The Bavarian nuns at Assisi also require his aid for their *affaires* so that he has plenty to do.

Oct. 27. I don't know if I have mentioned that the Duchesse de Talleyrand, who is our next-door neighbour, receives on Wednesday evenings. We can get there through the garden, and have actually been three times running, as it is a very pleasant house. The other evening we had tea at the R.'s, and I like the young Comtesse more and more every time I see her. She is very beautiful, with dark hair and eyes, and a lovely transparent complexion, and has also a very winning, confiding manner. It is amusing to see her open her fine eyes wide at sundry revelations about Florence society.

C. brought the Baden Minister, M. de Schweizer to dinner suddenly the other day. He had just arrived from Carlsruhe, and had brought C. the order of the Zähringen Löwe of Baden. It is very pretty, and as it is a *Commandeur*, C. will have two ribbons round his neck now. As we knew nothing whatever about it, it was quite a pleasant surprise. Schweizer spent the evening, and was as usual very amusing, with a mixture of *naïveté* and shrewdness which is very peculiar.

Now that all the bartering and exchanging or poor Venice between Austria and France and Italy is over, Vittorio will soon be making his solemn entry there, which will be a most interesting occasion. After much discussion as to who was to go or not, it has been decided that the ladies of the Corps diplomatique remain here and the gentlemen alone will be present.

The 4th was C.'s birthday, and he expressed a wish to celebrate it by having the R.'s to dinner, which was accordingly done. M. de Schweizer, who is treated

CARL VON BUNSEN, CONSEILLER DE LÉGATION AT FLORENCE.

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as a family friend since the Zähringen Löwe, could not come. In the evening we had the dear Forbes, our neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Russell, and the Count and Countess Tornielli.[1] He is an Italian diplomat employed at the Foreign Office here, and having amongst other things the direction of all arrangements for the Corps diplomatique during their stay in Venice. He has married a very agreeable and lively Russian, and they also live in our street. Late in the afternoon we had gone up to Bellosguardo for a quick walk, and as we came down we had a beautiful sight. Against the background of hills, in the darkening twilight, the Duomo, the Campanile, and the tower of the Signoria were traced in lines of light. It was the illumination in honour of the decree which joined Venice to Italy, and the effect was magical.

C. set off for Venice yesterday, in great glee at the idea of a *partie de garçons*. Count R. and himself were the only Prussians in the special diplomatic train, as the Chief goes direct from Lago Maggiore, taking Count Otto with him. B. and I went to the station to see them off, but B. declared she does not like going with people to the railway : " Ça donne à Béatrice des idées de voyager ! "

Yesterday we had a very pleasant dinner at Mrs. Elliot's ; she had asked all the deserted ladies, *Stroh Wittwe* (straw-widows), as they are called in German. Mrs. Russell and I went afterwards to the Duchesse de Talleyrand's, where we found much the usual set. Mme. de Talleyrand inquired tenderly for C., and said she would rather have his descriptions of what passed at Venice than anybody else's, she was sure they would

[1] Count Tornielli was subsequently Italian Ambassador in London and Paris.

be so graphic. Till now the desolate ladies seem doing their best to keep up their spirits. The Comtesse R. had a letter from her husband and Mrs. Russell two from hers. Our cook also had intelligence from the French Legation, where M. de Malaret's letters seem to leak out somehow amongst the servants. But the Duchesse is quite right, and C.'s accounts are decidedly the best. It seems that he and Count R. share the same room at Venice, and though the Comtesse and myself do not go quite so far as that, we are almost as much together as our spouses. She is very charming, and I am getting more and more in love with her every day. She is left very much in my charge at present, and as she is expecting a baby soon I feel dreadfully responsible about her. Happily she has entirely bewitched Mrs. Elliot, who has told her to send for her at any moment; not, as Mrs. Elliot explained to me, that she has any taste for that sort of thing, or that she had ever been present at any confinement but her own, but from pure friendly feeling. This is a great boon, as they are near neighbours, whereas I live at the other end of the town and could be of no use in case of emergency.

As usual here the Corps diplomatique has not been particularly attended to at Venice, and the Comtesse R. is furious. She cannot imagine how we can like the Italians who treat us so badly! She dined with me on Saturday. Yesterday we walked together; this evening I go to her again, so that we see plenty of each other.

Nov. 6. From Venice C. returned in the most wonderful spirits, full of fun and nonsense, and with a whole collection of absurd anecdotes. It seems that he, Count R., and Count Otto D. had become popular characters at Venice, and whenever they *débouchéd* from their

COMTESSE LUCIE RADOLINSKA.

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hotel into the Piazza San Marco, were received with cries of "Ecco i Prussiani! Viva i Prussiani." What little was done for the Corps diplomatique was only for the Chefs de Mission, so that the others were very much left to themselves. The Prussian Consul, however, happily took up our gentlemen, and as he is very rich, has palaces, gondolas, &c., in abundance, they were quite well off. Between them they must have driven the poor Frau Consul almost to the verge of distraction. She was told that two of the three gentlemen were married; C. there was no difficulty about, but she wanted to know which of the other two? "Otto, Count Otto, was the married man and had a large family!" The Frau Consul did not feel sure—he certainly did look older than Count R., though not much steadier. Count Otto naturally disclaimed vehemently—"R. was the married man; he had a son of six years old." "No, that was impossible; he must have married "aus der Schule" (from the school). At last she went to Usedom. "Excellenz, which of them really is married?" The whole Legation dined together every day, Usedom presiding and talking as much nonsense as anyone. Their first days in Venice, however, after their triumphal journey, seem to have been gloomy, as the weather was dark and foggy, and they even had thoughts of coming home again after the entry. C. and R. had a large room which they occupied in common, and where they were very comfortable (by the by, I wish I could give you C.'s account of R.'s daily bath, and the misadventures attending it, which is killing, but I am afraid I should not do it justice; suffice is to say that some one invariably walked into the room in the midst of the operation). On the day of the grand entrance of the

King into Venice, the Chief had promised to take them all in his boat, but he was in a bad humour, had twinges of the gout, and put out their plans by giving up going. The Consul had offered C. and R. a place in his gondola to go and meet the royal *cortège*, and they had accepted ; C., however, as usual, gave up his place to Count Otto, who had arrived in the middle of the night, and went to the *biblioteca* on the Piazzetta, opposite the Ducal Palace, where windows were kept officially for the Corps diplomatique. There were very few there, as most of them were in gondolas, and the Chefs de Mission walking up and down in uniform on a carpet in the Piazzetta, waiting to receive the King. The fog was so thick you could not see the other side of the canal. Nevertheless, C. says the arrival was wonderful. The *piotes*, I think they call them, light long boats belonging to the *municipio*, came flying down to clear the way. They stopped short exactly within two feet of the Piazzetta, so suddenly that all their flags and streamers that were straight in the air came down with a shock ; a moment more they would have been smashed to pieces. Then the royal barge appeared, and Vittorio, bare-headed, followed by his sons, set foot on the soil of Venice. He went straight to San Marco, which had been crowded long before, and those that saw say that the *Te Deum* seemed a fervent one, and that princes, aides-de-camps, and many whom one would not suspect of much religious feeling, went down on their knees and joined heartily in the chant which rose from the whole church—the thanksgiving for Venice joined to Italy at last. Then the King went on foot to the Palace, and showed himself from the balcony ; many in the crowd were weeping with emotion. Ricasoli and Usedom were talking

together in a balcony, and when they were recognised, were hailed with cries of "Viva il Ministro di Prussia, viva Ricasoli," so that they were obliged to bow and wave their handkerchiefs. Usedom came down and joined his Legation in the Piazza, quite a numerous party, for besides the trio there was Count C. D. and Major Lucadow, who followed the campaign; the crowd accompanied them to their gondola, shouting "Viva la Prussia," so they had their share in the ovation, and it must be confessed that it was only fair. The next day was foggy again and they did not know what to do, as it was too dark to see churches or pictures. Friday it rained, but Saturday was bright and they all cheered up accordingly. The King gave a great dinner on Saturday to which only the Chefs de Mission went, of course, but on that evening took place one of the most striking scenes of the whole week. An immense crowd, thousands on thousands, had assembled on the Piazza San Marco, and the roar of their acclamations penetrated to the hall where the King and his guests were dining. Vittorio rose, followed by all the company, and presented himself to the people. The whole Piazza was one dark mass of heads; in an instant, by a kind of electric flash, it was white with the waving of handkerchiefs. The effect, it seems, was wonderful; I have heard it compared to the lighting of the cupola of St. Peter's. Those that gazed down on that vast mass say there was something almost awful in the sight, something that thrilled the most indifferent and that could never be forgotten. The King turned to General Möring, the Austrian Commissioner, and said: "Il faut avouer que cela est émouvant." The Austrian bowed low—what could he say? On Sunday morning the Duchess of Genoa

received the "martyrs," all the ladies who were imprisoned for attending a mass said for the soul of Cavour. They were first condemned to a fine, but refused to pay, saying that many who were with them could not afford it, and that they wished to be treated all alike. They were accordingly all put into the common prisons and kept there in company with the lowest offenders. Mr. Russell saw one of them at the Princess Giovanelli's ball—a very handsome person; her husband died of grief and indignation at the treatment to which she was exposed. I forget when the regatta came in, but it was a gorgeous sight; two windows were reserved at the Consul's *pour la Légation de Prusse.* The King, unfortunately, did not give satisfaction, as so often happens. It seems it is the Venetian custom on such occasions for the authorities to follow the procession of boats down the Grand Canal when the regatta is over. The Podestà asked if H.M. would follow—the King refused. They say he did not know it was the custom. How should he? But could not some one have given him a hint, rather than let him disappoint all the crowds waiting to see him?

There are so many pretty anecdotes going about, I wish I could remember some of them. This one I read in the *Times*, I think. Of course, all the little streets and lanes of Venice were *imbandierate* for the occasion and full of flags and streamers. In one of the little *rios* a poor cobbler had pasted on his door three strips of paper—red, white, and green—with the inscription, "O! mia cara Italia, voglio ma non posso fare di piu per te!" (Oh! my beloved Italy, I would wish, but I cannot do more for thee!) Is it not quite touching?

C. says the last evening at Venice, with the serenade

on the water and the *internal* illumination of the palaces, was the finest of all. In the partial light the modern costumes were lost sight of, and with all the richly dressed gondolas and decorated palaces one seemed really to see the Venice of two centuries ago. The illuminations must have been splendid, something different every night. Once the column and lion of St. Mark resplendent alone, on the dark Piazzetta, and all sorts of wonderful effects. The police on the canals kept order with a waterspout. If a boat will not give way the spout is sent into the air, from which a gentle shower descends on the offenders, becoming more and more direct as the spout comes down amongst shouts of laughter. It seems it is a most effectual method.

We saw the King arrive from Venice the other day; on the whole the reception here was cool. His son, Prince Amadeo, the one who was wounded in the war, had his carriage full of flowers. We were at a window in Tomabuoni, and B. had taken off her gloves, preparing to clap her hands as the procession passed. The King, however, was talking into Ricasoli's ear and never looked up, so that we saw nothing but his hat. The child was quite disappointed. "Beatrice aime moins Vittorio aujourd'hui; Beatrice trouve qu'il n'est pas très poli." The illuminations here would have been beautiful, but the bad weather they had at Venice continued here, and after a foggy day it rained in the evening. We went to the gala at the Pergola with the Villamarinas, who had paid 100 frs. for the box. The "Africaine" is magnificent.

CHAPTER XII

Intense cold—Christmas dinner at Capponi—My reception at Court by the Duchesse d'Aosta—Carnival—Veglioni—We go to Milan for Carnivalone—Marchesa Trivulzio—Court ball—Trivulzio collection.

Florence, Jan. 2, 1868.

THE weather is atrocious, sleet and snow falling continually, with a bitter *tramontana.* The streets are so slippery that cabs and omnibuses have ceased to run, and not a carriage is to be seen. This being the state of things, C. and I have given ourselves up to a most delicious *far niente;* C. cut the Legation and read novels, I sorted heaps of cards to see which were to be returned, and then sat by the fire trying to get warm, and thinking how lucky it is our *Sylvester Abend* party belongs to history and was not fixed for to-night, when it could not possibly have taken place. Comtesse Usedom sent profuse contributions to our Christmas tree: a Chinese doll for B., with a collection of curious wigs, a magnificent doll's dinner-service, &c. Madame d'Osten-Sacken sent her a beautiful *bonbonnière* in green velvet, and Mrs. West about a dozen picture-books from England. So that, with her family gifts, she did very well. I must not forget *my* Christmas-box—a really magnificent pair of diamond earrings which I had been eyeing in a shop window for a long time, and which I at last took C. to see, with satisfactory results. The

price I had better not mention, as it is alarming, but I excuse myself to my conscience by thinking that they will come in for B. by and by. I put them on for the Christmas dinner at Capponi, and the Comtesse quite *screamed* when she saw them. "What have you put on those diamonds for? it's only a family dinner!" I could hardly get in a word to explain they were a new present and I wanted to show them to her. It was rather a dreary party; the Comtesse had the *grippe* and could barely sit out dinner—she went to bed directly it was over. Usedom came to table for the first time after an attack of fever, and Hildegarde had a bad cold in her head. As we drove down from Capponi in the dark, my thoughts wandered away to you all, and I almost agreed with Mrs. Lawrence, who says she detests this time of year. For those who live in "Ausland" it is certainly not the most cheerful.

Friday we had a musical party at Count Susanni's, which turned out very brilliantly. Grisi was there with her three pretty daughters, sitting rather apart, surrounded by a kind of bodyguard of very second or third rate men. I don't remember if I told you that the day Agnani the painter took us to see her magnificent villa we met Grisi on the road and went through a sort of partial introduction. Agnani came to ask me to go and speak to the "povera Signora Giulia," as he called her, who knew very few people. I complied, of course, though I did not like it very much, and made my way into the circle in which the Signora Giulia, dressed in white moiré antique and all sorts of splendour, was established. She has not much to say for herself, and the conversation languished decidedly till her eldest daughter, a handsome girl of seventeen, took it up suddenly and asked me *de but en blanc* if I

Jan. 12.

thought the Hungarian Countess had really poisoned her rival. You may imagine that I was rather taken aback, but I did just understand what she meant, and told her I seldom read the papers and never the horrors in them. She then tried another subject. How did I like Baden-Baden? Alas! I had to confess I had never been there, whereupon I think she perceived I was not at all *à sa hauteur*, and we gave each other up. The sensation of the evening was a Sicilian who has the most wonderful tenor voice I ever heard. He was accompanied by another Sicilian, both singing and playing by ear, as neither of them knows a note of music. We had taken leave and were quite out of the room when Susanni came to beg us to stay a little longer, promising the Sicilian should sing again. He did—Campana's pretty song "Non posso vivere senza di te," which has haunted me ever since; the timbre of his voice is quite too beautiful.

Jan. 18. I have been wanting to write to you about our reception at Court by the Duchesse d'Aosta, which came upon us very suddenly on Tuesday. As you know, the young Duchess is by birth a Princess della Cisterna, and became sole heiress of that great house by the tragical death of her only sister some years ago.[1] Since then her mother, who is a de Merode, is said to have declared that she should be either a *Princesse*

[1] Their father, the Prince della Cisterna, died in one of his castles in the country. His widow, in defiance of the laws of the land, deferred his burial for a week, during which time she and her two daughters never left the death-chamber, where masses were being said continually for the repose of his soul. The youngest girl's nerve gave way completely and she entreated to be let out, but was sternly told it was her duty to her father's memory to remain. The result was that she got brain fever and died. The story made a great noise at the time.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA.

To face p. 230.]

au sang or a nun. When we were at the villa near Turin I have often met them driving, all swathed in black, with a nun also in black in the carriage. The whole effect was so lugubrious that I inquired who they were. The young Princess had been brought up very carefully and in great seclusion, until her marriage with the King's second son, Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, was brought about. Count Galli, who is her *chevalier d'honneur*, described it all to me at Livorno last year. It must have been a dreadful ordeal for the poor girl, who had seen nothing of the world, and had scarcely ever left the great dull Palace della Cisterna in Turin. Her very suite, who, as Galli said, "lui faisaient des révérences et des courbettes," must have quite frightened her. She wept during the whole time of the wedding ceremony, but the King and all the royal family, with the innate generosity of the House of Savoy, received her with even more kindness than they would have shown to a royal princess their equal in rank.

This is her first visit to Florence, and as she is to stay a very short time it had been positively said she would not receive the Corps diplomatique. I was the more astonished, therefore, when C. came in near one o'clock to tell me the Duchesse d'Aosta would receive us all at four! Our invitation, *or order* I suppose would be more correct, went up to the Villa Capponi, was sent back here addressed to C., and followed him to the Chancellerie, from whence he brought it back himself. I had no dress ready, and had to go off straight to Blanche, who was doing up one for me. Luckily she had it in hand and promised to send it in an hour. I then took the flowers I intended to wear to Mme. Coda, who had them mounted very nicely in

a quarter of an hour. By the time I returned home successfully C. had gone, as he had to attend a first reception of all the diplomatic gentlemen by Prince Umberto. He sent the carriage back for me, and I reached the Pitti a few minutes before four. I went up the grand staircase by myself, but just joined Mme. de Sacken and Mme. d'Aminoff, who were going in. There was already quite a small crowd of ladies assembled, and amongst them I recognised our old friend the Comtesse Castiglione, who used to officiate at the Duchess of Genoa's at Turin on similar occasions, and who is now first lady to the Duchesse d'Aosta.

Presently the gentlemen came down, for it seems Prince Umberto was lodged somewhere in the skies, and C. was agreeably surprised to find me there all right and looking very *neat*, as he was pleased to express it, knowing all the difficulties I had had to overcome. I had better tell you at once that my dress was a green velvet *tunique* over white, with a good deal of old guipure on it, white flowers with green leaves in my hair, diamond brooch and earrings. My friend Galli, *chevalier d'honneur* to the Princess, greeted me very warmly, and as I was almost the only lady he knew I experienced the advantage of having a friend at Court. Presently the doors opened, the *Chefesses de Mission* advanced in single file and disappeared. There was a moment of hesitation—were we to follow? Galli rushed forward: "Est-ce que ces dames ne veulent pas entrer? S.A.R. reçoit toutes les dames ensemble." I looked at Mme. de Sacken and she looked at me. "Entrez donc, Comtesse!" "Non, non, vous êtes la plus ancienne!" So I had to head the second division. Tableau: a middle-sized drawing-room hung with red, the Prince and Princess

standing before a sofa in the middle, about sixteen ladies in very bright dresses in a circle round them, Galli and Castiglione in easy attitudes near the door, and Mme. de Castiglione hovering about in cerise velvet and black lace. The Princess was in pink with a long *tunique* of point de Bruxelles and magnificent coronet and necklace of diamonds. Her features are good, especially her profile; she has a quantity of fair hair, which was very elaborately dressed, rather too much on the top of her head perhaps; her complexion is not good, and diamonds by daylight are always trying. The ladies' dresses were very pretty—cerise silks and satins, a beautiful yellow gown and quantities of lace. Mme. de Sacken was in salmon colour with point de Flandres. There were also two or three dark velvets, and the general effect was charming.

Business began by the Princess going up to Mme. Solvyns and their talking in the usual mysterious whispering. As she got on in the circle the Prince began his rounds, shaking hands with each lady. The young Duchess must certainly be clever, for it was no small task to talk to sixteen ladies she had never seen before, not with the usual set questions, but really entering into conversation and giving them opportunities of answering her, as she did. Meanwhile, in the midst of the solemn operation I could not help gazing at my *Chefesse* and really wondering at the extreme peculiarity of her ways and appearance. I had never seen her on such an occasion before, and that was perhaps why it struck me so much. She was in black, which does not suit her, although in general people always look well in it. I fancy the ceremony had come upon her unawares, for some very fine black lace had evidently been put in a hurry over a black velvet dress, and quite high up on

the left side of the skirt was sewn a white feather! It had a most curious effect, rather as if her pocket was badly made and her handkerchief falling out. Usedom himself seemed struck by it, for I heard him say, pointing to the feather as she came in, "What have you got on that for?" to which she responded majestically, "Because it's the fashion!" I suppose, however, some doubts on the subject came into her mind later, for she began *en plein circle* to pull and tug at this unhappy feather, covering her dress with small fluffy particles. At length she got it off and crushed it up in her hand, but in a few minutes forgot all about it and let it fall on the floor. Galli, the prince of *chevaliers d'honneur*, darted forward and restored it to her with a bow and a grace. I caught his eye as he went back to his place, and we could neither of us restrain a slight smile. She then poked about a long time for her pocket, and the feather finally disappeared therein.

The Duchesse d'Aosta's powers of conversation were almost too abundantly displayed, for I began to feel quite giddy with the long standing before she finished up with Mme. de Bruck, who was the last. As for the Duke, faithful to Turin etiquette, he stuck to Mme. de S., the last of the *Chefesses de Mission*, who was standing next to me and who is not one of the most brilliant of our ladies. He kept up an interminable conversation with her, as though an invisible barrier had separated him from the secretaries' wives, who are not supposed to exist for princes. Why they should exist for princesses is not easy to understand. It was amusing to watch him casting anxious glances at his wife as she pursued her course, and evidently calculating how long his stock of talk would last him with Mme. de S. Mme. de Sacken was very wroth. "C'est

d'autant plus malhonnête qu'il doit nous connaître parfaitement toutes les deux de Turin, et sans nous flatter, se n'etait pas la personne avec qui il causait qui pouvait le retenir." At last it was over, the *Chefesses* sailed away, making queer enough curtsies and sidling to the door, so as not quite to turn their backs, and we were safely out of it. We were shown into another drawing-room, there to await our lords and masters, whose turn it now was. Galli was very *empressé*, and again addressed himself to me as being his only acquaintance. "Ces dames voudraient elles leurs châles, leurs manteaux, je les ferais apporter." The room was not at all warm. I transmitted the offer to Mme. Usedom, who was not pleased, I suppose, at its being made through me, or she was still cross about her feather, for her answer was, "My dear, do you suppose if I wanted my shawl I should wait to ask permission to have it?" which polite speech, being made in English, I hope Galli did not understand. We had to wait about an hour in that room before the gentlemen came trooping in. Then the sight on the stairs was really very pretty. The mass of uniforms—one particularly *chic* Austrian one, with an eagle's feather in the cap, was worn by Count Khnevenhüller, who has lately arrived [1]—the orders and embroidery mingling with the bright dresses of the ladies looked quite gorgeous.

On Thursday we went to the Talleyrands, and then on to a dance at Miss Hatch's, a very pretty American heiress, who has settled at Florence for a time and wishes to receive. She has a widowed sister with her as *chaperone;* they both dress well and are very nice and amusing. Miss Hatch was at our *Sylvester Abend*, Jan. 26, 1868.

[1] Now Austrian Ambassador in Paris.

but did not dance much, though I did my best in introducing people to her, and they all asked who she was and admired her in an exquisite Parisian dress, all real Valenciennes lace. She gave an amusing account of it herself, saying that when I presented young men to her and they murmured something, she always answered, "Avec plaisir, monsieur," thinking they were asking for a dance, whereupon they walked off! She does not seem much edified by the *jeune diplomatie*. However, there was an exception. "*One* I must have, Mme. de Bunsen, the son of *Quits!* the son of *Quits!* For me all that is good and great in the world is contained in 'Quits'!" We transmitted the message in a modified form to Tautphoeus, who said at once, "Ich weiss schon! dass ist wieder meine Mutter" (I know that is my mother again). In fact, his mother must be a great help to him in English society. We danced and had supper pleasantly enough.

On Friday we had music and supper at the Susanni's again. The wonderful tenor, Alocci, was there. I am afraid he is what Mrs. Lawrence calls *flirtatious*, for now that I have spoken to him so much about his voice he makes eyes at me while he is singing "Non posso vivere senza di te!" which is almost the only thing he knows. It is a nuisance, but you cannot snub a man who has such a voice, particularly when he declares himself ready to come to your house and sing at any time anything that you wish!

Grisi was not there, which was a comfort, neither was Mrs. Lawrence, which was quite the reverse. She had done all she could to be invited, for she is as wild about Alocci, the Sicilian tenor, as we are, and was much disgusted with the Susanni for not asking her. We came home after midnight.

We thought our carnival was over, at Florence, at least—for we are thinking of going to Milan for the *carnavalone*—but Mrs. Lawrence asked us to the great Veglione, or masked ball, at the Pergola, with a supper in her box after midnight, as is the Italian custom. I have always wished to go to a masked ball since Mme. Peruzzi told me how she had mystified her husband at one of them. She dropped him at the theatre rather late, pretending that she was going straight home, but a friend was waiting for her by appointment with a domino in a house close by, and they soon joined the crowd in the Pergola. She got hold of Peruzzi, and disguising her voice, as masks do, began talking about herself, criticising many of her ways, and especially pitying him for having such a talkative wife, "un vrai moulin à paroles," he must get so dreadfully tired at times! He took it all very quietly, "Non, ça m'amuse, ça m'amuse!" Afterwards she passed on to other subjects, showing such an intimate knowledge of their ways of life that he got quite alarmed, and so anxious to make out who she was that at last she had to lift a corner of her mask to reassure him! Now that sort of thing must be amusing, and besides, it is stupid to live in Italy and not know what a masked ball really is like, for of course sitting quietly in a box and looking on, as I have done at Turin, does not teach you much. I therefore hired a black domino for 25 frs., got a hideous black mask, and determined to try the experiment. On the whole I do not regret it, for it was something quite new, if not very pleasant. We arrived after midnight, and Mrs. J. and I went down together in dominos, followed by our respective husbands. We lost them almost directly, however, and had to hold our own amongst the

Feb. 24.

crowd. Mrs. J. could manage the high falsetto voice in which masks speak very well, and talked away boldly, but I did not succeed in it at all, and dare not open my mouth for fear of being recognised. The *tutoiement*, and the rather rough exhortations to speak out, were novel and slightly alarming! "Eh! bien beau masque, es tu muet? As tu laissé ta langue à la maison? Il valait mieux y laisser ton domino et apporter ta langue avec toi," &c. At last I got hold of Aminoff, who knew me instantly and walked me about very kindly, trying to encourage me to speak. He took me to Mrs. Kuhn's box to see if I could get on better out of the crowd, and there I managed to *intriguer* Mrs. Kuhn, with whom I generally talk English. After a time Aminoff came back: "Comment, elle ne vous a pas encore reconnue? Allons nous en vite alors!" As we came into the pit again M. de la V. came up. "Ah! vous avez le petit domino muet; donnez le moi un peu, je verrai si je peux le faire parler." As he has lately arrived I do not know him much, and besides, I was beginning to manage my voice better, so he could not make me out at all, although he told me that I was "une fille d'Albion, et une femme mariée!" At last he offered me a supper, but I told him I was already engaged, and as he was getting rather warm I made a rush for our box, which we were passing, and left him there. Of course he could not follow me into the box, but he asked Russell, who was one of our party, and who was outside, if he knew who that domino was. Russell of course assured him he had not the slightest idea. We had supper after this very gaily, and Russell asked me to go down again to a box where we could see a party of colleagues. C. was against it, as he

said I should find it all very different after supper; but Russell promised not to leave me, and assured me de la V. had been completely *intrigué*, so I ventured. C. was quite right: no sooner had we got into the box, which was full of people we knew quite well, than Russell was turned out: "Tu es un homme toi; nous ne voulons pas d'hommes ici." I got away as soon as I could and managed to get upstairs again, wishing I had listened to C.'s advice, and rested on my anti-supper laurels. So there you have my adventures.

Feb. 24. I think I must have already mentioned our plan of going to Milan for the *carnavalone*, as they call the three extra days of carnival they have there. They say Sant Ambrogio gave it to them. Why, does not clearly appear; but the fact remains that when you can no longer dance or amuse yourself in all Italy, you can go to Milan and have three days more dissipation there. In Turin people used to make up parties and go over for the *carnavalone*. None of our colleagues are going this year, but our friend Senatore Count Taverna has urged us very much to make the excursion, promising to arrange everything for us.

Florence, March 3. I must now try and tell you about Milan before I get into the life here again. We arrived there on Wednesday morning, and spent the day in making arrangements and calling on various people. Thursday, Taverna came early to show us over the Casa Poldi,[1] a palace furnished in the most magnificent style, full of bric-à-brac and curiosities, all chosen with the most exquisite taste, and a few beautiful pictures—a lovely Botticelli, some Luinis, &c. We could hardly tear ourselves away from it all to go to the Corso. Taverna took us to Casa Arese, a large and

[1] Now a museum.

apparently uninhabited palace in the midst of the big thoroughfare, Corso Venezia, from which we were to see the throwing of the *coriandoli*. We had been warned to put on our oldest and shabbiest garments, and certainly the first impression of the numerous and choice society assembled there to meet Prince Umberto [1] was a strange one. The whole company from the Prince downwards looked like millers, so bepowdered were they with *coriandoli*. The day was splendid, all the windows open, and at each window a large basket of *coriandoli* with ladles for throwing them. These were being constantly replenished by *facchini*, who kept carrying up heavy sacks of the nasty little soft plaster balls, that get crushed and make abominable stains. They told us what each of the big sacks that were constantly being carried up cost, and it was calculated that about 1,000 frs. worth had been used that day. It is quite literally *jeter de l'argent par la fenêtre*, but it is very amusing. Woe to any nice bonnet or hat that was still black that passed Casa Arese that day; the Prince would give the signal, showering *coriandoli* with great gravity and unerring precision, and then came a regular *feu de file* from all the windows as the unlucky victims passed on. Despite all the furniture in linen covers, the odd costumes, and apparent *sans gêne*, for all the gentlemen had *le cigarre aux dents* and their hats on, one always felt somehow that one was in the best society. I had hardly been presented to Arese's daughter, the Marchesa Palavicini, who was doing the honours, than I found myself in the arms of Mme. Jacini, my Viareggio friend, whom I was delighted to see again. Then there was the Marchesa d'Adda,

[1] Prince of Piedmont, eldest son of King Victor Emanuel.

another old acquaintance, whose husband had been Prefect of Turin, and Taverna introduced his Milanese relations, so that we did not feel at all lonely. About four, Prince Umberto departed, and the word was given in Milanese dialect all along the windows, "Attention al Princip." If he had gone out by the front door he would have been well pelted, but he escaped by some back way. By this time the streets were getting quieter, and we walked back to the hotel —no one uses carriages on these days—just in time to get ready to go and dine at the Villamarinas', old Turin friends. After dinner back to the hotel to dress for the opera at the Scala. Taverna had brought us the key of the d'Adda box, one of the best in the house. Lady Annabella Noel, whom I must have told you about, a granddaughter of Lord Byron's, had wanted us to go with *her* to the Scala, but we did not think it would be fair to Taverna, who was taking so much trouble about us, so she finally agreed to come in the d'Adda box with us in order to be together. The Scala on a night like that is a magnificent sight, and I would willingly have ended my evening there, but we were hurried off to a ball at the Marchesa Trivulzio's, Taverna's mother-in-law, where the Prince of Piedmont was to be. Taverna had actually got us an invitation for another ball that night, but it was impossible to do so much. The Marchesa is a sister of our Marchesa Lajatico, in Florence, the mother of all the Corsinis. They are both very remarkable old ladies, and Mme. Trivulzio looks quite beautiful in spite of her grey hair, and is always most richly and appropriately dressed. She has a majestic figure, and is *très grande dame* with most agreeable manners. Her apartment in the Casa

Trivulzio is quite a museum, full of priceless antiquities of every kind, and it was curious to see the cream of Milanese society dancing and flirting in a gallery from the walls of which stern Mantagnas and sacred pictures by other masters looked down in strong contrast with the scene below them. It really was a wonderful sight, such lovely women, such beautiful dresses! The Duchesse Litta was there all in white, with a splendid diamond star glittering in her dark hair. She is *une beauté de grande toilette*, and certainly makes an immense effect. When she comes into her box at the Scala, all the other women seem to fade in some way, and one can only look at her! Then there was the lovely Comtesse Allemania in blue, and her still prettier sister the Comtesse Cusani in red, both fair-haired beauties. Then Mme. Jacini, who is dark and very handsome. The little Palavicini has a regular, rather inanimate face, which was quite *encadrée* with diamonds, alternate stars, and ears of corn in brilliants done into her hair all round.

The dancing went on in rather a narrow gallery, which was very crowded. In an adjoining room tea and cakes were spread on a large table, and Mme. Trivulzio made tea with her own hands for any one who chose to come and sit down. There were no other refreshments as far as I could see, and I was much edified by this simplicity, for at Florence you must have a buffet, if not a supper, for the simplest dance, and people *ask for things*, whether they are there or not! At about one, a kind of buzz announced "Il Princip." The old Marchesa very composedly finished pouring out a cup of tea and then advanced three or four steps to meet him. He shook hands with her, begged her to ask the ladies to sit down again, and no

more particular notice was taken of him. Of course there were always people about him to see after him, and you were supposed to look out so as not to run against him, but otherwise he was left very much to his own devices. As you may imagine, we were pretty well tired when we got to bed that night.

Saturday was the last day of the *coriandoli* and of the *carnavalone*. We went again to Casa Arese, where the Prince was already installed and in full activity. C. had been rather making speeches about *vornehme Langsweile* (distinguished boredom), and told me he would just take me upstairs and then go and walk about on his own hook. After I had been there some time I really thought he had gone, and said something to that effect—"M. de Bunsen parti! mais non, madame, vous n'avez qu'a regarder. Le voilà à la fenêtre, très occupé à jeter des coriandoli." It really was so, and he was apparently enjoying himself immensely, so I established myself at another window, and soon got quite into the spirit of the thing. For partner at my basket I had old Count Oldofredi, who reminded me of Turin in the G. time. He told me *Nadine* and *Léon* were living very happily together, with a steadily increasing family, which I was very glad to hear. An old and very stately servant came to arrange the cushion on the window-sill, and I was amused to see that he waited to watch the effect of one of my hits, which was really very successful, as the shower of *coriandoli* fell on the right head. He could not refrain from expressing his approbation, "ma benissimo." Rather a clever trick was played on the Prince that day. Three men took up their station right underneath his balcony and began to read a newspaper. Of course the Prince could not stand this bravado; showers of

coriandoli were bestowed on them in vain, and at last he emptied the whole basket on their heads. This was what they wanted ; they took out little bags they had brought with them, picked up the *coriandoli* all round so as to fill them, looked up at the balcony and nodded thanks, and went off to pelt others in their turn.

That night there was a Court ball, and we were told we ought to go to see the *salle des cariatides* in the Palace, which is very celebrated. On our arrival one of the *maîtres des cérémonies* took me a long way down the ball-room and gave me a seat. When I had time to look about me, I soon perceived that I was much too far from the place where the Court would be, so I got up by myself and went to take a chair in the second row, which was much better. When I think of it I feel a certain satisfaction, as it was rather a plucky thing to do. The Marquis de Brême, *grand maître de la Cour*, saw and recognised me, apparently with some astonishment, as there were no other diplomats from Florence. He came up and made conversation for some time, which was pleasant, as I had had to leave C. outside and knew nobody. Mme. Ratazzi arrived, and took her place apart and prominent as *femme de collier de l'Annunziata.* After a time Prince Umberto came in ; we all rose and curtsied and the ball began. It was very hot, with a perfect forest of wax candles over our heads. I felt as if I was suffocating, and dare not go off with Taverna, who came to the rescue, as I was afraid C. would never find me again should I leave the ball-room. In process of time he did come to look after me, told me I was a goose not to have gone sooner, and took me away. I was afraid we should have to go about like M. and Mme. Ratazzi, who always walk arm in arm ; but that does not suit C.'s

ways at all, and he soon made me over to la Rovere, whom we chanced to meet. La Rovere was extremely nice, and showed me the Palace, &c., but soon confided to me that he was lodging with his brother, who is *en garnison* at Milan, that his brother had the house-key in his pocket, and that if he did not go home with him he would be shut out. He would not hear of leaving me alone, however, so we set off in search of C., which, considering the crowd, was rather like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. It was long before we came across him, and I can only hope poor La Rovere found his brother in time.

On Sunday it rained, as I have said, and there was no Corso. We went to see the Trivulzio collections, and passed a delightful hour with the old Marchesa. She told us of all her anxieties during the troublous times when she was a widow, and her only son had escaped to Turin to enter the Piedmontese army, which did not make her position easier with the Austrian rulers. For years she dared not leave the house for a day with the responsibility upon her of all the treasures it contains, and often she had had them packed all ready for removal should that come to be a necessity.

The other day a member of one of the great Jewish banking houses had seen the collection, and had offered her 150,000 frs. for three articles—a sort of illuminated alphabet painted for a little Duke of Milan, the son of Ludovico il Moro (they have two more of his lesson-books, and all three are gems), a *cassetta*, and something else. All these wonders are kept in a large glass case with a key of gold, which she always wears on a chain. She was not at all pleased at the offer. "Ces gens là avec leur argent croient qu'ils peuvent tout avoir!" The large Holy Family by Mantegna is

unique, it seems, as Mantegna so seldom painted life-sized pictures. Eastlake wanted very much to have it for the National Gallery, and as her affairs were in great disorder during her son's minority, she was afraid she would have to part with it, and fixed the price at 600,000 frs. So much he would not give, but Layard used often to come and inquire about the picture and try to bargain for it. "Mais vous voyez," she said with a just pride, "que j'ai réussi a le conserver." She is a very grand old lady. The Mantegna itself I do not much care about, as it is rather harsh, but I have no doubt it is most valuable and important. I am sure W. must have heard of the coins of Casa Trivulzio, for they are celebrated.

I forget which morning it was that poor Count Taverna arrived at the hotel in a great state of mind, so full of regrets and excuses that at first we could not make out what had happened. At last it appeared that some of his Corsini cousins had arrived from Florence unexpectedly for the *carnavalone;* the family resources had of course been taxed to provide them with boxes and invitations, and it had really *not* been possible for him to secure a box for us at the Scala for the evening! We were quite relieved to hear that was all, and were able to reassure him completely, as we had promised to go with Lady Annabella that evening, and did not even hint that we might have survived a night at Milan without going to the opera! Italians are wonderfully kind and devoted when they once take to you. It is really touching to think of the care and trouble Taverna lavished on us, and we certainly owe him a *lovely time*, as our American friends here would say.

CHAPTER XIII

Marriage of Madame Marguerite to Prince of Piedmont—Arrival of Crown Prince of Prussia—Reception at English Legation—Entry of Prince and Princess of Piedmont—Reception at Capponi—Crown Prince visits German Deaconesses' School—Reception at Corsini Palace.

THE spring of 1868 was marked in Italy by the marriage of the King's eldest son, the Prince of Piedmont,[1] to his cousin, Madame Marguerite de Savoie,[2] daughter of his uncle, the late Duke of Genoa, and the Duchess his wife, a Saxon princess. The marriage was hailed with delight by the whole country, and great preparations were made, as well at Turin, the old capital of the House of Savoy where the ceremony was to take place, as in Florence, the new capital of Italy, which was most anxious to receive the bridal pair with all possible magnificence and rejoicing.

I had not seen Madame Marguerite since the capital had been moved from Turin to Florence, but had constantly had news of her through Mdlle. A., who paid us frequent visits. It was a great joy to think of the splendid future suddenly opening out before the young Princess, who had lived till then such a quiet and secluded life, either at Stresa on the Lago

[1] Afterwards King Umberto.

[2] The Regina Margherita, now the adored Queen Mother of Italy.

Maggiore, or at the Palazzo Ducale at Turin. We were looking forward with intense interest to the arrival of the bridal pair in Florence, and also to that of our Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia,[1] who, with a brilliant suite, was to be present at the wedding ceremonies. The coming of the hero of Sadowa, who had been so instrumental in bringing about the re-union of Venice to Italy in 1866, was hailed with enthusiasm by the whole country.

Florence, March 24, 1868.

The delight the *fiançailles* of Prince Umberto and Madame Marguerite have occasioned in all Italy is wonderful! C. expressed it very justly and prettily in a letter to Abeken, his old friend at the Foreign Office in Berlin, saying that the news had spread like a *Frühlingshauch* (a breath of spring) through the land. The Princess has led such a retired life till now at Turin that there was no portrait of her to be found at Berlin, and the one C. sent to Abeken has been in great request at Court and everywhere, as people wanted to see what the future Queen of Italy was like.

Madame Marguerite is supposed to have said after her engagement: "Je suis très fière de n'avoir pas à changer de nom." Of course, all the marriage ceremonies are being discussed, and the great question is whether we, here in Florence, shall have to wear trains or not. The wives of the *Chefs de Mission*, who go to Turin for the wedding, which takes place there, *must* have trains, both for the ceremony itself and for the presentation afterwards to the newly-made Princess of Piedmont, but will they be required for the reception *fêtes* here? This is a question which is exercising many minds at present.

[1] Afterwards Emperor Frederick III.

GIANDUJA EXPRESSING HIS SATISFACTION AT THE ROYAL WEDDING.

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Garibaldi has expressed his approbation of the marriage and his wish to send Madame Marguerite a bouquet of wild flowers from Caprera. As he is not at present on the best terms with the royal family, this is a very satisfactory sign. Poor Gianduja also, who stands for the representative Piedmontese, is supposed to approve highly. There is quite a pretty drawing of him, in his three-cornered hat, holding the portraits of the two *sposi*, and saying in his dialect that he is so pleased at their marriage that he has forgotten all his grievances (change of capital to Florence, &c.).

The Princess is well and happy; the marriage is to take place in less than a month now. She will probably make her entry into Florence on the last day of April, and stay here the whole month of May. It is said that the Crown Prince of Prussia is coming to the wedding festivities, in which case we shall have much more to do than we anticipated.

Blanche came this morning to try on my dresses, which look quite hopeful so far. The one for the tournament is in *faille gris perle*, with a *paletot* to match trimmed with point d'Argentan. Bonnet of white tulle with a *chou* of grey satin. Then I have a Watteau dress, light blue satin tunic over white tulle, trimmed with little black satin *cocottes* and bows. In the hair a *chou* of blue satin with a black aigrette and a branch of pink flowers. Don't exclaim! The idea is that of a dress Worth made this winter for a most elegant American, and you have no notion how knowing the little *cocottes* look! The other ball dress is all white, with bunches of white lilac.

Madame Marguerite is married. The salute was fired here, and that is all we know about it so far. April 23.

I have been very busy seeing after my dresses, which are not finished yet, and getting all sorts of odds and ends. In short, as Mme. Osten-Sacken said the other day: "Il faudrait se commander un petit trousseau si on veut tout avoir neuf!" Without going so far as that, there are plenty of things which are absolutely necessary. Then seeing about a carriage, which is also a necessity. Four hundred francs for the eight days! "J'en gémis" every time I think of it, and yet Mrs. Hardman is boasting loudly of having secured one for seventy francs a day, and people are now asking a hundred.

Our Consul here, Schmitz, is also rather groaning, as he has been making many preparations with a view to the arrival of our Crown Prince, whom he knows, having done the honours of Florence to him and the Crown Princess some years ago. He has bought a new carriage, new harnesses, new liveries for all his servants, and a new uniform for himself!

Count Usedom will travel with the Crown Prince from Turin, of course, and C. and Schmitz will receive him here at the station. I quite long sometimes to have all this bustle over and be quietly with you all, as I hope to be this summer!

I have just been interrupted by a visit from Mdlle. A. with all the accounts from Turin of the royal wedding. Madame Marguerite was beautiful in a pink dress for the *contrat*. At the marriage ceremony she wore all the Crown diamonds. She is reported to have said when it was all over: "On ne peut pas bien sauter dans cette toilette là, sans cela je sauterais de joie!" From this she appears to be well and in high spirits.

April 29. Yesterday our Crown Prince arrived, and I want

to write to you while the impression is still fresh in my mind. B. has been begging hard for some time past to see "son Prince à elle," so I suggested to C. that we should take the child to the railway-station to see the arrival. Arnim from Rome was already there, with his handsome, disagreeable face, and a cloak over his splendid uniform. Poor Schmitz seemed to feel very queer in his new one, made for the occasion, and looked as if he did not half like it. There was a great crowd of officials with Ginori, the Sindaco of Florence, the Prefetto, General Cadorna, who commands the town, and numbers of officers and aides-de-camp. A small group of Prussians was there also, amongst whom a Herr von Unruhe, one of the heroes of the late war, who had both his legs all but shot off at Sadowa. He was saved from amputation by a kind of miracle, and is here for his health; he looks very wan and small, poor fellow, but every inch a soldier. Mme. d'Usedom arrived with Hildegarde, who is now taller than her mother. Soon the whistle of the special train was heard, and it puffed slowly into the station. The Italian officers in attendance descended first from the saloon carriage, then came the Prince, and we saw his full height and splendid figure as he got down. He shook hands with the Countess, who executed an energetic curtsey, her dress coming down with a kind of flop. She then presented Hildegarde and me. The Prince put out his hand, which I did not expect, being accustomed to the Italian etiquette, but the nice, kindly pressure made my heart warm to him at once. The authorities were introduced, and then he spoke to C. and to Unruhe, who was quite in the background, but whom he singled out at once. Schmitz, who was standing by me, was

enchanted with the few gracious words: "Wier sind ja alte Freunden; meine Frau hat sehr oft von Ihnen gesprochen" (We are old friends; my wife has often spoken of you). Then the Prince moved on to the Court carriages with the red liveries that stood awaiting him outside, and before we could scramble into ours he had long gone, so that we could not judge of the reception the crowd gave him. At Turin and everywhere till now he has been enthusiastically received. "L'eroe di Sadowa! Il liberatore d'Italia!" (The hero of Sadowa! The liberator of Italy!), &c. They say he can hardly speak of it himself without emotion. Schmitz drove us home, as our dearly bought grandeur only begins to-morrow.

We have just returned from Lady Paget's party in honour of the Crown Prince, which was *very* select. H.R.H. dined at the English Legation, and we had been asked to go early. We came about nine, and found Hildegarde hovering about the entrance, not liking to go in alone. The servant showed us into the empty drawing-room, for the company was still at dinner. Presently the doors were thrown open, and we had a full view of them all sitting at table. It was rather awkward; Lady Paget was occupied with the Prince, and did not come forward. I forgot to curtsey till Mme. d'Usedom asked energetically, "Why don't you *bob?*" and then it was too late, as the Prince had turned to speak to somebody. Altogether I am afraid I made a mess of my *entrée*, but I don't think it mattered. C. had to go and speak to the Prince about some people who wish to be presented, and he talked so nicely with him, playing all the time with C.'s little string of orders. Mme. d'Usedom presented Hildegarde a second time,

but did not trouble about me any more. It was of no consequence, however, for later in the evening, when Lady Paget brought the Prince into the tea-room, he came up to me and said in English, "I must seize this opportunity of introducing myself to you," and began talking very pleasantly. It did not last long, as Lady Paget called him to take his tea, but the manner was most gracious and charming. It was very pretty to watch Lady Paget with the Prince; she is *née* Comtesse Hohenthal, and was maid of honour to his wife. She was, in fact, married to Sir Augustus Paget from their house. She is very lovely, with a tall, graceful figure, and was dressed in white *gaze de Chambéry*, with a little short lace apron tucked up at the sides *en paniers*. I wore my blue and black Watteau, which, however odd the description may sound, looks exquisite, in my opinion, with the black edging separating the blue satin from the soft tulle skirts. Mme. d'Usedom was in white *broché*, with gold, and heavy gold fringes. Lady Paget hovered about the Prince the whole time, presenting people to him, pulling forward armchairs for him to sit on, and giving him his tea, with such a pretty mixture of affection and respect. She introduced our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tottenham, most particularly to H.R.H., and he talked to them so nicely. It is really worth serving such a Prince, and I agree with Schmitz that the Italians must envy us having him. I had a visit from Mdlle. A. to-day, half frantic with delight. The King had sent for her, wishing to tell her himself how enchanted he was with Madame Marguerite. On arriving at the Palace she came across our Crown Prince, and Usedom presented her. The Prince spoke in glowing terms

of Madame Marguerite. "Sie wird eine glanzende Rolle spielen" (She will play a brilliant part). "Sie ist die schönste lieben-wurdigste Prinzessin in Europa" (She is the most beautiful and amiable Princess in Europe). You may imagine what were our friend's emotions in hearing such praise of her beloved pupil. Then she went in to the King, who enlarged on the same theme. "J'en ai pas mal vu des princesses et des reines, mais quelquechose comme Marguerite jamais! Elle a un aplomb, elle traverse tout un salon, elle parle à droite et à gauche, en Anglais, en Français, en Italien, en Allemand, comme vous l'avez bien élevée!" All accounts agree on that point: the Princess does not seem to know what shyness is, and is, moreover, full of happiness. When people at Turin pitied her for all the fatigue she had to undergo, she replied, "Comment peut-on se fatiguer quand on s'amuse tant?" After the marriage, on leaving the Cathedral, her mother, the Duchess of Genoa, presented her to the King as *his* daughter now! She threw herself at his feet, and when he raised her, embracing her rapturously, she said, "Ah! Sire, puisque vous êtes si bon pour moi, permettez que je ne vous appelle plus Sire, mais mon père!" All these charming things come to her quite naturally.

Mme. Menabrea [1] told me she took such pains to show herself to the people at Turin, who were continually shouting in Piedmontese for "La spouza! la spouza!" People say all the enthusiasm at Turin was for her and for our Prince. He, however, whenever he was with the royal family, persistently ignored the most marked applause and never seemed to imagine it was addressed to himself. I tell you all these things

[1] Wife of the Prime Minister.

DEPARTURE OF ROYAL PROCESSION FROM THE CASCINE.

PALAZZO PITTI.

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just as I remember them, one hears of little else. The Princess is at Castello this evening, the last station before Florence, where there is a royal villa. To-morrow she makes her grand entrance *couronne en tête*. All her Florentine ladies meet her at the Cascine. What a change it must be to her, after her rather monotonous life at Turin, to find herself the centre of everything, the first lady in the land!

C. is out, dining with our delightful Crown Prince, and so I cannot go to see the illuminations. From the windows I can just see the Pitti Palace glowing in lines of fire, and the tower of the Signoria traced in light against the sky, and unless C. comes back soon that is all I am likely to behold. Madame Marguerite, or rather, the Princess of Piedmont, made her entry into Florence this morning, a vision of youth and grace and beauty. The *cortége* was preceded by the new *Cent Gardes*, who look very well; then came the really magnificent glass coach that has just been built at Milan. The front seat was piled with enormous bouquets and heaps of flowers. At the back sat Prince Umberto, his dark head, much embroidered uniform, and the broad ribbons of his orders, making a strong contrast to his fair-haired bride all in white. Of the famous crown I saw nothing, not having time to take note of it, but people said her hair was full of diamond marguerites. Her shoulders were bare, and she looked a little flushed, but pleased and interested as she went along bowing continually. The crowd clapped her according to Florentine custom, for here they never shout. After the *sposi* came a very grand state carriage, all painted and gilt and quite empty. Then a quieter one, with Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, the Prince de Carignan, and the little Duke of Genoa, brother of

April 30.

the bride. Then followed the six Florentine ladies in full toggery, with their bare necks and jewels, smothered in bouquets, and looking rather hot and bored. There were two ladies in each carriage, with aides-de-camp and *maîtres des cérémonies* to fill up. The whole *cortége* was magnificent. All the horses had their manes plaited with silver, like in Rome, and the harness, carriages, and liveries were perfectly splendid.

When we had seen it all pass, C. hurried off, as he had to present the *consistoire* of the Swiss-German Church to our Prince. He returned in a minute, however, to say he had just met Mme. d'Usedom, who told him the Prince was to go to Villa Capponi about five, that we were to be there and to bring B. By the time we were ready C. came back well satisfied. Usedom had not been forthcoming, so he had to present all the *consistoire* himself. The Prince had been most gracious, and after they were dismissed had remained talking with C. of all sorts of things, till the Prince Amadeo had arrived to pay a visit. Our carriage came in very conveniently, and we drove off to Capponi, where everything was beautifully arranged and a perfect wealth of roses dispersed in every direction. When the royal carriages came in sight there was a moment of great bustle, Usedom and C. rushing downstairs, the Comtesse *screaming* to the servants, and Arnim laughing. He is not used to her ways, I suppose, for he asked me, "Ist Sie immer so?" (Is she always like that?). Mme. d'Usedom took up her position at the door of the great entrance hall upstairs, Hildegarde, B. and I in the background. The Prince came in tall and stately and bowed. We all *bobbed*, according to the Comtesse's elegant expression. After

speaking to her, he came on to us and asked who the little girl was. I explained, and also said how delighted she was to see her *own* Prince. Thereupon he shook hands with her most kindly, and then with me and Hildegarde, and went on to the terrace, from which the view was perfectly enchanting in this exquisite weather. B., quite calm and self-possessed, trotted about amongst all the gentlemen, flirting in Italian with de Renzis. Once the Comtesse called her *Beatrice* very loud, upon which the Prince turned to me and asked if that was her name. He said it was the name of his youngest sister-in-law, who was also his god-daughter as well as his wife's. We went on talking, and I showed him Vallombrosa in the distance. He asked if the monks were still there, and how we were lodged, and if there was no "little population." In short, the conversation was quite *gemuthlich*. He stayed till past six on the terrace, taking ices and cakes, in which his example was closely followed by all his suite, who, having to rush about all day, seem always ready and eager for any kind of refreshment. Then the Prince walked through the rooms again, shook hands with B. and me, hoping he should see us again, and took leave of the Countess. As we drove along the Lung' Arno we saw the heavy folds of the white and black flag that hangs from the Prince's windows in the hotel. At the Legation we have the white, black, and red flag of the Northern Confederation, which looks new and queer.

C. went this morning to the Crown Prince, who keeps a sort of open house; anybody coming in about breakfast-time being asked to sit down. C., as you know, does not approve of extra meals; however, he managed a second breakfast this morning. Just as he was taking leave after breakfast, Usedom told him to **May 2.**

wait, and asked the Prince's leave to take the "Legations-Rath" with them to S. Domenico, where they were going to meet the Comtesse. The carriage was just moving off, but the Prince caught hold of C.'s arm and helped him to jump in. The poor Comtesse had been expecting them all the morning, as the Prince was to have breakfasted with her at S. Domenico, but just as he was starting the King arrived to pay him a visit and stayed two hours, so that, as he said in his polite way, "Je n'ai pas d'excuses à faire." On their return from Fiesole they visited some churches, and C. came in for a piece of good luck. He has been looking over Florentine history of late with a view to possible emergencies, and now came his reward. In the course of conversation the Prince asked casually when did the last Medici die. Usedom looked nonplussed. "Bunsen, do you happen to know?" "In 1737," brought out C. triumphantly. After this he came home in very good spirits, and insisted on our going to the Cascine to the races. We were late, and arrived just as the royalties left the race-ground, and saw them all pass before us in the most delightful manner. First the King, who was driving with his daughter, the Queen of Portugal, who is here for the wedding festivities. She was lying back in the carriage looking very pretty and delicate, and leaving all the bowing business to her father. Her son, the pretty little "Infant" of Portugal, was on the front seat. Then came the *sposi*, Madame Marguerite in a blue dress, looking so young and slight by the side of a portly *dame d'honneur*, who took up more than her fair share of the seat. Prince Umberto sat opposite his wife with an aide-de-camp. Then our own Crown Prince driving with the Duke d'Aosta. He recognised us *en passant*

and gave me a delightful bow, with a bright look of recognition. I think you will have perceived that I had pretty nearly lost my heart to him already, but that bow finished me! Besides, did he not tell C. that he wished he had time to go to Vallombrosa, "Ihrer Frau Gemahlin hat eine so reizendo Beschreibung davon gemacht" (Your wife gave me such a charming description of it). The Crown Prince is going to the Swiss-German Church to-morrow, Sunday, and C. had to give a hint that the sermon should not be too long, or, as an aide-de-camp told him, "Der Prinz wird nervös!" (The Prince gets nervous). After church he visits the German Deaconesses' establishment, and in the evening we are asked to the Palazzo Corsini, on the Lung' Arno, to see the fireworks—the King and all the royalties to be there.

Yesterday, Sunday, C. and I went to the Swiss-German Church and found the Crown Prince already seated in the front bench. He had come too soon, and had to wait nearly ten minutes before the service began; the sermon also was not so short as it should have been after C.'s hint. After a time I saw the Prince, who had been sitting immovable, attending in the most edifying manner, begin changing his position a little, and felt dreadfully afraid he was getting "nervous." However, the sermon did come to an end, and he soon walked out amongst the crowd, who made rather a rush to see him drive off in the royal carriages to the Deaconesses' establishment. We followed and saw the whole place—all the classes, all the bedrooms, everything exquisitely clean and fresh. The Sisters, who are mostly Prussian, were beaming with delight and giving themselves infinite trouble to bring in "Königliche Hoheit" every time they answered a

question, as is right and proper. I am afraid I am rather remiss in that respect, but then H.R.H. always speaks English to me.

Finally, the Prince invited Schwester Ida, the Directress, to bring all the children to see the fireworks from his windows in the hotel that evening. Poor Schwester Ida was quite overpowered. "Aber darf man annehmen?" (Does one dare to accept?). The Prince nodded "Ja, ja!" and told Lucadow to see that the children were received. He went again into the large class-room to take leave of them and give his invitation himself. Did they all learn German, he asked. Yes? then he would speak German—he invited them all to see the fireworks from his windows; did they understand? They all grinned and nodded most decidedly. Then he shook hands with Schwester Ida, made me a profound bow, another to B., who stood quite still gazing at him, and went off, having made a conquest of all hearts there, as you may believe. In the afternoon we drove to the Corso di Gala, where we had great luck in seeing everything. We first came across the Prince and Princess of Piedmont stuck fast in the crowd in their grand glass coach, Madame Marguerite looking just a little pale and anxious, I thought, for there seemed no possibility of their getting through the fearful crowd that thronged the carriage on all sides. A little further on we saw the King and the Queen of Portugal in the same predicament, Vittorio looking decidedly "nervös"; indeed, we heard that he cut the *fila* soon afterwards, turned into a side street, and drove off. Later on we met the Duchess of Genoa, who recognised us this time, and smiled and bowed. Then, on the Lung' Arno, our own Prince, who bowed most graciously.

After coming to the end of the *fila* we turned back again, and met the great gala carriage with the Prince and Princess a second time. We bowed, of course, and Madame Marguerite returned the salute mechanically, like any other. Then a look of remembrance seemed to flash across her face, and she bent eagerly forward, quite against the window, nodding and smiling to B. That smile and look of recognition were worth all the heat and fatigue of the Corso. She looked very lovely in an ethereal white bonnet, with a blush rose at the top and another by way of fastening. I must not forget the Grand Duchesse Marie of Russia, who also bowed and recognised us, so that our list of royalties was complete. It was quite late when we got home, and we had just time to get something to eat and to dress for the fireworks.

The Corsini Palace was magnificent. The grand staircase and great upper hall, which usually look so bare and solitary, were completely transformed, brilliantly lighted, carpeted, covered with flowers; they were splendid. At the foot of the stairs two powdered footmen in gorgeous livery held two enormous wax torches higher than themselves. The way to the reception-rooms was marked out in the hall by a row of large candelabra, and armies of servants—some in livery, some in black, but all powdered—were there to show the way. A tent had been constructed on the terrace for the royal party, and in the drawing-room adjoining this we waited. We ladies had been told to come in high gowns, but without bonnets. The Prince and Princess of Piedmont were the first to arrive. I happened to be in a very good place—just behind the row of stiff, uncomfortable gilt chairs which seem to be always pre-

pared for royalty—and I could really feast my eyes with looking at Madame Marguerite. She is not much changed; taller, of course, but it is the same sweet face, the lovely hair and eyes, and every movement, every change of expression is charming. She was perfectly self-possessed as she came in bowing right and left, and then pausing a little before she took possession of one of the stiff chairs. She was beautifully dressed, in white *gaze de Chambéry* striped with green, the body high and cut square in front, and a whole *parure*—locket, pendant, earrings, and brooch of the most superb emeralds set in diamonds. Mme. Usedom soon bustled up to the Princess. Madame Marguerite rose and gave her her hand, whereupon the Countess *bobbed* with a vengeance, very nearly coming into collision with the Princess's graceful head. She asked H.R.H. to her grand reception at Capponi next Wednesday, and Madame Marguerite promised to come if she was not quite knocked up. Soon the Duchess of Genoa arrived, and mother and daughter sat side by side. The King came with the Queen of Portugal, who looked languid and graceful, as usual, and soon after the royalties moved off into their tent, the Duchess of Genoa pushing her daughter forward, forcing her with gentle violence to precede her. Our Prince was late, and we heard afterwards that he had really waited to receive the Deaconesses and their children and see them settled. The fireworks were nothing particular, the prettiest part of the sight being the Arno itself, with all the windows of the houses along its banks lighted up and quantities of boats with lamps.

VILLA CAPPONI (NOW LA PIETRA).

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CHAPTER XIV

Dinner at Capponi — Court Ball — Tournament — Reception at Capponi for Prince and Princess of Piedmont—Ball at Cascine —B.'s presentation — Departure of Prince and Princess of Piedmont.

YESTERDAY there was a dinner at seven at Capponi—a small party, only the Legation to meet the Prince and suite. The only *outside* lady asked was the Duchesse Sforza, whom H.R.H. knew in Rome. Vittorio had taken our Prince out driving, so he had sent a message to say he was afraid he should be late—and late he was! I don't envy the poor cook's feelings! The dinner was not very bright at first, for we were all exhausted with hunger, I think, excepting the Prince, whose powers of bearing heat and fatigue appear unrivalled. But then, as de Renzis explained to me, "La première chose le matin il se met un bon biftake dans l'estomac, et après cela il peut faire tout ce qu'en veut." This, of course, strikes Italians, who generally breakfast on a cup of black coffee at the nearest restaurant. The Prince had taken in the Comtesse, and sat between her and the Sforza, always insisting on the two ladies being helped before him. I fell to Usedom's share, and sat opposite; but there was a great bouquet on the table, which prevented my seeing anything but the Prince's orders, to

May 4.

my intense disgust. He had on two—one Prussian *pour le mérite* and the Italian gold medal, both very rare, and won by himself on the field of battle. After the champagne Usedom brightened up and became paternal and amusing. He has a hard life of it at present, for he scarcely likes to let the Prince out of his sight. After dinner the Countess called to me, "Madame de Bunsen, the Prince is admiring your lace" (I had on the famous *garniture de Malines* over green silk). I approached, of course, and H.R.H. asked if he might touch it. He took up a bit to examine it, but I do not think he knows much about it. Then he began telling me about the children and the Deaconesses coming to him. "I assure you I got quite shy; the dining-room was already occupied by some ladies who had asked to see the fireworks, so that when the children arrived I had to take them all to my bedroom. There is an alcove, you know, and curtains, so it was quite proper; but still, it was rather awkward. Then I wanted them to have some cakes and something to drink, and just then the Prince de Carignan and the Duke of Aosta came in, and could not imagine where all these children came from!" Coffee was served while we were talking, and, as usual, a little tray with only one cup on it was brought expressly to H.R.H. This he offered to me, not choosing to help himself before a lady. Now I have heard that at Courts you should never refuse anything that comes in your way; still, help myself out of that particular tray I felt to be impossible (it would have upset all the arrangements), so I curtsied and thanked, and said I did not care for coffee, which was a fib, for I regretted not having any. After that an obnoxious aide-de-camp came up and put an end to the conver-

PORTRAIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, GIVEN BY HIMSELF TO C. VON BUNSEN, 1868.

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sation, which had been really most pleasant. All the gentlemen went to smoke on the terrace in the exquisite moonlight. Mme. d'Usedom put on a cloak and went out too, but as neither the Duchess Sforza, nor Miss Malcolm, nor Hildegarde followed her example, I did not like to leave them, and so we had a long, dull evening. Hardly any of the gentlemen came near us, and the Prince only came back to say goodbye at about midnight.

To-day we are to be presented officially to the Princess of Piedmont at half-past three, and there is the Court ball in the evening. To-morrow there is the tournament, and the grand reception at Capponi in the evening.

I have let two days pass without writing, and hardly know how I am to continue my journal; there is so much to say, and I am so done up with fatigue. Our presentation to the Princess of Piedmont did not take place after all. She had a bad cold, and had to keep in bed all day in order to be present at the Court ball. **May 7.**

In the evening I dressed quietly for the Court ball. C. dined with the Crown Prince and came back quite touched with his kindness—that is, however, our habitual state of mind, but on this occasion he had given him a beautiful large coloured photograph of himself, with the signature Frederick Wilhelm, and the date, Florence, 1868. It is a perfect likeness, so that you may imagine that it is a real treasure and remembrance of some of the most interesting days in our lives. The Court ball was fearfully hot, and we had to wait quite unusually long before the royalties appeared. It was the first time I saw the Crown Prince in uniform, in which he looks splendid. He danced with the Princess of Piedmont and the Duchess

of Genoa. It is charming to see our Prince with Madame Marguerite, he is so chivalrous in his manner to her, and she looks so bright, and evidently enjoys his conversation. After a time she got up from her place and came over to talk with the diplomatic ladies; she recognised me, and I *bobbed*, then she came and talked to me over the chairs. "Comment va, Bibiche? Je l'ai reconnue l'autre jour au corso," &c. I asked how she was. "Oh! ce n'est rien, trop de strappazze [fatigue], voilà tout." Presently the Duchess of Genoa came round, and she also talked to me. One interesting episode of the ball was the Crown Prince presenting Unruhe and another Prussian lieutenant who had been in the war to the King. He looked so grand and stately, presenting them as if they had been his children, and they went through the ordeal very well, in a simple, manly fashion, conscious of that powerful support. A few minutes after this had taken place a lady next me told me Bernhardi wished to speak to me. Bernhardi is by no means a favourite at the Legation, where he goes by the name of *old man*, and I could not imagine what he could possibly have to say to me. He came, however, in his joy to tell me he was sure I would be glad to hear the King had promised a decoration, not only to Unruhe, but to *two* other Prussians! It seems the other lieutenant, who had just been presented, is here with a friend, and they generally go about together, but having only one dress uniform between them, drew lots as to who was to wear it to-night. The Prince was somehow informed of this, and not wishing the other poor fellow to lose so much by not coming to the ball, asked for a decoration for him also. I really *was* glad, and have felt more kindly to *old man* ever

ACCUMULATED DEPRECIATION

DUCA CARACCIOLO IN THE COSTUME OF THE NEAPOLITANS AT THE TOURNAMENT.

DUKE OF AOSTA AS CONTE VERDE.

since for being so sure of my sympathy on the occasion. Unruhe told me, when he called on me some time ago, poor fellow, that he had served under the Crown Prince in the Prussian-Austrian War, and that he was looking forward with such delight to his coming here. I remember thinking at the time that I hoped it would be a pleasure to him, but that I did not imagine, from my notion of princes, he was likely to see much of him; but he knew his Prince, whereas I did not!

Yesterday, Wednesday, was a dreadful day. Torneo in the afternoon and grand reception at the Villa Capponi in the evening! The weather was hot and *muggy*, and rain fell occasionally in the morning, to my great annoyance, for I wanted to put on my dress made expressly for the occasion! After much hesitation I did put it on and was rewarded, for after a few drops of rain when we first set out the weather cleared. The tournament was really a lovely sight. There were four different sets of riders from Turin, Milan, Florence, and Naples, *la fleur des pois* of the nobility of these great towns in splendid costumes and on horses that excited the admiration even of the Austrians who sat with us. It was so beautiful that I felt a dreamy wish it would never stop! One of the figures executed by the Milanese excited universal applause. By a series of dexterous manœuvres they formed themselves into a perfectly distinct and gigantic letter *M* right across the arena in front of the royal box, where sat Madame Marguerite, the centre of all this homage. The Duke of Aosta, who directed the proceedings in a superb costume as Conte Verde, one of the historical names of the House of Savoy, presented a bouquet to his fair sister-in-law, which was of

so monstrous a size that it required two men to carry it. It really was too big to be pretty.

Capponi was all illuminated, and looked very pretty in the evening. C., Count D., and Count Eulenberg were at the entrance waiting to receive the royalties and to let the Crown Prince know of their arrival, that he might come and meet them, as he was doing the honours. The rooms were filling fast, and presently Count Eulenberg came in hot haste to call the Prince, as the Prince and Princess of Piedmont were there. Madame Marguerite was looking much better, and passed, bowing gracefully, as is her wont, into a sort of inner sanctuary reserved for the "Hohe Herrschaften." It was really Mme. Usedom's bedroom with all the furniture changed and everything beautifully arranged for the occasion. Presently our Prince led out Madame Marguerite, but though way was made for them to pass, the rooms were too full to move about in, and the Comtesse established the Princess on a sofa in the corner of the big drawing-room, and sat me down by her. We talked very pleasantly, Madame Marguerite inquiring, as usual, for "'Bibiche,' j'espère que vous me l'amènerez au moins!" I told her B. had almost cried the day I was dressing for the presentation to her (which did not take place) because she could not go too. "Eh bien, elle m'a pas oubliée; c'est bien!" Then she showed me a diamond necklace and locket she had on. "C'est joli, n'est ce pas? C'est la garde nationale du royaume qui me l'a donné aujourd'hui." It was so funny to hear her talk in her old natural, rather abrupt way. "Je suis bien grandie depuis que vous ne m'avez vue, n'est ce pas?" I thought that was quite charming, coming from her in her present position! As you may imagine, I would

have sat and talked on there willingly enough, but I saw all eyes fixed upon us, and told the Princess that I must not absorb her entirely. "Qu'est ce que je dois faire? Je n'ai jamais été a une soirée moi, comment fait on?" I had certainly been to plenty of *soirées*, but I was not much more *au courant* of what a Princess was expected to do than she was! Her ladies were flirting in the next room. The Countess, as I afterwards heard, had lost a splendid pearl and diamond earring, and was engaged in looking for it, and energetically lamenting its loss. (It was found later.) Usedom had disappeared completely from our regions. Our Prince was taking care of himself, holding his own manfully in the midst of the crowd and talking to all. Prince Umberto was doing likewise. I was left entirely to my own discretion, and acted up to my lights on the occasion. At last we determined that I should bring up Mrs. Cadogan, who evidently wished to have that honour, having placed herself exactly opposite and eyeing the Princess *avec un sourire de béatitude*. As she had been presented at the ball the night before, she was quite *en règle*. I went to tell her the Princess wished to speak to her, and installed her on the sofa. I then began to look for other people to bring up, but found it no easy task. Some of the ladies had not been presented yet, others were nervous and shy. At last Mdlle. A. arrived and sat herself down by Madame Marguerite; so, as she was no longer alone, I went into the next room. Later, Mme. d'Usedom reappeared on the scene leading the Princess in to supper, presenting people to her right and left, and apparently amusing her well. Our Prince had his supper too, and in all respects the *soirée* went off brilliantly; the supper was

magnificent, and the whole thing seems to be considered a great success. C., who had dined at the villa, sat by Jasmund, one of the Prince's officers, and had a very interesting conversation, so that all had gone off well.

Yesterday there was only the Cascine ball in the evening, and Count Otto advised C. to go to the Hotel della Pace towards six, when he would certainly be asked to dinner, and so take his leave quietly of all the suite. The Crown Prince himself was to dine quite alone with the King, only de Renzis waiting outside to accompany him back. C. did not quite like the idea of asking for a dinner, but it turned out to be quite the right thing to do. He was instantly invited to stay, and whilst they were still at table the Prince came in quite quietly by a side door. The first thing C. knew of it was seeing everybody stand up. He sat down at the opposite end of the long table and began talking. Soon he called out in the voice which, despite all politeness, has the ring of command in it, "Herr von Bunsen." C. left his dessert and came to sit by him, while he spoke about several rather delicate negotiations C. had undertaken for him, in all of which he has been lucky. Then, *à propos* of something in the conversation, the Prince told him several anecdotes of his campaign in Bohemia, imitating the people and their way of speaking in a most amusing manner. Then they went to smoke, and the Prince said he wished for the photographs of all the members of the Legation for an album he has got. I am to send mine too. When he dismissed them he gave them all his royal hand for the first time.

The ball at the Cascine was really beautiful. There

was a *bal populaire* with music on the Piazzone, the trees were all illuminated with coloured lamps that looked like big transparent fruits, and the whole place was like fairyland. Inside the arrangements were very good ; the Corps diplomatique had a place apart behind the royal party, from which we could see all that went on. The heat was great, but it was quite pretty and pleasant. Our Prince, as usual, went about and spoke to quantities of people. I got only a bow, which was sad, as it was my last time of seeing him ! When the royalties went to supper we came away, and got home about half-past one. The servants asked permission to go and see the Cascine, as all Florence was up and there still. It was not worth while for C. to go to bed, as he had to be at the station in full uniform at four to see the Crown Prince off. So I kept him company, and we passed our time talking until he had to go off in the grey dawn, looking so odd in uniform at that time of day. I would have given a great deal to go with him, but it was impossible, of course, as none but men were to be there.

He came back much edified, saying it was all so well done, no haste or hurry. The Princes Umberto, Amadeo, and Carignan were all there. Our Prince had begged them not to come at that early hour, but the answer was : "Monseigneur, nous connaissons notre devoir !" He did not forget the Prussians, however ; a circle was formed, and the Prince went round, beginning with C., to whom he said, "Grüssen Sie zu Hause." He spoke a few words and shook hands with each one, even with the Kanzelist Heckert, but only with *his own people !* He talked with Schweizer, the Baden Minister, and was very gracious, but did not give him his hand. Then he went on to

the platform, took leave of the Princes, and entered his special train, talking and laughing with them till the last moment. Usedom and Count Otto go with him as far as Genoa, I believe.

And so he has gone, and the black and white flag no longer waves from his windows; and what with the sleepless night and the sudden cessation of the interest and excitement one feels quite queer and at a loose end. I honestly confess I had not much looked forward to his coming, and had no idea what his visit would be like. Now his stay here will always be a most pleasant and interesting remembrance. The delight of seeing a man nobly filling the high station in which God has placed him, never thinking of himself, always the same, good-tempered, polite, considerate, and kind to everybody. His suite cannot say enough in his praise. All through the war in the most anxious moments his cheerfulness and nerve never failed him. As to the impression he has made here, there is but one cry, "Comme vous êtes heureux d'avoir un tel Prince! Heureux le pays qui aura un tel roi!" [1]

May 9. There is a ball at the Casino this evening, but we

[1] It is pathetic to think of what his short and tragic reign of ninety days as Kaiser Frederick III. of Germany really came to, twenty years afterwards, in 1888. But he remained the same. Prince Hohenlohe, who certainly cannot be accused of sentimentality, gives a touching description in his Memoirs of his last interview with his dying sovereign: "As I took leave and tried to express my most heartfelt wishes, the Emperor laid his hand on my shoulder with such a melancholy smile that it was all I could do to restrain tears. He seemed to me like a martyr, and there can, in fact, be no worse martyrdom than this slow dying. All who approach him are full of admiration of the quiet and courageous resignation with which he meets the fate which he clearly sees, and which he feels to be inevitable. I must have seen him yesterday for the last time."

are not going. I must write one of these days to the Marquise Montereno, Madame Marguerite's *dame d'honneur*, to ask for an audience, as the Princess specially told me to come and see her and bring B. *Apropos* of this, I must tell you an anecdote of B. Anina, her former nurse, came to see her the other day, and B. informed her that she was to go and see Madame Marguerite. "E che li dirà alla Principessa?" (What will you say to the Princess?) asked Anina. "Come tu sei sciocca," responded the child, "aspetterò di sentire quello che mi dirà la Principessa e poi le risponderò" (How silly you are! I will wait and hear what the Princess says to me, and then I will answer her!). I think that is quite to the point. After this interview I suppose we shall be quite quiet until we have to begin to pack for our summer move. Just at present everything feels very dull and flat after the great excitement of the past week. In one way we are thankful to be able to stay at home and eat our meals in peace, but we have not yet settled down to our ordinary occupations, and feel tired and restless.

Yesterday I took B. to see the Princess, as Mme. de Montereno had written to appoint an audience at one o'clock. I felt just a little nervous, but all went off as easily as possible. All the servants in red liveries at the Pitti are extremely civil, and we made our way quite easily to the Princess's apartment, which is *au second*, an awful way up. There is first a great antechamber for servants, and then another, where the Prince's *officiers a'ordonnance*, &c., were all smoking. This looked alarming, but a *chambellan* came forward and said he was afraid Mme. de Montereno was not there yet, but would I come into the *salon d'attente*. This was a handsome room, the tables all covered with letters, **May 12.**

despatches, and writing materials. There were magnificent bouquets stuck about and some good furniture. B. and I waited there for some time, the *chambellan* making conversation occasionally. An *officier d'ordonnance* came in to write a letter, and then another lady arrived, who told me she was to have *her* audience at a quarter past one! Finally the *chambellan*, who had peeped several times into the next room, opened the door and signified that I was to go in. Inside stood Madame Marguerite, who advanced to meet us, embraced me, and began kissing B. There was very little etiquette. She made me sit beside her on the sofa and took B. on her lap, quite regardless of her beautiful dress, which was hardly fastened, she said. She had been in such a hurry, and excused herself for keeping us waiting. She had been out since eight in the morning visiting schools, hospitals, &c. "Le Prince m'attendait déjà pour le séjeuner quand je suis rentrée, puis j'ai encore en a faire, maintenant j'ai des visites jusqu'a trois heures; j'ai a peine vu mon mari un instant." She stopped and smiled, "Cela me semble encore si drôle de dire mon mari!" Then she talked to B., who sat and gazed at her, "C'est pour moi que tu as ces marguerites a ton chapeau, Bibiche?" She then took out a little chain and locket and fastened them round Beatrice's neck: "Je voulais y mettre mon portrait, mais je n'ai vraiment pas eu le temps. Je te l'enverrai!" Parting with Mdlle. A. was, she said, the only chagrin she had at present, "au reste, je suis si heureuse et contente!" Then she embraced me again and the interview was over. The chamberlain must have been very near the door, for no sooner did I put my hand on the lock than he opened it, and having made my final curtsey I departed. Prince

MADEMOISELLE A.

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Umberto had joined his officers, and they were all smoking together in the antechamber. Of course, I had to stop and curtsey to the Prince, who made me a very civil bow, and looked *sehr human*. General Cugia, too, was very friendly. B. was much impressed by the whole proceeding. "Oh! maman, comme la Princesse est jolie! Béatrice ne l'avait pas bien vue en voiture!"

Yesterday evening at eleven the Prince and Princess of Piedmont left Florence to go to the *fêtes* at Genoa. Mdlle. A. passed almost the whole day and evening with the Princess, and they had tea together as of old. **May 15.**

I have given notice that we leave this house at the end of May. This means, of course, that I have all the delights of packing before me. It makes me shudder, I quite allow, as I well remember that last year I felt it positive *rest* to sit under the dentist's hands! Carlsruhe is to be my first station, I hope, and then I shall go on to you.

The weather, which was so splendid for the *fêtes*, has changed and is most unpleasant. This evening we are going to the Marsh's to meet the Motleys—the historian's family.

The last day at Florence was dreadful; it seemed really impossible to get through all that had to be done. Mdlle. A., who was to travel with me, went off at the last moment to dine with the Marsh's and did not return till we had nearly given her up, and a fearful thunderstorm came to crown all. **Verona.**

Thanks to our Consul we had a *coupé* to ourselves, so were able to settle B. comfortably in it. She went to sleep directly, regardless of ringing of bells and snorting and screaming of engines. Crowds of people had come to see others off, and we had many to bid us

goodbye, amongst others Menabrea,[1] who had a long talk with Mdlle. A., giving her news of the Princess's entry into Milan, about which he had had two telegrams, and which went off as splendidly as everything else has till now. Mdlle. A. entreated him to be careful of Madame Marguerite's health and not allow her to be over-tired. "Soyez tranquille," he said, "nous la soignerons bien, c'est notre perle." In fact, I believe the whole Ministry feels personally obliged to the Princess for her wonderful success. Her marriage has been a trump card in its hands.

[1] Prime Minister.

Frederick William, Crown Prince.
Afterwards Emperor Frederick.

CHAPTER XV

C. named Conseiller de Legation to the Hague—Berlin—Countess Bismarck — Countess Schulemburg — Reception at Crown Prince's—Ball in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales —Schleppen Cour—Children's Ball at Crown Prince's Palace —Masken Ball—Children's party at Schönhausen.

WHEN we left Florence after the brilliant *fêtes* in honour of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, I little thought that we were not destined to return to that beautiful city for many a long year to come; but so it was.

In the summer of 1868 my husband was named "Conseiller de Legation" to the Hague, but was ordered to work first at the Foreign Office in Berlin, under Prince (then Count) Bismarck, for a time. We arrived there on January 1, 1869, and as soon as C. had *angemeldet* (announced) himself, by writing his name at the different palaces, he was asked to all the Court functions and treated with the kindness which the old King (afterwards Emperor Wilhelm I.) invariably showed to all the members of the Bunsen family. My position was not so simple, for I had never been in Berlin before, and had had no opportunity of being presented to the Queen and the royal Princesses. As my husband was at that time immediately under Count Bismarck, it soon appeared that the right person to introduce me was the Countess Bismarck, our *Chefesse*

for the time being. Owing to the singularly exalted position held by the Bismarcks in Berlin at that time, just after the victorious conclusion of the war with Austria, it would have been impossible for me to have a better *chaperone*, and Mme. de Bismarck performed her part with a kindness which I shall always remember with a warm feeling of gratitude. As it happened, I was the first lady she had introduced in this way, and my *début* in the Berlin world was not only satisfactory, but almost sensational. Owing to these circumstances we enjoyed the festivities of a very brilliant carnival, and had, for rather more than three months, many opportunities of seeing different aspects of Berlin society.

Cologne, Dec. 30, 1868.

We got to Cologne this morning about five, in utter darkness, and had some difficulty in waking up the hotel people. The night journey here is not pleasant; one is constantly being routed out, or asked for tickets or something. At the Belgian frontier they clear the train, and drive the travellers into a cold station in a manner which must make all concerned sigh for the suppression of that country.

It is all very nice here, and the German sounds so pleasant and *freundlich* (friendly). I wonder if I shall like Berlin as well? At present, however, they have unfortunately lighted an iron stove in the room, and I feel as if I were going to explode—*that* is a thing I do not like in Germany!

Berlin, Jan. 1, 1869.

It seems quite queer to be really writing from Berlin, after so often imagining what it would be like and picturing it to myself. I like it immensely so far; but first I must wish you all a good New Year, properly and solemnly, as every one does here. We travelled

from Cologne very comfortably in a first-class carriage, for which we have been well laughed at, as they tell us only Jews and princes go first-class in Germany.

G. and T.[1] were at the station to meet us, and we drove at once to the hotel, where we found our rooms all ready and heated, and had coffee and dressed.

This morning T. came early, as he and C. were to write their names at the Crown Prince's to *gratuliren* for the New Year. Meanwhile, I had a very satisfactory interview with the master of the hotel. He began by kissing my hand and wishing me a good New Year, and then we proceeded to business. It seems to me that the prices are exceedingly moderate.

I told mine host that this was my first visit to Berlin; whereupon he said he would do all in his power to make it a pleasant one, again kissed my hand and my sleeve, to my great astonishment, and departed. It seems he is quite a well-known man, and presides at *table d'hôte* with his decorations on! Later, C. took me a walk up the Linden to the Schloss, where the royal flag was flying and carriages driving to and fro full of uniforms, there being great receptions on account of New Year's Day. All that part of Berlin is very handsome, with fine buildings, and, with the bright sun and lots of people about, it looked quite charming. I said so to Count Otto, whom we met—one meets every one, it seems to me, Unter den Linden. He answered patronisingly, "Na so übel ist es nicht" (No, it is not so bad), and went on to write his name down at the Palace.

British Hotel, Berlin, Jan. 10.

Yesterday the Countess Bismarck was to take me, by appointment, to the Countess Schulemburg, the *grande maîtresse* to the Queen, to arrange about my

[1] My brothers-in-law George and Theodore von Bunsen.

presentation at Court, &c. The Bismarck carriage came for me at three, and I drove alone in it to the Foreign Office. (If it had been a seraphic conveyance I really think it could hardly have produced more effect on the hotel people.) The Countess received me most kindly. She had not troubled to get herself up much for the *grande maîtresse*, being in a plain blue serge and furs. I had, of course, made a certain amount of toilette. Now that I have some experience of the importance which is attached here to all such trifling matters of etiquette, I could not help protesting against being made to enter the carriage first and sit on the right. "Ach, meine liebe, das macht gar nichts" (Ah, my dear, what does it matter?), was Mme. de Bismarck's answer, which shows once more the truth of the saying, "qu'il vaut mieux s'adresser au bon Dieu qu'à ses saints." We proceeded to the Countess Schulemburg—a stiff and formal, but not unkindly old lady. She and Mme. de Bismarck discussed my affairs between them. I was to be presented at the "Schleppen Cour" (the court with trains), and then the Countess Bismarck seemed to think she had only to introduce me further to the ladies of the different Princesses and the Corps diplomatique. The Schulemburg said, however, that once she was about it, she might as well take me to the Ministers' wives and the various Hof-Chargen, which she consented to do. After this was decided we drove about for more than an hour, leaving my cards in those of the Countess, while she very kindly wrote down the list of the visits —"Damit Sie wissen wo Sie gewesen sind" (That you may know where you have been). When we came to any of the Hofdamen (Court ladies) she asked if they were at home, telling me it would be better if she could

CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE. SCHLOSS IN THE DISTANCE.

present me at once; for the rest, she would introduce me either on Monday at Lord Augustus Loftus's English Embassy, or on Tuesday at the Benedetti's (French). Finally, she got down at the Schloss to pay a visit of her own, sending me back in her carriage. The sentinel at the Palace gate just recovered himself in time *not* to present arms to me, and I returned here, where C. was much interested to hear of all my adventures.

On Monday a servant in Court livery tapped at the door of our rooms with a list in his hand, and, as is the custom here, gave us a verbal invitation to the Crown Princess's for yesterday evening.

At eight o'clock precisely we were at the Crown Prince's Palace—a very handsome building near the end of Unter den Linden. Eulenburg and Jasmund, old Florence acquaintances, met us in the drawing-room, with the Countess Hohenthal and the Countess Reventlow, two of the Princess's ladies. Besides these and myself there were only three other ladies. We stood still and talked, till a door suddenly flew open, and the Crown Princess came in. She looked remarkably well, much better than any of her photographs, which do not do her justice. She has the finest, most intelligent eyes it is possible to see, a pleasant smile, beautiful teeth, and something most bright and animated about her whole person. She was dressed in white *gaze de Chambéry*, with a red bow in her hair, which was very well arranged in a mass of little curls. She went up first to an old Excellenz, Frau von Bülow, and talked with her. Then she came to me, the Countess Hohenthal standing by to name me. She spoke English, and asked after my mother-in-law, and then mentioned the R.'s—had they not been at Florence? were we friends?—how pretty she was. She spoke

about Hilda also, and then went straight across the room to talk with some of the gentlemen, and soon I saw her laughing with T. The Prince meantime had come in by another door, in uniform, but quite *en petite tenue*, no orders, &c. I spare you my feelings on seeing him again! He also began with the old Excellenz, and then went off to the gentlemen. We stood and stood and talked *sotto voce* whilst they progressed slowly round the circle, not speaking to everybody, but singling out some one here and there. I saw the Prince shake hands with C. and T., and say to C. "Come sta" in Italian. After a time the Princess sat down on a sofa, and asked the Excellenz to sit by her; Eulenburg motioned me to a chair on the other side of a round table which stood before her sofa. He introduced various gentlemen—some of them artists—who sat down round the table. C. and T. were placed at another table with the ladies-in-waiting. This part of the proceedings was laborious, for it was all in German, and as soon as the conversation seemed to flag Eulenburg brought up some new man, so that one had to talk on desperately. Soon, however, the Princess called to me, "Mme. de Bunsen, will you come and sit by me, here?" So I approached and sat, *not* on the *sofa*, but on a chair beside her. She then asked me, "Did you see what a stupid thing I did just now?" (Of course, my pantomime expressed the greatest incredulity.) "I spoke to your brother-in-law instead of your husband; it was quite unpardonable, but my excuse is, I have two whole societies to keep in my head, but I will make it right now." Thereupon she sent for C., who was charmed with her, and talked to her in his most amusing way, making her cry with laughter at his stories.

Before this I was talking with Grimm, the author of the Life of Michael Angelo, and we were laughing at something, when the Crown Prince suddenly pulled in his chair by us, giving me his hand, and asking what we were laughing about. "Aber sie sprechen ja Deutsch; und was macht meine kleine Freundin, wie gefällt es ihr in Berlin?" (But you can speak German—what is my little friend doing, how does she like Berlin?). I told him B. was very happy and we talked on very pleasantly. Indeed, the Countess Hohenthal asked me afterwards where I had got so intimate with H.R.H.

The Prince showed me his pictures. "I am afraid we have no views of Florence here; but I suppose you know *that*" (pointing to a view of Naples), "and *that*" (showing the Lion of St. Mark on the Piazzetta). He had relapsed into English, which, on the whole, I like better. After his wife had gone he stood a few minutes talking, then shook hands with the ladies, bowed, and walked off. Thereupon the whole company departed—Hofdamen and all. We went on to the Benedetti's, where there was a great crowd, and where the Countess Bismarck kept her promise faithfully, presenting me right and left. I could tell you much more; but it is late, and I am so tired.

Berlin, Jan. 19.

C. is at Court, at a ball, and I may as well begin a letter to you while waiting for him. As for me, until my presentation at the Schleppen Cour on the 21st, I have nothing to do with these festivities.

Just as I returned to the hotel with B., one of those royal servants who go about with mysterious lists left an order for C. to go to the Palace to-night, where there is to be a very grand and choice ball for the Prince and Princess of Wales. He left all the direc-

tions for the dress—uniform, decorations, and white trousers. *There* was the difficulty; these white garments are very rarely wanted, and C. does not possess them. We proceeded forthwith—Captain S., B., and all—to C.'s tailor—the one of his student days, who still works for him. The tailor produced various pairs of white inexpressibles, one of which, belonging to an officer, I believe, fitted C. "tant bien que mal," and so he was enabled to obey the royal commands.

After dinner I went to the Hofschneider (Court tailor), Müller, the Worth of Berlin, who is making my train for the Schleppen Cour and is a most amusing personage. I was accompanied, on this important occasion, by Meyer, C., and T. When we arrived, however, we were told that the ball for the Prince and Princess of Wales had upset everything, and that it was impossible for me to try on till tomorrow at *ten in the evening*.

Jan. 20. C. came back at two yesterday, or rather this morning; he said the ball was perfectly splendid—the rooms not very large and the company not numerous, but very select. From his description the Princess of Wales must be a wonderful "Erscheinung" (apparition), not so much of actual beauty as the most exquisite grace and distinction. Her tall, graceful figure is an immense advantage to a person in her exalted position. C. had not much to do with the royalties, only the Crown Prince, who always speaks Italian with him now, said near the end: "Fu molto animato" (It was very spirited).

C. says it was a splendid sight, and everybody most polite. Men come up to him and say "Ich stelle mich vor, sie erkennen mich in uniform wohl nicht wieder" (I present myself; you do not recognise me

in uniform). It is true that being in uniform does change them very much. People here do not speak without being presented, and it appears that at the Palace, where it is next to impossible to find anyone to perform introductions, it is quite *reçu* that any one who is standing near, or brought into contact with you, may say, "I am so-and-so, in such a regiment." C. declares similarly, "I am Legations-Rath von Bunsen," and thereupon they begin to talk, which strikes me as very sensible and *praktisch* (practical).

E. E. and Hilda[1] arrive to-night, just in time for the Schleppen Cour. I shall be glad when to-morrow is well over!

I must try and tell you about the Schleppen Cour, which has been *the* event of the week. Müller did send me my train in time, and very beautiful it really is—green satin entirely trimmed with my old Malines, two rows all round, divided by a ruching of tulle. The petticoat is green to match, and similarly trimmed with Malines all round. As the train is never let down here, but always carried on the arm, a great deal of the under-dress is seen, so that it must be quite finished off. On this occasion I really had on, for the first time, nearly all my thirty-two mètres of Malines, which I have never been able to wear together before. **Jan. 24.**

We arrived at the big old Schloss which is used on these grand occasions in very good time—in fact, they were still lighting the rooms; but a good many people were there already. We got in amongst the Corps diplomatique and kept talking with the Limas and others for some time. I was then told that I must go with the Prussian ladies who were to be presented that evening, so I was shown to a room

[1] M. and Mme. Ernst de Bunsen and their daughter Hilda.

where there were about twenty ladies, not one of whom I had ever seen before. Presently they marched C. off, having discovered that he had no need of presentation, and then I did certainly feel very lonely, "verrathen und verhauft" (betrayed and sold), as they say here. The Kammerherr in charge of this particular room was a Count Kayserling, a cousin of our former colleague, who was very civil. After a time we were made to stand in a row according to a list Count Kayserling had in his hand, and then the fates were kind, for I had for companion a most charming young Baroness Witzingerode, whose husband is in the army and quartered for the first time at Berlin, so that she is also making her *début* here. We quite made friends, and agreed to stick to each other during the concert which was to follow the Cour. Meantime the doors were kept shut, and we stood and stood till I felt quite giddy and faint. I confided this to my new friend, who took it quite seriously. "Glauben Sie das Sie werden beim Knix umfallen?" (Do you think you will fall when you make your curtsey?) I devoutly hoped not, and at last the three loud taps of the Hof-Marschall's stick, announcing royalty, were heard at the door. The King and Queen entered and began their *tournée*, each going down a different side of the room, the King doing the men first, and the Queen beginning with the ladies. I was amongst the last, and the Countess Schulemburg said my name very distinctly. The Queen said she thought she remembered seeing me at Baden; as I was perfectly certain I had never had a glimpse of her till that moment, I did not know exactly what to say. "Ach, ich irre mich; Sie kommen ja aus Florenz; aber Sie sprechen vielleicht lieber Französisch" (Ah, I am

KING WILLIAM AT THE WINDOW OF HIS PALACE.

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mistaken; you come from Florence; but perhaps you would rather speak French). She did then speak French, asked how long it was since I had seen my mother-in-law, begged I would give her a message when I wrote that she had regretted not seeing her this summer, &c. After which she moved on, her long train held up by two pages in scarlet. I wished I had a page for my train, for my arm ached with holding it up. Then came the King, who looks wonderfully kind and good-natured. He also said something about speaking French. "Etwas Deutsch kann ich doch sprechen, Majestät" (I can speak some German, your Majesty). Then he told me of E.'s arrival, which had been quite a surprise to him, and was short but very *gnädig* (gracious). He did not speak to all the ladies, and my companions seemed to think that I had altogether a good deal of notice. The King and Queen then proceeded on their way; they had to speak, or at least bow, to between two and three thousand people that evening. The Crown Princess came next with her train and her pages; she spoke to a few people, and then dashed back to the door to the Princess Friedrich Carl, who had just come in, also with train and pages. After staying there some time, the Crown Princess made another move across the room to speak to some lady—her pages must keep a sharp look-out, for her movements are very sudden—and then came on to me.

Her diamonds were really splendid, and quite dazzled me while she stood talking to me. She also mentioned E. and E.'s sudden arrival, said how beautiful Hilda was looking, and was altogether very pleasant. The Crown Prince did come into the room, but by that time the Princesses had gone on, and

Count Kayserling had warned us that we must make our way to the concert-room as soon as possible, for we should find the gallery that leads to it very crowded already. This the Prince confirmed, "Eilen sie sich—eilen sie sich, meine Damen. Sie werden kaum durchkommen" (You must hurry, ladies; you will scarcely get through). This long gallery was crammed full of officers waiting for their turn to see the Court pass. It was rather an ordeal to go through such a crowd of men, who made way for us as well as they could, but stared with all their eyes. At last, however, Count Kayserling succeeded in piloting us safely into the Weisse Saal, where the concert was to take place, and getting us all seated. My companion and I were very well placed, near an open space, so that people could come and speak to us. Then for the first time I caught sight of the gigantic figure of Bismarck, moving about among the ladies and making himself agreeable. Presently he approached us, and Count Roeder introduced him to my neighbour and then to me. "Erlauben Sie dass ich Ihnen den Grafen Bismarck vorstelle" (Allow me to present Count Bismarck to you). We bowed, and he excused himself in French for making use of Count Roeder, who had not the advantage of our personal acquaintance, but he thought it allowable, as he was "dans l'exercise de ses fonctions" (Count Roeder is *introducteur des ambassadeurs*). He said he had so little time now for society, as what leisure he had he was obliged to give up to active exercise for the sake of his health. He then talked about the Court and the long standing, all very pleasantly, in very fluent French, though with a decided accent. When he had gone, my neighbour said: "Französisch har er ihnen gewiss zu Ehre

COUNT BISMARCK, AFTERWARDS PRINCE AND CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY.

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gesprochen, denn er weiss ja dass ich Deutsch bin" (He certainly spoke French in your honour, for he knows that I am a German). All my acquaintances in the Corps diplomatique, who were not far off, nodded and smiled most graciously after my interview with the *allerhöchste Chef* (all-highest Chief), as he is called here. One of the Saxon officers, whom we meet daily at *table d'hôte*, and who are very nice, came and talked. "Ich gratulire zu einer wunderschönen Toilette" (I congratulate you on a wonderfully beautiful dress). The Baron Ziegler managed to make his way to me, so that altogether I got on very well, and was comforted by a glimpse of C. in the distance. After a long wait the whole royal procession came in and occupied places on a sort of platform, their Court behind them. The pages settled the trains of the Princesses, spreading them out at their feet, which was certainly more comfortable than having them bundled up on one's chair, as we had. The concert I cannot tell you much about, for my head was aching with fatigue. Wachtel, the great tenor here, sang "Dieu sait si Mathilde m'est chère," from "Guillaume Tell," in grand style. In the interval between the two parts of the concert, all the royalties got up and walked about, pages and all, and made themselves amiable to a wonderful degree.

At last it was all over, and in going out I lighted on E. and Hilda. They had been with the ladies already presented in the room before the one we were in. C. had fared very well, having got in with E. and Keudell. E., by the way, looks very well in his much-embroidered Kammerherr uniform with the gold key. Poor T. had been sent off nobody knows where, and had found himself amongst a set of shabby uniforms, to his

great indignation. The scene coming down the grand staircase was splendid, with all the uniforms and ladies' dresses. The Guards here are magnificent in white, with a red *justaucorps* and a black eagle on the breast. The helmet is surmounted by a silver eagle, superbly set on, by way of crest. They are splendid men, and those on duty in the halls and galleries looked like living statues. They were decidedly the best looking men there, for the gala uniform with white inexpressibles makes even the King look limp and shabby somehow. I am happy to say, however, that C. had a pair of *his own* on this occasion.

And so we got home and had some beer, which was prosaic but comforting, and I think I never felt so tired in all my life.

Jan. 26. To-morrow B. is to go to a children's ball at the Crown Prince's, to her immense delight, as you may suppose.

She said to me to-day, "Si le Cron-Prince est là Béatrice le connait très bien de Florence!" I told her that with Princes one must wait until one was spoken to, which was silly of me, as it would have been much better to leave the child to her own inspirations. She was impressed, however, and asked, "Est-ce qu'il ne faut pas dire 'Bonjour' en entrant?" The Countess Reventlow, who is the governess of the Crown Prince's children, happily told me yesterday of this invitation, otherwise I do not know how we should have got B.'s things together in time. The Hof Lakai only came with the list and the usual message, "Die Kronprinzlichen Herrschaften," &c., at about six this evening.

We really quite look forward to the *table d'hôte*,

at the hotel now, the conversation is so pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Krüger, the master and mistress of the hotel, always preside, and on Sunday Mr. Krüger wears his decorations. B. has had a *Philippchen* with him, which the whole house conspired to make her win, and the next day she found a very pretty little doll on her plate, with Mr. Krüger's card and "Gutenmorgen, Phillipchen," on it. She was enchanted, and went up to thank him very prettily, whereupon he kissed her quite paternally, and the whole *table d'hôte* was *gerührt* (touched). You have no idea how nice all the people are (or at least most of them), so intensely *gutmüthig* (good-natured), with all their outer coating of formality.

The other day I was saying that we had always been fortunate till now in making friends wherever we had been. An old colonel said with a solemn bow, "Und dass meine Gnädigste ist ein Glück das Ihnen nie fehlen wird!" (And that, madame, is a happiness that will never fail you). It was nice of the old man, and I was quite touched.

I was telling Count Bethusy the other day that B. had declared she was hungry at bed-time, which I did not think possible, as the *table d'hôte* is scarcely over at five, and that she had had a slice of bread and butter at seven, which it then was. He took B.'s part, however, declared that I was *grausam* (barbarous), and said, "Das kleine Vich das will wachsen" (The little cattle wants to grow), and now the two are immense friends.

I think I told you all about the Schleppen Cour. Since then we had the Court ball at the Schloss, and B. has been to the children's ball at the Crown Prince's. To-morrow there is a ball at Prince Jan. 31.

Friedrich Carl's, on Wednesday one at Count de Launay's, the Italian Minister, and on Saturday there is "Masken Ball" at the Crown Prince's palace! So there is a list of gaieties for you! B. seems to have got on very well at her entertainment. Auguste said she was not at all shy, but did not put herself forward. The Crown Prince took notice of her and Prince Wilhelm, the hero of the day,[1] talked a great deal with her. The Crown Princess told Hilda that B. was *reizend und allerliebst* (charming, most attractive), and had amused them all by her *Manierchen.* B.'s account of the whole was not very clear. She had seen the Crown Prince, and he had spoken to her, of that she was sure, "Béatrice le connait très bien de Florence!" Then she thought she had seen the Princess Charlotte, and she had seen "la *robe* de la 'Cronprinzessen,' mais Béatrice ne la connait pas." She had had two cups of chocolate and a slice of the birthday cake, which had an eagle on it. Then she had danced all the time, and brought back three bouquets, a paper cap, and bonbons. That, I think, is a *résumé* of her impressions.

Herr von Keudell had himself presented to me at the Schloss ball. He is a very important man, director of the "personal" at the Foreign Office, and one of the few *intimes* of Bismarck, and I was very anxious to see him. He is still young, and looked very well in his white Landwehr uniform, the same that Bismarck wears. He has a fine, powerful head, and the most quiet and gentle manner, but shares with his great chief that overworked and restless look which shows an overtasked brain. He said he hoped the Countess Bismarck had helped to make

[1] The present Emperor of Germany.

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA
AND PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

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my first entrance into Berlin society easier, complimented me on my German, and was altogether very agreeable. It feels queer to meet a man on whom so much of one's future life may depend! However, I don't think he has much to say to anything, for without the consent of the *allerhöchsten Chef* no one here dare lift a finger. It is extraordinary what awe that one man inspires, and it is catching! The first time we went to call on the Countess Bismarck C. had shown me, with an awestruck gesture, a collection of hats and helmets on the hall-table which he supposed to belong to the redoubtable Bismarck. I had had a sort of William Tell feeling towards these hats which I rather gloried in, but on returning there the other day to call on the Countess, who was out unfortunately, I felt that I was getting much more into the Berlin frame of mind. After supper and Keudall we came home, which we were told afterwards was *ganz unerlaubt* (not at all allowed), as one must stay as long as the Court is there. It seems that on one occasion the King retired early himself from some ball where the Court still was, and met two people on the stairs who were evidently making their escape, and "er war gar nicht freundlich" (he was not at all friendly). Poor Abeken, whom we saw the next day, had stood it till four in the morning, which at his age, and with all his work as Vortragende Rath at the Foreign Office, was certainly not for his personal amusement.

On Saturday the great excitement, the "Masken Ball" at the Crown Prince's, came off. C. wore the dress which was made for his father on the occasion of the great ball Queen Victoria gave, when every one was to be in Louis XV. costume. My father-in-law did

the thing thoroughly, and made out exactly what would have been the dress of a Prussian Minister at that time. The dress had lain by ever since, and had to be very much freshened up (new gold lace put on, &c., by no means an inexpensive operation), but it looked very well. With a wig and high-heeled shoes and a three-cornered hat, C. was quite transformed and extremely amused with himself. Müller made me what was supposed to be a rococo domino in grey and silver tarlatane, with powdered hair and a hood, which was to be let down when we unmasked. B. was allowed to sit up to see us dress, and you may imagine her delight. My dress came at a quarter to nine, so that I could not even look at it before going off, but I believe it was all right. At the top of the stairs we were met by Eulenburg and Jasmund, unmasked, and with the queerest possible little tartan satin tippets on their shoulders, to prevent their looking too black, I suppose. They took our tickets and murmured approval, but could not recognise us, of course. We walked about the beautiful rooms to the sounds of the minuet in "Don Giovanni," all wearing the hideous black mask. People tried to make each other out, but there was not much talking or animation, although I believe there was a certain amount of intriguing going on. Altogether the effect was rather *unheimlich* (uncanny) at first, and when one of the best masks there, Count Harrach, who was got up to represent a member of the old Vehmgericht (Secret Tribunal) lifted his hand and menaced us all with some unseen and terrible vengeance, one could hardly help shuddering. After about an hour we were told to unmask, which we did with great alacrity,

as a mask is by no means a comfortable appendage. Scarcely had we got them off, however, when we had to put them on again, by order of the King, who, it seems, was amusing himself. H.M. is supposed to like the freedom and unconventionality of such occasion—within certain limits—for when some time ago a mask ventured to pat him on the stomach, inquiring, "Wie geht es, Alter?" (How are you, old man?), the King drew himself up and replied, "Alles sagen, aber nicht aurühren" (Say anything, but do not touch). I tried to mystify Stosch, whom I had recognised in the moment when masks were taken off, but he soon told me I must not speak German if I wanted to remain unknown, so I gave that up, and was very glad when we were at last released from our black disguises and one could see who was who. Bismarck appeared in a blue domino; the King also in a blue moiré-antique domino, or rather an apology for one, for it was only a short cloak. The Crown Princess was dressed as Jane Seymour, I think—a very beautiful and exact costume, but it must have been very hot, all velvet, and a heavy coif on the head. The Princess of Hohenzollern looked lovely in a mediæval dress, and there were many beautiful apparitions.

But now the event of the evening, the dancing of the quadrilles, took place. The royalties all seated themselves at the end of a gallery, and a space was kept in front of them by silken ropes held by the bystanders. C. was clever enough to get hold of one, and thus secure himself a place in the front row. The first quadrille was of Deutsche Mährehen (German fairy tales), in which figured Blue Beard, Little Red Ridinghood, represented by a beautiful girl, a

Countess Hatzfeld, Cinderella, &c. Then there came a country wedding in Louis XV. costumes and powdered hair, in which were some charming people—the Countess Harrach, who is a daughter of the Countess Pourtales, and a young Lady Brabazon, the wife of an English secretary here. But the prettiest scene of all was a dance of Styrian peasants, very quick and animated, with clicking of spurs and cracking of fingers, rather like a Scotch reel. The effect was really beautiful, and all the people danced with wonderful spirit, considering they had rehearsed every day and had been dancing all night besides for a fortnight or more. These quadrilles are to be repeated to-morrow night at the Schloss, which is a pleasure to look forward to, for they are quite some of the prettiest things I ever saw. After some more dancing we went to supper, and while I was eating *foie gras* the Crown Prince came up. "Also *Sie* sind die graue Erscheinung die ich dreimal verfolgt habe" (So you are the grey apparition that I pursued three times), &c., extremely *gnädig* (gracious), but not conducive to my getting on with my supper. However, the Crown Prince does not inspire me with that awe and wish to escape which most of the other royalties produce in me. With him I feel, as B. expresses it, "que je le connais très bien de Florence." I even ventured to admire some grand old lace he had on his domino, on which he remarked, "Es ist so übel nicht für zu Hause" (It is not bad for home wear). After that there was more dancing, and then we got home very tired.

By the by, one of the prettiest things at the "Masken Ball" was the little Prince Wilhelm, dressed like the portraits of Frederic the Great as a child, with a little

pigtail and powdered hair. He looked such a little duck. I must go to bed now, for after all we have a ball to-morrow—Schloss—a reception at Olfers on Wednesday, another at Count Schwerin's on Thursday, and one at Count Kanitz's, on Friday. As you see, it is not exactly *rest* as yet, but getting rid of the Kammerherren and being able to sit down are great alleviations.

Feb. 10, 1869.

And so the carnival is over, and we all agree that though we are not sorry that such is the case, it has been very pleasant and amusing. The ball at the Schloss last night was a grand wind up, and a more brilliant sight could scarcely be imagined, as all the prettiest costumes of the "Masken Ball" were reproduced.

One gets rather tired in Berlin of the intense mystery that envelops everything in the official world. No one dares to say a word and there is something uncomfortable in the atmosphere. Also I do not like being labelled, as it were, "Legationsräthin," quite irrespective of one's own personality. This, of course, is only the old-fashioned system, and there are many houses where it does not exist at all. Still, if any one wishes to know their exact social value, I advise them to come to Berlin. After being waived on by Kammerherren to the particular room where you belong, and the particular table where you can have your supper, there being other rooms and other tables to which you must by no means go, and, after having to get out of the way of "Excellenzen" and your "Vorgesetzten" (superiors) generally, not to speak of the "Hohe Herrschaften," at the end of the season you are not likely to retain many illusions respecting yourself, whatever you may have indulged in before.

On Tuesday we were at Benedetti's again, which was

extremely pleasant and nice. Mme. de Bismarck was there ; I had not seen her for a long time, as the great man has been ill. She told me her husband was better, "ohne dass wäre ich nicht gekommen" (without that I should not have come). She is completely devoted to him, and sits by his side night after night while he works till two or three in the morning. In the anxious times before the late war with Austria, Bismarck's nervous excitement was so great that he could never sleep. He used to work on through the night till he was thoroughly exhausted, and then throw himself on a sofa to rest while she played to him. She is a magnificent musician.

Last Saturday we went with Hilda and E. to hear "Tannhaüser," and it certainly was one of the most memorable evenings I have spent here. It is the first time I have heard an opera of Wagner's performed, and the effect is certainly wonderful. Niemann, the great singer here, is a perfect Tannhaüser, tall and handsome ; he could stand for a statue in almost every pose, and he has a magnificent voice. I am so hoping to see him in Lohengrin, where they say he really looks supernatural. All the scenery in "Tannhaüser," the Wartburg, &c., is most beautiful and exact, the orchestra splendid ; in short, it is a treat such as one can seldom enjoy.

Yesterday we were at the Dom (Cathedral), as the Communion is celebrated here on "Grun Donnerstag" (Holy Thursday), the actual day of its institution. The service is very beautiful and impressive, and I was much struck by the *crowds* who flocked to the altar ; such numbers of *men*. The music at the Dom is always good, but what edifies me is the way all join in, officers, Kammerherren, all and any, singing, often

without book, evidently knowing both words and tune by heart. Yesterday, in the evening, we went again to the Dom, where there was a "Litürgische Andacht" (Litany). A royal carriage passed us on our way, and we stopped, turned, bowed and curtsied, as is the manner here. It was the "Kronprinzlichen Herrschaften" going to the Dom. The Crown Prince saw us and waved his hand Italian fashion. It so reminded me of those sunny days at Florence. The service itself was very beautiful, the Litany well composed, and "musica del Paradiso" (music of Paradise).

The Dom is emphatically an ugly church, but when quite full and lighted up it looks fairly well.[1] The King was there in the royal pew, which is extremely like a box in a theatre or concert-room. The Queen and a number of Princesses, and even the royal flunkeys, covered with silver lace and black eagles, followed the service with the most devout attention.

I go about a good deal with the Countess Reventlow at present, and she has really explained to me how you are to know at a distance if a carriage with the royal liveries contains "Hohe Herrschaften" or not. You may laugh, but it is a serious difficulty. All the maids of honour, and many others besides, have the use of Court carriages, and I have not the slightest wish to make a *Knix* (curtsey) to the Countess Hohenthal or the little Princess Carolath, or any such persons. It would be perfectly ridiculous into the bargain, but the carriages pass so quickly that one cannot wait to see who is inside. I used to try and keep as much out of their way as possible. The other day, walking with the Reventlow, I ignored the Crown Prince and Princess in the most outrageous manner. I asked my

[1] Since 1869 it has been replaced by a quite new edifice.

companion, who had made her curtsey all right, how she could possibly know who was in the carriage, and she explained that when royalty is inside, the coachman always has a band of silver with the black eagles, of *double width*, on his hat. They are so particular about this that the man always has a hat with the ordinary sized band in reserve under his seat, so that in case of the royal personage stopping anywhere and the attendant returning alone, he can instantly make a change. Since I am possessed of this knowledge I perform my *knixes* with great satisfaction, although it is not always an elegant process; on a muddy day, for instance, in a short dress and thick boots.

I hope you will not be too much taken aback to hear that we are to go off to the Hague in a day or two. The Minister there, Count Perponcher, wishes for leave of absence, and C. is to go and take his place. We are already seeing about having trunks repaired, &c., and preparing to leave Berlin, which I am much more reluctant to do than I should have thought possible some time ago.

April 14. Monday last B. was again at Court, as it was the little Princess Victoria's birthday and a party was given at Schönhausen, one of the country palaces. I thought I would profit by the carriage and go to the country, so after depositing B. at the palace, I sat in a charming pine wood, where there was a delicious fresh smell, and where the little squirrels ran up and down the trees without taking the slightest notice of me. It was most quiet and enjoyable. Afterwards I went into the Schönhausen park, which was full of people looking on at the children, with a policeman here and there to prevent their going too near. I amused myself by making a sketch of the

scene, which was very bright and pretty. B. was sent for to dance with the Crown Princess and the Princess Victoria, and enjoyed herself much. She always gives a kind of report of what happens on these occasions, which is extremely exact: "Béatrice s'est promenée avec la Princesse Charlotte. Le Cronprinz était là, et il a salué Béatrice," &c. B. ought to be sorry to leave Berlin, for she has plenty of friends besides her cousins, and goes out a great deal. I shall write from the Hague, where we arrive on Monday morning, I hope. I confess to feeling my spirits rise at the propects of foreign service again. I like much at Berlin, but the "Auswärtigen Amt" (Foreign Office) is a dreadful drawback.

THE HAGUE

QUEEN SOPHIE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

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CHAPTER XVI

The Hague — Dinner at Perponchers' — Scheveningen — Prince Alexander's birthday party—Birth of Prince of Naples—Arrival of Prince of Wied—Christmas—Intense cold—Court ball—"Le thé de la Reine."

The Hague, April, 1869.

IT would amuse you, I think, to see how perfectly we are at home and settled here already, although we only arrived this day week. So far, we are quite charmed with the Hague, and find its quiet and comfort a haven of rest after the turmoil of Berlin. As we were sent off very suddenly, our last days there were all bustle and confusion. We had, as we thought, taken leave of Berlin society on Friday evening at the Countess Arnim Boytzenburg's, very *chic* and select, with the *allerhöchster Chef*, Bismarck) there in person. C. did his "*Abmeldungen*" at Court as late as possible, but we were directly ordered to the Crown Prince's for the same evening, and I had to unpack my dress things, which were already in the trunks, in order to go. Nothing could be kinder than both the "Hohe Herrschaften," and all the suite were quite affectionate, wishing us a good journey "und kommen Sie recht bald wieder" (come back very soon). The Countess Bismarck was also very kind and cordial when I went to take leave. The next day, Sunday, B. was sent for to play with the Princess Charlotte, and all *her* finery

had to be unpacked. At last we telegraphed to Count Perponcher to put off our arrival for a day, as it really was not possible to go on Monday.

Count Bethusy sent me a lovely bouquet of white camellias and violets, and as B. had another big one, we must have looked almost like a wedding-party at the station. I was infinitely more sorry to leave Berlin than I should have thought possible some time ago, but we met with much kindness there, and have made some real friends, I believe. When we arrived at the Hague our Chief's carriage and servant were waiting at the station, rooms had been taken for us at the hotel, and before we had been there half an hour, Count Perponcher came to ask us to dine quietly with them that day. Since then all has gone on beautifully; the Perponchers seem to be ideal Chiefs, quite overpowering us with kindness. The children, too, are charming, and a great resource for B. Elizabeth is a beautiful child of ten, and there are two ducks of little boys.

April 23. C. has gone out with his Chief, who is indefatigable in taking him his round of diplomatic visits, all in person and on foot, so that C. comes back pretty well tired, and his head in a whirl with all the Dutch names, which are generally long and complicated. The Countess and I have already been our rounds, leaving cards in abundance and finding few people at home. *We* go in her carriage. C. was presented yesterday to the King (King William VI. of the Netherlands), who appears to be somewhat in Vittorio's style, brief and abrupt. The interview was short and sweet, and the whole affair was over so soon, that when C. came back I thought there must have been some hitch, and that it had been countermanded. We

OUR DRAWING-ROOM AT THE HAGUE.

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are both to be presented to the Queen to-morrow, Sunday evening, at nine o'clock. Meantime I must tell you that we have succeeded in finding an apartment, which is a great relief, as we were told the custom here is to take a house for three years and furnish it, which seemed a very great trouble. The houses in Holland are small and independent, like in England, or rather, as the Dutch would claim, the English houses are copied from theirs. In general there are no flats, but we have discovered one in a large old-fashioned house which seems as though it were made for us. There is a polished black wood staircase and a very large and lofty drawing-room with a bow-window. The walls are not papered, but hung with huge oil-paintings in panels, as is often the case in old Dutch houses. These represent views of Rome, and I think the sight of them made us take the apartment at once, but it really suits us perfectly. The house is in the Korte Vorhout, just opposite the palace of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, uncle of the King, and at the entrance of the "Bosch" (wood), a kind of public park. Count Perponcher wants to go with his family to his *château* in Silesia, and our fate will evidently be to spend the summer here. Everybody says it is quite pleasant, hardly ever too hot, and with Scheveningen and sea-bathing within twenty minutes' drive. There is much to be seen in Holland which is all new to us, and the Hague, or "S'Gravenhage," which is its real name, is a clean, quaint, picturesque place. It is very amusing to study Dutch in the advertisements from the shops, &c., and we can understand it to read fairly well, as there are many English and German words, but when spoken, the pronunciation is so different, so harsh and guttural, that one is

quite at sea. An injunction at a house door made us laugh heartily: "Drie mal bellen!" It meant, of course, "ring three times," but as *bellen* is to *bark* in German, it looked so funny. I am much amused at being addressed as "Mevrow," which is "Madame." We hope to get into our new home to-morrow, and I am quite looking forward to it, after three months of hotel life in Berlin.

Korte Vorhout, April 27.

We are now established in our new abode and more and more delighted with it; the *salon* is really handsome, large and well proportioned, and already looks quite comfortable with all our little possessions about. Mme. de Perponcher, who came to see how we were getting on, seemed quite edified.

Our presentation to the Queen[1] was a serious business. We were ordered in the evening, in full dress, and it lasted an hour and a half, *sitting*, I am thankful to say, in rather a prim circle, the two Perponchers and ourselves. The Hofdame (Lady-in-waiting) sat in the distance nodding occasionally. The Queen wears her hair in ringlets, like the portraits of Mme. de Sévigné, and must have been very pretty. She is exceedingly clever and well-informed, but conversation carried on so long and under such circumstances is always an effort. Poor Perponcher declared afterwards that though it was a "grosse Anszeichnung" (great distinction) H.M.'s keeping us so long, he felt quite exhausted.

The people here seem very pleasant and kind; the little Hofdamen come to see me on foot in short dresses. Some of them are clever and speak English perfectly, others are of a serious turn of mind and

[1] Queen Sophie of the Netherlands, daughter of King William I. of Würtemberg.

discuss last Sunday's sermon. Various *grandes-maîtresses* come and pay me long visits. They have all read my mother-in-law's book,[1] in the three different editions I think, and are perfectly up in the Bunsen family history. *Everybody* seems to have seen us in the German church last Sunday, when we made our first appearance in the Legation pew. It was was quite a new sensation, and an edifying one, to sit in church with one's Chief and his family.

At a dinner at the Perponchers' we made the acquaintance of an English secretary here, Mr. Thurlow, whose wife, Lady Elma Thurlow, is a niece of Lady Augusta Stanley's. They asked us to dine with them, and C. happened to speak of something that had occurred when he was at the London Legation in his father's time. A voice from the other end of the table interrupted him: "I beg your pardon, but that is not quite as it is told in the book!" It was really funny, because the incident happened to C. himself.

The weather is deplorable, ever changing and wretchedly cold. *One* warm day we had, really warm, and I put on a summer dress for the first time, but the next day was grey, raining and windy again. However, one can walk very well, and B. and I went to the Huis ten Bosch, the Queen's palace in the wood, and back without feeling at all tired, a feat I could not have performed on my arrival here. Of course, after a whole year of change and travelling, and the feverish excitement of Berlin, it is natural that it should seem rather flat to spend the day in looking after B.'s lesson without seeing a soul, and to hem table-napkins or read Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" in the evening, but the quiet and rest are evidently doing me June 15.

[1] "Life of Baron Bunsen."

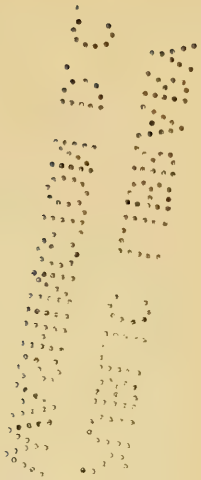
good. C. gets on pretty well, but I think he finds it dull too, occasionally.

June 27. The Perponchers went off yesterday in very good spirits. They have been five years at the Hague, and are glad, I imagine, to get away for a time; we miss them very much.

We went to Scheveningen, as it was fine, but *le fond de l'air* is still keen. We sat on the shore in the funny, comfortable basket-chairs with great hoods to them, which protect from both wind and sun. We paid a visit to the Jacobsons, who have a villa there. They are friends of the Queen's; he is an art *connoisseur*, and has the best private gallery at the Hague. Afterwards we dined at the Établissement des Bains, at an immense *table d'hôte*, very well got up. In the evening we sat on the terrace and heard the band. The scene is pretty, with all the people about and the sun setting right opposite in the sea.

Our old friend Mdlle. A. has written to me from Monza, where she is in attendance on the Princess of Piedmont, to say that it has been decided that the "futur enfant d'Italie," who is expected soon, shall have an English nurse, and asking me to try and get one. Of course, here in Holland it is not exactly an easy task; however, I set to work and wrote to my sister-in-law Emilia, and to several other people, asking them to send photographs and testimonials, &c., of any forthcoming candidates direct to Monza. I also wrote to Mdlle. A., telling her of the steps I had taken; as I am *not* fond of writing, I hope that all this correspondence *me sera compté*. It seems the Princess is very well and the Court at Monza most brilliant.

Sept. 15. Last week the Queen gave a garden-party in honour of her son Prince Alexander's birthday, to



COUNT BENEDETTI, FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN.

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which B. was asked. The weather was splendid, the sun really so hot one was glad to get into the shade of the trees. The garden at the Huis ten Bosch is lovely, and the flowers and all the light muslin dresses of the ladies had a very pretty effect. The Queen received in the great painted hall, coming forward to greet her guests much as any other hostess. After some time she gave the example of going down into the garden, where the company dispersed and walked about as they pleased. I saw the King and the Prince of Orange for the first time; the former was said to be in very bad humour, and did nothing but scold and find fault, but people seem to be used to it and not to mind it much. I think poor B. was rather disappointed, as she had expected to amuse herself as well as at the parties she went to in Berlin, where everything was arranged especially for children. Here it was a mixed affair, which is never so successful; however, she met a good many little acquaintances and got on fairly.

Nothing could be kinder than the Queen, who took the greatest trouble, introducing people to each other, going about constantly and speaking to everybody. She came up to me, putting her hand on my arm: "Die Kleine amüsirt sich?" (Is the little one amusing herself?), and went on talking. The great interest to us was meeting the Benedettis, who are here from Berlin for a few days. They are always so kind and nice that it is a real pleasure to see them; on this occasion they were in grandeur, however, and difficult to get at, always sitting with the Queen or other distinguished people. We met them again the same evening at the v. Brienens', where they came with the Baudins. I had a long interesting talk with Benedetti,

who told me about the negotiations at Nickolsburg in 1866, after the Prussian-Austrian War, and how difficult it was to get on with people who were quite off their heads with joy and pride at their successes. The next day we went with Herr von Behr, a school friend of C.'s, to see an exhibition of workmen's things at Amsterdam. Behr had a model house there which took the first prize at the great Paris Exhibition, and it was most interesting to hear all his explanations about it, and see all the comfortable and ingenious arrangements he has contrived. We came back late and tired, to find a note from Mme. Baudin, asking us in Mme. Benedetti's name to go that same evening to their house, to hear the Baroness Vigier (Cruvelli) sing. The Queen had invited herself, there would be only the Legation, and the Benedettis asked us as old friends. It would have been delightful; but besides being dreadfully tired, it was already too late when we arrived, so we had to send excuses, to our very great regret.

Oct. 14. You may imagine how delighted we are at the good news of the Princess of Piedmont having a son. The Italian *chargé d'affaires* sent to us as soon as he got the telegram, knowing what pleasure it would give us. It was also a real comfort to have had a letter from Mdlle. A. a day or two ago, announcing the arrival of Mrs. Lea, the nurse-elect, at Naples. The Princess is pleased with her, and she seems to be all one could wish. By this time I suppose she is "dans l'exercise de ses fonctions," for she did not arrive at all too soon. I cannot tell you how glad I am that nurse episode is over, for it got into a dreadful mess. My sister-in-law E. and another lady, *each with a nurse*, were pursuing Mdlle. A. with letters and telegrams from Monza to

Naples, *frantic* at getting no answers. Meanwhile Mdlle. A. was at Perugia, where none of her English letters had been forwarded, complaining and bewailing the loss of time on her side. Then they all wrote furious letters to me. However, it is all right now, and I can only hope Mrs. Lea [1] will turn out well.

It is perfectly astonishing how dull life feels here. I think it must depend to a certain degree on the additional weight of atmosphere above our heads, from the country being under the level of the sea. All our colleagues say they feel it as soon as they cross the frontier. In general I do not require much outside help to pass my time, but though I have a certain amount of visits and people are quite kind, the days seem endless, and one feels habitually bored. C. has been writing a report on the sugar question, which has been very grievous to him, but as Perponcher is expected back daily, even the little occupation C. has at present is likely to cease. He moans over this prospect very much, and it really is difficult, for one cannot read all day. In some respects I am better off, for I have B.'s lessons to look after, and the cook, who always talks a lot of Dutch ; and then I copy in the picture gallery occasionally, when it is not too dark all day to see, and then there is work and other feminine resources, although I have the dismal dumps often enough too. Happily we do not generally have fits of despondency at the same time, so that we can manage to laugh at each other in turn, which is a help. Enough of that, however ; we must get on as we best can !

Oct. 17.

[1] Mrs. Lea remained in the Italian royal service till her death. She was treated with the greatest kindness and visited to the end by her royal nursling, long after he had outgrown her care.

M. Jacobson paid us a long visit the other day and went into ecstasies over my drawings. He appears to be an elderly and *Dutch* admirer of mine, and it was rather pleasant to be told that I was "artiste jusqu'au bout des ongles" by the first art amateur at the Hague.

Nov. 7. The diplomatic mind here is much exercised as to the *fêtes* of November 17th, and as to how far we shall be expected to join in them. A monument is to be unveiled on that day, to commemorate the deliverance of the country from French occupation and the return of the House of Orange in 1815. One does not exactly see why the Corps diplomatique should join in a national demonstration against France. But it is said on the other hand that the populace here is apt to be tyrannical on such occasions, and quite capable of actively resenting anything that might look like want of sympathy with their feelings. Most of the *Chefs de Mission*, amongst whom the French Minister of course, have taken leave of absence and got themselves out of the way. C. wrote to Perponcher about it, but he only advised asking for directions from Berlin or consulting the other colleagues, both of which C. might have done by his own unassisted light.

Nov. 21. Last week the inauguration of the monument caused unusual excitement in the town. C. went to the ceremony in full uniform, and B. and I had the pleasure of decking him out in all his decorations. The *fête* seems to have been curious and amusing; there was a great procession, all sorts of corporations, with banners and bouquets, passing before the royal stand. Their bows were peculiar and republican; many in the *cortège* smoked the whole time, and did not even take their cigars out of their mouths as they passed

the Queen. Later in the day B. and I went to the Legation to see the procession, which it was said would pass the Vyverberg. We had orange bows on, for you could not venture into the streets otherwise, without running the risk of being insulted, or even being *painted* orange, as happened to some people. The Legation looked very well with three tremendous banners almost down to the ground waving before it, one of them Nord-Deutsche Bund, one Prussian white and black, and the third orange. We waited in vain, for the procession took another way and never came by the Vyverberg at all.

The great event here at present is the arrival of the Prince of Wied, who it is generally supposed is destined to be the future husband of Princess Marie, daughter of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands and his wife, Princess Louise of Prussia. Our Legation is of course much interested in the marriage, as the Princess is a niece of our King, and we ourselves are particularly so, from knowing the Prince personally, as well as his sister, Princess Elizabeth of Wied, who has just been married to Prince Karol of Roumania.[1] C., who is *chargé d'affaires* at present, went to see the Prince at once, to put himself "à sa disposition." **Nov. 28.**

I had just written this when the servant, a German, opened the door and announced, with much apparent satisfaction, "Seine Durchlaucht der Fürst Wied" (His Serene Highness the Prince of Wied). He paid us a very nice visit, talking and laughing quite pleasantly. He said his sister had told him a great deal about her visit to Florence. Pastor Quandt's sermon at the German church this morning seemed to

[1] The present King and Queen of Roumania.

have struck him very much, which is not astonishing, as he is quite a remarkable preacher. The Prince could not stay long, as he was under orders to go to the Huis de Paauw (House of the Peacock) in the country, the residence of his bride-elect.

Dec. 5. We are living in a state of perpetual small excitement about the Wied affairs. It is rather an awkward position for C., as his Chief may arrive at any moment and he does not wish to put himself forward for the few days he may still be *chargé d'affaires*. We went, however, to the Huis de Paauw, Prince Frederick's country palace, in pouring rain, hoping to see the Princess Marie. The beginning was not auspicious. Mdlle. van Doorn van Westcapelle, the Princess's lady, was out, and of course we could not ask directly for H.R.H. We saw, however, one of the Princess Frederick's ladies, Mdlle. van Suchtelen van der Haare, and by the time we had finished our call Mdlle. van Doorn had returned and took us at once to the Princess Marie's drawing-room. H.R.H. received us very cordially, as usual, and when I asked if we might be allowed to congratulate her, pressed my hand warmly. She said she knew her *fiancé* had been to see us, and that we were acquainted with his family. She showed us some lovely portraits of the Princess of Roumania taken as *Braut* (betrothed), with and without Prince Karol, and kept us nearly an hour talking, in great spirits all the time. The Prince of Wied has been at the Loo to be presented to the King, and now one would think the marriage will be publicly announced, for till the present time it has been, as the Princess Marie said herself, "le secret de la comédie." Then arise many questions. Shall we have to go and congratulate officially, and will there be any festivities?

Of course, if there are any I must put aside my black,[1] so that for two days past I have been busy looking over dresses, &c.

I might have spared myself all thought and trouble about dresses. An invitation to dinner for to-day at the Huis de Paauw has come, but for C. *alone*. At first I was rather disappointed, but now laziness is prevailing, and I feel glad to be spared the trouble of a *grande toilette* and the long cold drive. C. will come in for all the honours, I hope, as the formal *Verlobung* (betrothal) is to take place. The Queen is to be there and all the grandees, but he will be the only diplomat, so it will be an interesting occasion.

C.'s grand dinner went off very well, though stiffly. Dec. 18.
There was *cercle* before dinner for the Queen. Then the doors opened and the Prince of Wied and Princess Marie appeared, and went round receiving the congratulations of all present. Prince Frederick presented all the "Hof-Chargen" (court dignitaries) to his future son-in-law, but when he came to C. he said: "Herr von Bunsen brauch ich dir nicht vorzustellen" (There is no need to present M. de Bunsen to thee). The Queen was very gracious to C., and so were all the "Hohe Herrschaften." All the ladies who were there belonged to the Court in their own right (husbands did not bring their wives), so that my not being asked was explained. The dinner was very sumptuous and the Prince of Orange proposed the health of the *fiancés*. After dinner *cercle* again, and then it was over.

Count Bibra, who composes the whole suite of the Prince of Wied, came to bid goodbye yesterday, bringing a polite message from the Prince, who was afraid he would not be able to come himself. Bibra seemed

[1] I was in deep mourning for my father.

much pleased at all having gone off well and his Prince being really *fiancé* in the face of the world at last. There had been so many delays that people were getting suspicious about it.

Dec. 13. After three chapters of Stanley I feel it necessary to make a change, so sit down to write—not that I feel in a mood for correspondence—rather the contrary, for I have been unusually sleepy and lazy, even for here, for several days past. The Perponchers have returned, which is a real pleasure. Baroness v. D. is very kind, and spends an evening with us about once a week. I go to see her on the days when she is in waiting, as after driving out with the Queen she generally is at liberty till dinner-time, although she must not leave the palace. It is not very easy to get to her, for the town palace has only one entrance, and you have to inquire for the person you want of a grand porter, who sits in a sort of hooded Scheveningen chair. If one is on foot, one is apt to feel rather insignificant. Moreover, the other evening just as I got in there was a call, "Der Prins van Oranien" (Prince of Orange, born at the Hague, 1840) (Dutch), and I had just time to get out of his way as he came in on foot, in a shooting jacket and Tyrolean hat, going up the grand staircase two or three steps at a time, to see his mother, I suppose. Even when the porter is safely passed, one's troubles are not over. He consigns you to a grand and generally cross-looking servant, who takes you up the grand staircase and through the first *salon* of the Queen's apartment to a corridor which leads to H.M. private rooms. It is only there that one gets to a private back staircase and to less exalted regions. Baroness van D. has two very nice rooms in the second storey, and there we have pleasant chats. The other

BARONESS DE BRIENEN.

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day, after sitting with her for some time, I called on Baroness de B., the beauty of the Hague, who is most strikingly handsome. She gave me a cup of tea at four in the afternoon, which is a new fashion people are adopting here now, and a very pleasant one.[1] The next day I had a good many visits, Mme. Baudin (France) among the number, very elegant in a velvet jacket and tunic trimmed with fur over a black satin skirt, and her hair half down her back. Also Mme. Schimmel-Penninck, who came to ask B. to go and play with her children, at which I was much pleased, for they are extremely nice.

I must give you an account of our Christmas-tree—a *fir-tree* for the first time, as we always had *laurel* in Italy, and I must confess to melancholy remembrances of the bright glistening leaves that used to light up so well. Perponcher, however, who came in to ask us to *their* Christmas-tree, would not sympathise at all. In his eyes laurel was only a *pis aller* when one could not get the real thing. We had a good many people—eight little children from Java, whom I had invited as they live in this house, and about a dozen individuals whom I had never set eyes on, brought promiscuously by our *propriétaire*, rather to my indignation. However, it all went off well, and after the presents were distributed, the children all had *Glühwein* (hot spiced wine) and what are called here *letters*. These are letters cut out in pastry on a large scale, and filled with some sort of almond stuff inside which is very good. B. had a cooking stove amongst her presents which really cooks! We tried it yesterday, and when the water

Dec. 26.

[1] How people had managed to exist till then without afternoon tea seems difficult to believe, but this was the first time I ever remember partaking of it.

began to boil I was almost as much excited as she was. She was much flattered : " Ce n'est pas souvent mamna que Beatrice a des joujoux qui t'amusent aussi."

After our own tree we went to the German church, where there was a big one for the school-children, combined with a service. This was not very successful, as there were crowds of Dutch people trying to get in all the time, and much noise and pushing about. As soon as the service was over we went off to the Perponcher tree—our third that day! There we found all the children in the Chief's study, waiting in feverish excitement while the Count and Countess were mysteriously occupied upstairs. Presently Perponcher appeared, and asked us to come up for a first look, telling the children, "Sie sollen da bleiben und sie kriegen gar nichts" (You must stay there, and you will get nothing at all), whereat they laughed incredulously. The sight upstairs was one of the prettiest I ever saw : the inner drawing-room was brilliantly lighted, and in the midst stood the tree, most tastefully adorned —the first really German one I had ever seen. On each side of the room was a row of tables, spread with white cloths, and covered with a most tempting array of presents. As soon as we had seen it all the children were called up, and entered what must have seemed to them quite a fairyland of bliss. The tables were then appropriated, and the exclamations of pleasure on all sides were delightful to hear. There was a little table for B., one for Herr von Scheven, the head of the Chancellerie. All the servants had cakes and appropriate things ; no one was forgotten. The poor Countess was in a great state of mind ; she had hidden away the presents for her husband so well that it was some time before she could find them. As for

COMTESSE DE PERPONCHER.

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herself, she told me the Count always gave her a handsome dress. She had so many uses for her money she hated spending it on dress, "et une belle robe tous les ans aide vraiment beaucoup; elle me servira pour toutes les soirées de cet hiver." It was pretty to see the children flying to their mother with their thanks after the first enraptured survey, "Mama, ich habe *Alles* was ich gewunscht habe" (I have all my wishes). They hung round her neck and kissed her hands. It was a very pretty family scene.

When arranging our Christmas dinner I found that turkeys are dreadfully expensive here—7 gulden, about 11 to 15 frs.—so I carried the matter to C., who decided in favour of the turkey, provided we had somebody to share it with us. So we asked Scheven and the Baroness D. It seems that according to etiquette here the Queen, who can do with one maid of honour all day long, must have two to dine with her, and the D. had undertaken to be the second one on Christmas Day, so we had Scheven alone.

We really suffer quite terribly from the cold; it keeps us awake at night. Auguste (the maid) calls it "eine feine Kalte" (a delicate cold), which seems to creep in, despite of fire in the room and any amount of covering and precaution.

C. and I sat out the Old Year very quietly together. We opened the window to hear the chimes of the Groote Kerk (big church) strike twelve, then we had a quiet glass of punch and went to bed. We have had cold, bright weather lately, with a good deal of snow, and there have been sledges, some of them very pretty, going about with much tinkling of bells and with their occupants well wrapped up in furs. Mme. Baudin asked us to pass the New Year's evening with them

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en petit comité. This turned out to mean pretty much the whole usual set, and at first I felt quite confused by the lights and the noise of voices, after my long seclusion in mourning. On the whole, I was rather glad not to have another solitary evening, for, as Baudin said, "C'est un de ces jours où l'on se compte." Monday was the Court ball, and I was at last presented to the King. We were just a little late, and I saw Mme. de Perponcher looking out anxiously for me to come and take up my place behind her. We had still long to wait before the Queen came in, looking very well, with magnificent diamonds. She went down the row and the King came afterwards. Mme. de Perponcher named me, whereupon he gave me a look, muttered something, and went on. Nevertheless, the Countess seemed quite relieved "que cela c'était si bien passé." Then their Majesties proceeded to the ball-room and dancing began. I did not know many people, but Baudin, who seems to have got a quiet friendship for me, gave me his arm and took me about, showing me people and things. Precisely at midnight the music ceased, and we all went off.

"Une chose en amène une autre." The next evening we had to go to Mme. Rocst van Limburg's reception (Foreign Affairs), where I had not yet appeared. She is an American, no longer young, but very agreeable and well dressed. Most people went off to Mme. Baudin's, who receives on the same evening, but we did the thing in style and stayed on. Mme. Rocst got quite confidential, and made me turn all round to show my dress, which she pronounced a great success, black and woollen though it is. It is the first the woman Countess R. recommended me in Paris has sent, and besides being stylish is very practical,

à deux corsages, and with a "pouf," which can be let down and forms a train at night. At present it has to do for all occasions, but I hope to get the next ones soon.

The next day C. dined at Knorring's (Russia), who has just returned from Paris, bringing us kind messages from our old friend and colleague at Turin, Count Stackelberg. The dinner, it seems, was "tout ce qu'il y a de plus fin," served on silver and old china, and the conversation most interesting. All the guests, about six, were discussing the most interesting debates they had heard. Knorring asked C. (who was *bescheiden*, as all the others were *Chefs de Mission*), and he answered the debate about the cession of Nice between Cavour and Garibaldi; this made rather a sensation, and certainly during his time in Italy C. has come across much that was interesting and exciting.

It is high time we should be thinking of our plans and of getting away from here, for we are all getting frightfully lazy! We have very little to do, and even that little we find a burden. C. lies about all day, under pretext of a cold, reading deep theological books. He refuses to pay visits, even quite urgent ones, won't go to the Chancellerie, gets up late, munches bonbons, and in short does everything most opposed to all his former habits. Till now he used to write letters at the Chancellerie, but as the Government has again made a fuss about postage and we are obliged to pay for our letters, it is no use writing superfluous ones. This sort of stagnant life feels odd and decidedly dull, after what we have been used to. Jan. 26.

Saturday we were reckoning on a quiet evening when we received an invitation "pour le thé de la

Reine," for the same evening. Preparations there were scarcely any for me to make, for, as Auguste remarked, the choice of a dress was not difficult, there being only the one I told you of, as no new ones have arrived yet. We had to be there at nine and found the Queen alone. She was sitting near the fire, not as usual on the sofa, entrenched behind a table. It was rather stiff at first, as such things always are, but C. talked remarkably well, and the Queen, getting animated, told many anecdotes, and as she knows everybody and is so clever, the conversation was most interesting. Indeed, I found the *dame d'honneur*, Mme. de Papst, who made her appearance later, rather in the way, as she would talk to me in whispers when I would much rather have listened to what was going on. Tea was handed round, and at ten a small table was brought in ready laid for four people and placed in a corner of the room. The Queen got up, and saying she hoped we liked oysters, led the way to it. Fortunately we *do* like them, for there was nothing else, but they were very good ; we had some punch to drink and it was altogether rather jolly—the Queen on a sofa, I in an armchair on her right, C. to her left, and Mme. de Papst opposite H.M. Our carriage had been ordered at half-past ten, for according to Dutch custom the servants when you arrive anywhere tell you at what hour you are to go away. We sat on, however, chatting at the supper-table, till the Queen, who had been laughing very much at some of C.'s stories, got up suddenly, said it was midnight, gave me her hand, and departed. It was not quite midnight, but over half-past eleven, so we can hope that H.M. did not bore herself too much. This *thé de la Reine* is a peculiar institution, but as her Majesty talks better

than most of her subjects and is very good company, it is rather enjoyable than otherwise.

I am afraid it is so long since I wrote that I might give you quite a long list of solemn dinners and parties. Then there was a *thé dansant* at Court. At the *cercle* I was screened from any rays of royalty by being ensconced behind Mme. de Perponcher's rather ample figure, but the Queen came up very kindly afterwards, asking how I was "depuis l'autre soir." The King also spoke to me, and I got on very well. A Belgian secretary, who evidently had experience of such functions, took me in to supper, and managed to get in just as the first batch of grandees was coming out. As we came in M. de Knorring (Russia) rushed up, "Permettez, madame, que je vous offre une chaise," and he instantly established himself beside me, the Bavarian on the other side, leaving the astonished Belgian to his own devices. He made a very good supper notwithstanding, but has not forgotten the incident yet, and never meets me without alluding to it. "Il faut avouer que M. de Knorring s'est emparé de vous, madame, l'autre soir d'une façon," &c. When the cotillon began Baroness D., who does not dance, asked me to walk about with her in the deserted rooms, which were all brilliantly lighted. C., however, soon put an end to this, declaring that as the King was gone there was no earthly reason for staying any longer, so we went, leaving the poor D., who was *de service* and had to stay till the very end. Feb. 5.

CHAPTER XVII

Sight-seeing—Reception at M. de Knorring's—Madame Groeninx' ball—Audience of Prince and Princess Henry of the Netherlands—Mr. Lecky—Visit to Moersberg—Declaration of war between France and Germany—Dinner at Huis de Paauw—Death of Princess Frederick—Sad Christmas.

BESIDES an unusual amount of dissipation, C. and I have been sight-seeing. One day we went to the Library, where there is a fine collection of gems. Amongst others a beautiful head of Livia, supposed to be the "pendant" of the Augustus of the Blacas collection. Yesterday we went by appointment with Syperstein, who is very well up in the history of the Hague, to see the Binnenhof and the Buitenhof in detail. Then we went to the Gevangen Poort and saw all the prisons, very interesting and very horrible. It is the place of the murder of the two de Witts. We saw the axe with which Olden Barnefelt was beheaded and the room for torture with all its instruments, which is enough to give you the horrors for some time after.

Feb. 21. We have been having a spell of cold weather and skating has been the great excitement. The *beau monde* of the Hague disport themselves on a canal in the garden of the Queen's country palace, Huis ten Bosch. It is quite a pretty sight, as everybody here skates well, being to the manner born. Even the old Court ladies skim along the ice like birds. Some of the diplomatic ladies were trying to learn, supported by

gentlemen friends, and slipping and tumbling about in a most hopeless fashion. It certainly was not a graceful performance, and I was rather glad that C. had distinctly opposed my making any atttempts at acquiring this new accomplishment.—Last week there was a big *soirée* at Mme. van der Oudermeulen's, who is a nice portly old Court dame, *grande maîtresse* to the Queen. She wears no chignon, but a respectable blonde cap on her head with two white ostrich feathers at the top, and a tulle scarf over her ample shoulders. She is very benevolent, and it is said that whenever she has to give a grand dinner she carefully makes out the sum it costs her and sends the same amount to the poor.

Before the party we had been to M. de Knorring's to hear the famous Mme. Mouhanoff,[1] who is staying with him, play Wagner, and we arrived rather late. The Court was there and the *cercle* was already formed, but Mme. van der Oudermeulen insisted on my joining it, and the Queen, who had already done that side, came back very kindly to shake hands and say a word. Soon she sat down to her *partie* at cards, to which Perponcher is always called. C. has been also summoned to it occasionally, but he does not play whist, which is really a drawback in diplomacy. Things were less stiff by this time and I was looking on at the dancing, when an elderly gentleman came up and said "How d'ye do?" in English in a very friendly manner. I was on the point of holding out my hand, when it flashed upon me, just in time, that it was the King. He told me he had found out he could speak English with me as I was of English origin, and proceeded to

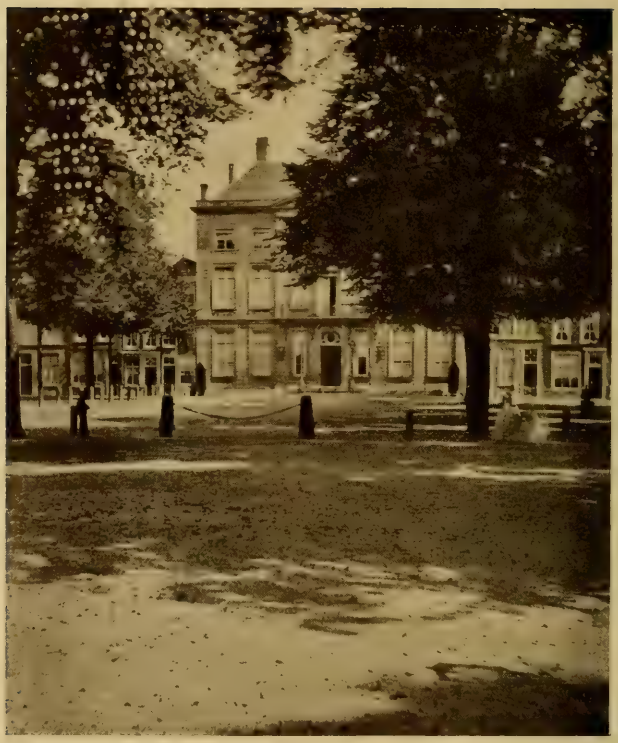
[1] Better known as Mme. Ralergis, *née* de Nesselrode. She was celebrated at one time for her wonderful blonde beauty and great musical talent.

tell me anecdotes of his youth, when he was much in England—of his first ball in London at Devonshire House, and how long his father had lived in England before going to serve under Wellington in Spain, and of the great festivities to celebrate the peace after the fall of Napoleon and the fearful crowds, &c. For a royal conversation it was really quite interesting, and it lasted a good long time. At first there was dancing going on, but when the waltz came to an end we were left alone in a corner, anyone who happened to approach retiring precipitately on recognising H.M. C. also, it seems, had been apprised of the event. "Ne passez pas par là, le Roi cause avec Mme. de Bunsen." After that I got into a small quiet room with Baroness van D., had a comfortable supper, and then we came home.

Mar. 18. I think I last wrote on the day of Mme. Groeninx' ball, which was very pretty. On these occasions you at least get to see the inside of Dutch houses, which are generally handsome, with old furniture and china and some good pictures. In the daytime you are never admitted, unless by appointment. "Niet, Huis" (Not at home) is the invariable answer at every door. The other day I had on a new dress from Paris, which I should not have minded people seeing. I paid *sixteen* visits, and might as well have been in my dressing-gown, for not a single house did I get into.

But to return to the Groeninx ball—I was informed there that the King of Holland had expressed his satisfaction as to the long conversation we had together: "Vous pouvez en être très flattée; il est très rare que le Roi cause aussi longtemps avec une dame." In consequence of this, H.M.'s aides-de-camp have promised us letters to see the Loo, and all sorts of civilities.

On Monday we had our audience of the Prince and



PALACE OF PRINCE HENRY OF THE NETHERLANDS IN THE LANGE VORHOUT.

To face p. 329.]

Princess Henry,[1] who have come from Luxembourg on their annual visit to the Hague; we had tried to beg off, as we had a rather *stiff* remembrance of our presentation to them last spring, but the Perponchers were firm, and we had to write and ask to see them as if we particularly wished it. The Lococks[2] were ordered at a quarter to nine, and we at nine, so that it did not seem likely to last long. After a little whispering conversation in the first *salon* with the aides-de-camp and the lady-in-waiting, the Lococks came out and it was our turn to go in. Somehow, it always makes me think of the dentist's. The Prince and Princess were together. She graciously made room for me on the sofa by her and began talking of their journey (they have been to the East lately), of their stay at Naples, where she rested four days, after six days and nights of uninterrupted sea-sickness. She began speaking of the Princess of Piedmont, and seeing how much it interested me, good-naturedly entered into details. She said the Princess dresses her hair in plaits now, that she found her improved in appearance since her son was born, grown and stouter, very pale, but very lovely. She had seen her twice in the evening, always in pink velvet and very elegant and *distinguée*, that she seemed very happy, that the baby is splendid, that the Neapolitans adore her and call her "l'angelo d'Italia." You may imagine it was delightful to listen to all this, and I was almost sorry when a slight stir in the next room announced that another set of people had arrived. The Princess rose, shook hands, Prince

[1] Prince Henry of the Netherlands, brother of the King, Stadthalter of the Duchy of Luxembourg, married to the Princess Amelia of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach.

[2] First Secretary to the English Legation.

Henry pursued C., who was bowing himself out, in order to do likewise, and then made me a solemn bow, not having said one word, good, bad, or indifferent, to me the whole time.

Mar. 13. We went with the E.'s to Haarlem in a snowstorm to see a show of hyacinths. It was quite a small affair in a room, but the flowers were well worth seeing, especially the wonderful amaryllis. Afterwards we went on to the Town House, which is picturesque outside and full of interesting things. There is a collection of pictures, *schuterijs* (shooting) dinners like the big Van der Helst at Amsterdam. Then there is a wonderful group of Dutch ladies in black with starched ruffles, members of the committee of the orphanage of Haarlem, sitting round a table, measuring linen and settling accounts ; it is most marvellously painted. We also saw a fearful collection of instruments of torture, more complete even than the one at the Gevangen Poort here, which horrified us the other day.

The dancing-class I started for Beatrice is coming to an end, and I could write much about it. In one way it has been a great success, for the children have learned well, and people who would have nothing to do with it at first, have asked for their children to be admitted. The dancing always takes place at our house, instead of turn about at the different mamma's, as our drawing-room is decidedly the largest and the least *encombré* with furniture, besides which there is the advantage of the old, rather threadbare carpet, "où l'on glisse si bien," as Elizabeth Perponcher told her mother. We had very nice children : our Chief's, who are charming, two beautiful little d'Yvoies, two Lococks, and on Thursdays little Knorring, the son of the Russian Minister. The last

comes in a grand *coupé*, and is magnificent in black velvet and scarlet stockings. He answers to the name of "Lolocky," supposed to be an abbreviation of "Vladimir," and never forgets to send "Mes compliments à Béatrice, je vous prie," when I meet him. His father says he always has a bad night before the dancing lesson, the excitement is so great. Elizabeth Perponcher also nearly cried when she had a cold and was not allowed to come. As you see, it has been quite a popular institution, and my difficulties have been in trying to keep it quiet and simple and make the children come in their usual day-dresses. However, a sort of chiffon-fever came over the little girls, and they thought of nothing but new frocks and criticising each other's appearance! It made me quite cross, for I hate such nonsensical notions for children, but it was almost impossible to check. To-morrow is the last lesson and they will probably come in all their finery; however, I am giving them chocolate and cakes as a treat for the wind up, and we shall part in charity. C. has got his leave, and we hope to start for Berlin in a few days.

Berlin, April 20.

All our old friends here are most kind, and we have got into the whirl of Berlin again. The word *Abendbrot Gesellschaften* (tea and supper parties) seem perfectly amusing after the Hague. On Thursday we were ordered to the Queen's reception, and went there after dining with the Lima's. Some people recognised me from last year, some looked puzzled—perhaps by the little curls which I now wear on my forehead, and for which you must prepare your mind. The King was particularly gracious; he had bowed to me vaguely, then I suppose had asked Perponcher, the Hof-Marschall (Lord Chamberlain), brother of our Chief, who I was,

for he came back and said, "Ach, verzeihen sie, ich habe sie nicht gleich wieder erkannt. Sie kommen jetzt vom Platten Lande, nicht wahr?" (Ah, forgive, I did not recognise you directly. You come now from the Low Countries?) He was most kind and nice and also talked a long time with C. After the *cercle*, Countess Haacke, one of the Queen's ladies, took charge of me (she is a sister of the Baronne d'Ablaing at the Hague) and established me at her particular table. All the company sit round a number of small tables and talk. As we passed up the room we came by the Queen's, which is in the middle. I made my curtsey, and her Majesty stopped me, inquiring about my mother-in-law, and talking on without waiting for an answer, as is her wont. We had a first-rate concert, with Lucea and Niemann, and when it was over the "Hohe Herrschaften" (royalties) led the way into another large room, where a French play was given by the actors of the French theatre here. When we returned to our tables they were laid out for supper, and when we had partaken of that we returned to the hotel at one in the morning. The Crown Prince is away, unfortunately, which is a great disappointment. We hope to go on to Carlsruhe, and from thence to France and to you all.

After a short stay in Berlin, we went to France, dividing our time between our relations there. Little did we dream that all that fair land would soon be plunged in the horrors of war, and that the peaceful country houses where we were passing such pleasant days would soon be occupied by German soldiers.

What was to follow almost immediately was the more unexpected because the Duc de Gramont, who

had just assumed the direction of foreign affairs, was supposed to be quite peacefully inclined. Nevertheless, we had scarcely reached the Hague, where our old Turin friend Mdlle. A. accompanied us, when the storm raised by the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain burst in all its fury.

The Hague, June 30, 1870.

We arrived here all right last night at about ten, found a comfortable supper awaiting us, and all the rooms shining with cleanliness. So far, all was very nice, but it is bitterly cold, and the sky dark and gloomy. Mdlle. A. declared, when she first saw a Dutch landscape at Moerdyke, "que c'était du gris sur du gris!" She is, however, enchanted with Holland at present, excepting the cold.

July 7.

After all, we have found a good deal to do, and have by no means settled down yet. The weather, too, was so detestable that it was difficult to get about. To-day is beautiful, the sun shining for the first time since our return, and everything looking nice and gay. Great part of our time till now has been spent in putting ourselves *en règle* as to visits, presentations, &c. I announced myself to the Queen on Monday and was received on Tuesday, which was kind and satisfactory as far as that goes. She seemed very sad —Lord Clarendon was a great friend of hers and his death has affected her much. She asked if Mdlle. A. was with us, and said she would like to see her. Happily we had already asked Bertinatti, the new Italian Minister, to request an audience for her. He did not know how to set about it, however, so that the Queen lost patience, and desired the Baroness v. D. to write and appoint an hour without further delay. While I was still with the Queen, the

Prince of Wied, who is on a visit to his *fiancée*, was announced, and her Majesty got up, saying she could not keep him waiting. She then shook hands quite affectionately, saying, "God bless you, I have been very glad to see you." She is expecting M. Mohl, who had written to her from Bourneville, and also the young author, Mr. Lecky. As I went out I met the Prince of Wied in the great painted hall, for the Queen is now at the Huis ten Bosch for the summer.

I have just been interrupted by Baroness v. D. and Mr. Lecky taking refuge here during a violent storm. Mr. Lecky is decidedly very nice, saying funny things in a quiet, soft voice. He was at Rome last winter, and told us about the Council and a Hungarian bishop who got too classical in his anger, and, after summing up in Latin the heads of a speech made by his adversary, declared "by the immortal gods" it was impossible to listen patiently to such nonsense.

You may imagine how astonished and disturbed we have been at all these threatening rumours in the newspapers after leaving everything so quiet in France a few days ago. It is so curious, too, to think of the Duc de Gramont, whom we all knew at Turin as a *très grand seigneur* and an amiable colleague, but who was not taken *très au sérieux*, coming out in such a new and alarming light. Surely all this does not really mean war?

The Hague, July 15.

We are going off to-day to the country to pay a long-promised visit to the d'A.'s. It is rather a nuisance just at present, when one lives upon news, and when no one knows what a day may bring forth. C., of course, cannot go, and it is only because Mme. d'A. insisted so kindly, asking us to bring both Mdlle.

A. and B., that I have accepted for two days. There is to be a ball at Court next Monday for some Russian Grand Duke, for which we were to return, but if there is to be war I do not suppose it will take place. We have been going through most violent and unpleasant emotions with this Hohenzollern business. It really seems hardly possible, after leaving you in France scarcely a fortnight ago without the slightest idea of this coming storm. So-called Parliamentary government in France looks almost more dangerous to the peace of Europe than the Emperor's *gouvernement personnel.* It is little use talking about it, but how is one to help it, when one can think of nothing else? Mr. Locock, of the English Legation, has just been here and says he cannot believe in war—that now the Prince of Hohenzollern has withdrawn his candidature to the throne of Spain there is no sufficient pretext. God grant he may be right! We were at the Archery Club, which is very fashionable here, this afternoon. The Prince of Orange, who was there, was very civil and asked me to present him to Mdlle. A. While he was talking with her one of his aides-de-camp came in and showed him a paper very quietly. The Prince read it and resumed his shooting. We heard afterwards it was the despatch about our King refusing to receive Benedetti. Yesterday evening at Scheveningen there was great excitement about all the news. We exchanged very *amical bonsoirs* with Baudin (French Minister), who looked excited and rather exhilarated. The Queen was there and paid the Jacobsons a visit, being in need of someone to talk to, I suppose. She was in very low spirits and regretted more than ever the death of Lord Clarendon, as she thinks his influence might have stopped all this. Although she is German

by birth, Queen Sophie is so attached to the Emperor Napoleon and to her French connections that her sympathies are entirely on the French side.

Moersbergen, July 16.

(To my husband.) So war is to be! You must have heard it just after we left, or did you know it already? We got here quite successfully yesterday evening. The house is charming: an old mediæval castle surrounded by a moat, beautifully restored and arranged. Our hosts most kind; many regrets for you, and hopes you will come another time. I hope so too, and not at such an agitated moment. This place is really a Paradise, and the interior of Holland well worth seeing. If only men were not so wickedly foolish!

The Hague, July 19.

We returned from Moersbergen yesterday, to our great relief, for it was dreadful just at this moment to be *au fond de la campagne*, where one heard no news and could only see Dutch newspapers. We were certainly much impressed with the studied and excessive comfort of Dutch life. The great importance of meals, the amount of food, the particular excellence of the tea, of the coffee, of the chocolate, of the cream, of the fruit, of everything, in fact. But the whole time of our stay the words of Scripture, "Man doth not live by bread alone," were running in my head, and I rather sympathised with Mdlle. A., who bored herself horribly, and declared "qu'elle avait envie de leur jeter toute cette mangeaille à la tête." It was most unfair, as our hosts were hospitality itself, and it was not their fault that our nerves were on edge and our minds totally engrossed in another direction. I must allow, however, that it was trying to be seriously consulted as to whether we should prefer the salad being mixed with cream or oil, and did we like salt, or pepper, or both,

just when one was longing for the post to arrive and wondering what new developments had taken place. The Dutch papers came twice a day, and I certainly learnt more Dutch in those two days, thanks to my anxiety to know what was going on, than in the whole past year. The news that greeted us on our arrival was Gramont's warlike declaration to the Chambers, which put an end to all uncertainty. That first night at Moersbergen I shall never forget. I seemed to *hear* all the warlike preparations that were going on during those quiet hours, the incessant working of telegraphs, the sad partings, the assembling and marching of troops, the gay insouciant *entrain* of the French soldiers, which I remember from Italy, the quiet determination of the Northern races! I never passed such a night: the air seemed alive with all that was going on. It was very warm, and the window of a little *salon* between my room and B.'s was open. I tried walking about, and could see the dark outlines of the trees reflected in the moat beneath, and the ducks disporting themselves in the moonlight (I never knew before that ducks sat up all night!). Altogether I never got any sleep before daylight while we were at Moersbergen, and that and the terrible excitement has irritated my nerves to a degree which, Mdlle. A. assures me, makes my company anything but agreeable. Auguste has a brother in the Prussian army, and many relations who will be called out in case of war, so you may imagine what *her* feelings are. Altogether we were very glad to come back here, where, at least, one hears more news; otherwise I do not see that it is much better, excepting that we can sleep and don't see so much of the ducks. When we passed Utrecht yesterday there was a great stir of Dutch

troops all moving to the frontier to protect the neutrality.

July 31. I feel quite paralysed as to writing. We live very quietly here, and are all well "*unberufen*" except poor Auguste, who has been nearly out of her mind. It seems her whole native town of Arolsen is nearly deserted: all the men gone to the war. When one thinks of the amount of suffering already gone through, even before the war has begun, one does feel bitterly about the *cœur leger* of the men who have brought all this upon us.

One thing they have done, however, although unintentionally. They have made Germany, for the intense enthusiasm which is now uniting the country from one end to the other certainly owes its source to the intense indignation they have excited. I really do not wish to approach this subject, and yet it is impossible not to say something of it. In every house here they are making "charpie" and bandages for the Red Cross Association, which, as you know, is international—sixteen assistants are ready to go off at a moment's notice with a hospital tent and all appliances to tend the wounded on either side.

Poor Mdlle. A. must find the Hague very dull, I am afraid, not but that she maintains she likes Holland extremely. But now that all the men are gone to the frontier to guard the neutrality there is absolutely nothing going on here.

So far we are on very good terms with our enemies of the French Legation; of course, we do not visit, but we bow and shake hands, and even speak occasionally.

The Dutch care almost exclusively for their own affairs, and so long as the dykes continue to stand, don't mind much if all Europe is at loggerheads. Of

course, the dykes are a matter of life and death to them—to us too, as long as we are here—but they hardly look beyond.

The life we lead here is very much the same as yours, reading newspapers and making "charpie." What a comfort it is that Normandy is well out of the way of all that is going on. When will it all end? I don't think I ever felt so miserable before, for I was always so sure of your sympathy, and now I feel in a measure cut off from it. We have had nothing of late to chequer the monotony of our existence. Newspapers more or less all day, varied by despatches, often of a most contradictory nature, and all in Dutch. We take in the *Times*, the *Indépendance Belge*, the *Cologne Gazette*, a Dutch and an Austrian paper, besides another German one, so you may imagine it takes time to master their contents. **Aug. 18.**

We scarcely see anyone. Society seems to have ceased for the present, and sea-bathing is our great resource. Every day one hopes for some conclusion, and every day the war goes on.

We have had so much bad news lately one is almost afraid to open a letter. Poor Jasmund, the one who was at Florence with our Crown Prince, is dead. Who would have thought, in those bright days two years ago, that he was so soon to lie on a battlefield! C.'s old friend Kanitz, at whose house we have passed so many pleasant evenings in Berlin, dead or wounded. My brother-in-law G. writes that every one in Berlin is in mourning. May the news from Sedan this morning be the beginning of the end![1] **Sept. 3.**

What can I say but that I think of you continually **Sept. 16.**

[1] The Emperor Napoleon surrendered at Sedan on September 2nd with all his army.

and am very miserable?—if that could help in any way. C. is most kind and sympathising, and we have at least the blessing that we feel for each other and are not divided in these dreadful days. He has always so dreaded the idea of a war with France.

After just the first moment of hearing of Sedan we feared that the Emperor Napoleon giving himself up would not help matters, and so it has turned out.

Our poor neighbours of the French Legation are in a most dreadful state, we hear. She dresses only in black and does nothing but cry. He is also quite upset. I met him accidentally in a shop, and we almost wrung each other's hands off, but there was nothing one could say. They have given their servants warning and are packing their things, as, of course, the Government they represent having fallen, they must go. They will be universally regretted here.

Sept. 25. The weather is splendid and we have begun bathing again, being rid of coughs and colds for the present. The late baths at Scheveningen are said to be the best. We go there by the canal boat or "Trechschuyt," which is towed by horses through rather pretty country. After the bath we walk back to warm ourselves, as the water is very cold. The rest of the day is filled up with newspapers, B.'s lessons, &c. Mdlle. A. has made up her mind to go soon, and after the very bad cough she has had I am really anxious she should go before a return of bad weather. The trains seem to run at present, but everything is so irregular that it will be a relief to know she is safe back at Vienna.

Oct. 23. There is much talk of peace and armistices just at present, and, on the principle of there being no smoke without fire, I would fain believe in it.

R. P. WADDINGTON AS CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARD.

To face p. 341.]

We have had an event in our quiet life. Yesterday there came suddenly an invitation to dine with Prince Frederick at his country place, the Huis de Paauw. The dinner was in honour of his sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, who is also sister to our King. There were only the Legation, besides the "Hohe Herrschaften" and their suites. The Grand Duchess is a dear old lady, with a cap and a lace *barbe* tied loosely under her chin, which looks very quaint and nice. She was very gracious, and so was the Princess Marie, who herself presented me to her aunt. There was much talk of the war and the desire for peace. "Mais avec qui la faire?" Old Prince Frederick was in the campaign of 1815. The lady who is here with the Grand Duchess is in deep mourning for a brother lost before Metz. She went there for a few days to nurse him, and told me no one could form any idea of the horrors of war and of what the wounded endure until they had seen it with their own eyes.

The Queen and all her *entourage* are quite French in their feelings, and our Chief has advised us to keep out of H.M.'s way for the present, as it seems the mere sight of Germans is too much for her and she cannot be ordinarily civil. Nov. 1.

Since I got your letter this afternoon I have felt quite struck down.[1] Somehow I had never thought that R. would take an active part in the war. It would be impossible to say how this goes to my heart. However, it is no use to dwell on the agony; we must bear our share of these fearful calamities, and certainly, as far as *feeling* the sorrows, I am as

[1] My brother, Richard Waddington, had volunteered to serve in the artillery of the National Guard.

nearly united to you all as it is possible. I really thought all was as bad as it could be, and little dreamt how much suffering could still be added.

Nov. 15. The news of R. took a load from my heart. There is a wretched correspondent of the *Standard* who writes from Rouen, and who described the hills around white with snow, all the roads in slush—"fearful weather for troops either marching or bivouacking." I almost grudged myself a bed to lie on or a fire to sit by with the thought of R. out in the cold. To know him in lodgings at Forges is a great relief. As for himself, I am sure that activity will be a relief under present circumstances.

Almost our only society at present is Bertinatti, the Italian Minister, who lives here *en garçon*, as his wife, an American, who is said to be very beautiful, has not joined him yet. He comes often in the evening, entering with a quiet Italian "Con permisso" (With permission), and establishes himself in an armchair, asking the servant to bring him a bottle of red wine, as he does not drink tea. Then he sits there for hours, taking snuff, sipping his wine, and having an occasional short snooze in the pauses of conversation.[1] Another *habitué* is Aladro, a cheery little Spaniard, who used to come and sing and play with Mdlle. A. when she was still here. He generally begins with a waltz or something lively, and then sings his one song—

"Mi gustan todas, mi gustan todas"

(I like them all), throwing the most killing glances at

[1] I can understand our other colleagues rather wondering at him, but we are used to his ways and he is a Piedmontese, which to us means a great deal, besides his being clever and learned and a thoroughly worthy man.

ERNEST DE BUNSEN WITH TWO OF THE WOUNDED AT THE NEUWIED HOSPITAL.

To face p. 343.]

any woman that happens to be in the room. A few more people come on a Friday, when I am supposed to be more especially at home. Mdlle. de T., daughter of one of the King's aides-de-camp, who has a good voice, sings, and it is quite pleasant.

The other day we dined with Bertinatti to eat a *risotto*, which his Piedmontese servant makes very well. It reminded us all of Turin, where it was a popular dish at balls and dances. Aladro was the only other guest at this dinner, which Bertinatti had long been planning; it has been my only outing for a very long time.

We have been seeing a Dutch surgeon who volunteered for the Red Cross and has been hard at work at Neuwied, on the Rhine, all this time. He described the state of a train full of French wounded Ernest[1] brought off from Metz[2] as something too deplorable for words. Everything they had on them had to be burnt immediately; for fourteen days before the surrender the French surgeons had no more linen, or bandages, or anything wherewith to dress their wounds, and had been obliged to give them up in despair. Ernest brought them to Neuwied "à ses risques et périls," for, as prisoners of war, they ought by rights to have been taken only to establishments belonging to Government. However, he carried them off, and his action has been approved since, and all the poor fellows are doing well. The Neuwied hospital has been singularly fortunate, losing only two patients, I think. They are all in tents or wooden barracks, and the Princess-mother of Wied nurses them herself. Dec. 1.

I saw R.'s name in the *Times* as having covered the

[1] My brother-in-law, Ernest de Bunsen.

[2] Metz had surrendered October 27th.

retreat before Manteuffel's troops, and was thankful for that piece of intelligence, for I get your letters so late and so irregularly.

As if things were not sad enough here, we have had the death of the poor Princess Frederick, who has been so long ill, and must all go into deep mourning. I went to the Huis de Paauw to-day, which was anything but quiet with all the *visites de condoléance*, and the Prince of Wied just arrived from Versailles on leave for twelve days. I hope his coming will be a comfort to his *fiancée*, who is quite worn out by nursing her mother for such a long time. We must write by the field post now, I suppose.

I can hardly imagine you keeping Christmas under such new and strange circumstances, with a garrison of German soldiers in the house.

My mother was indeed at that moment in a difficult and uncomfortable position. When my brother left his home to join the army of national defence he took with him all the men and horses about the place, and Mme. Waddington remained with my sister-in-law and a small baby, born after the commencement of the war, at the head of a household of women. Then, as the wave of invasion spread more and more over the country, she had to cope with the German troops who were quartered at the *château*. Happily she was a brave and dignified old lady,[1] and her knowledge of the German language, her Highland blood, and, above all, her firm trust in God, stood her in good stead. She made a point of always meeting her unwelcome guests herself at the hall door and explaining what accommodation she would put at

[1] She was *née* Chisholm.

the officers' disposal in the house (the men were quartered about the place), and what arrangements would be made for their food, &c.

Only two bedrooms were assigned to the foreigners in the *château*, but the dining-room was abandoned to them, as meals in common my mother would not hear of. She would not consent either to the house doors being left open at night, as was the custom, in case of alarm. A servant should be instructed to open at once in case of emergency, but she was used to sleeping with closed doors. It is only fair to say that all worked smoothly, the officers obligingly falling in with her wishes, and even taking off their heavy boots in the hall not to disturb the ladies as they came upstairs. In this respect my mother was fortunate in having to do with the "Landwehr" (Reserves), who had been called out as the war went on, and who, being mostly fathers of families, were quietly disposed, tried to make friends, and played with the baby. Another great help was some of the maids being of German origin, for one of the complications of that dreadful time was the difficulty of understanding each other. The Germans, arriving tired and exhausted, were exasperated by not being able to make their wants understood, and often laid hands on things themselves. Another difficulty was the frequent changes of garrison consequent on the movements of troops. No sooner had you made acquaintance in some degree with the men quartered on you than they departed, and you had to begin again with a fresh set. In this respect my eldest brother suffered much, as the Château of Bourneville, where he lived, was on the main road from Sedan to Paris, and the whole German army passed that way. He had, unfortunately, some very unpleasant

experiences amongst the officers quartered on him, even some belonging to the Guards, who were insatiable in their demands for champagne, cigars, &c. My mother was also better off in this way, as the troops about Rouen were comparatively stationary. Even, however, when things were going as well as could be reasonably expected, incidents occurred which made one suddenly realise the awkwardness of the whole position. One day my mother and my sister-in-law had to go to Rouen, and, as they had no horses, were obliged to make use of the omnibus which ran between it and their little country town. On their return the lumbering vehicle set them down a little way from the house, and they were walking up the hill, weary and depressed, when they were met by their own victoria going into town with the German captain, Count von W., who was quartered at the *château*, who saluted them elaborately as he passed. There was not a word to be said, as the Count had asked permission to use the carriage, which, of course, he need *not* have done; but somehow the picture of the two tired ladies seeing a foreign officer drive past them in their own carriage, bowing politely, seemed to make me realise the inconvenience and annoyances of military occupation more than many more tragic stories.

Do any of my letters reach you? They go far enough round at present. First to Carlsruhe, from whence they are sent on to Sternberg, who is at Versailles with the Grand Duke of Baden, and who is supposed to forward them to you. I only hope he *does!*

Our Christmas-tree was very successful and gave B.

such pure delight that I felt quite sorry to have prepared for it rather grudgingly and with very little *entrain.*

The Hague, Jan., 1871.

I cannot let the day end without sending you a line! Oh, the joy and thankfulness this armistice has caused us! It was B. who brought me the decisive news from the Legation, where she had been passing the afternoon with the Perponcher children—"Maman, tu sais, il y a un armistice de trois semaines, le Comte nous l'a dit." Thank God! Then came C., radiant, and after dinner our *habitués*, Aladro, Bertinatti, &c., came to congratulate, and all kissed my hand to show their sympathy. They have been very kind and faithful during all this long, weary time, coming to pass dull, dismal evenings with us. I could hardly get to sleep last night for thinking and hoping; it seems so strange not to have *le cœur serré* that I almost miss it.

Feb. 9.

The prospect of my letters reaching you once more directly and not having to go round by England or to be entrusted to the field post, and that I shall not be cut off from intercourse with you any longer, seems almost too delightful to be true. Yesterday we had a grand dinner at the Baron von Langenau's (Austria), the first time I have been out this winter, but as there was the armistice I had no excuse. Admiral Harris took me in, and I really do not know what impelled me to tell him what H. said—that of all the various creatures he had partaken of during the siege of Paris dog was the worst, because it had such a distinct taste of—*dog!* I suppose the contrast of the exceedingly plentiful and sumptuous meal going on at the time was too much for the Admiral, for he only ejaculated "Good Heavens!" and stared at me blankly. After living a secluded life for so long the heat and the noise

and lights tired me dreadfully, and to-day I feel quite done.

Feb. 24. The idea of peace being really made makes me feel quite odd, as though the relief were almost too great, and I was giddy or light-headed. It would be better, I think, if we were in some more demonstrative land, but here people in general are so cold and indifferent.

I wonder if you ever asked yourself how we have lived of late, financially speaking, with the V.'s (our bankers) shut up in Paris? I suppose you had your own difficulties to think of, but in that respect also peace is a great relief. The V.'s behaved splendidly and sent us money letters *par ballon monté*, which alighted somewhere in Belgium; their contents were forwarded and were really of use, but it was rather a precarious way of life.

Mar. 12. The *Figaro* and other French papers have reappeared at the club here, so that communications must be pretty well re-established now. Indeed, I shall send this letter direct and let it take its chance, for I do not see any use in letting them go round by England any more. It was delightful to get your last letter; one felt in every line you had all your dear ones round you again and that the time of loneliness and anxiety was over. I was so glad to hear of R. saying to your Prussian guest, Count von Wulfen, "Mon Capitaine, veuillez donner le bras à ma mère?" to take you in to dinner, and of he and H. discussing the campaign with him afterwards like chivalrous enemies. I am so thankful to you for treating the Germans hospitably. After all, *bon gré, mal gré*, you have some links with them through me, and that ought to go for something. As for me, after all the horrors and troubles of war I feel like an American I read of, who declared, "If ever this

war's over I'm going to join an *Everlasting Peace* Society!"

To-day we went to see the *atélier* of Bisckop, one of the most popular modern Dutch painters. His wife is an Englishwoman, also an artist, who paints in water-colours. They have the prettiest little Dutch house imaginable, all furnished with old things of about the same date which they have picked up. It has a most quaint and old-world look, with the green water of the canal under the windows. Mrs. Bisckop is working at a beautiful picture of a mother with her baby in her arms,[1] into which she has introduced an old carved wood cradle which they discovered a short time ago. They have given the house the name of *Ons Genoegen*, which means in Dutch *What suffices us*, and the whole place is perfectly delightful.

The heat here has come on so suddenly that many people have been "taken worser" or fainted, and I am ashamed to say that I have been amongst the number. We were at the X.'s at a great supper, and I had felt queer for some time, but hoped to get on to the end. A Dutch supper in a Dutch house, however, is a long and serious affair, and at last I felt I must escape, which I did just in time, and fell into a chair in the next room. The next thing I remember was Aladro and another man applying eau de Cologne and C. hunting for servant and carriage to take me home. I was soon able to depart, feeling very small at having caused such a fuss, and I do not understand what brought it on, for the party was pleasant enough. The next day I had a formal visit from four Baronnes de X.,

[1] It was a great surprise and pleasure to me to see this picture again many years after in the possession of Lord Powerscourt, near Dublin.

two old ladies and two young ones, to inquire about my health, and had to listen to a detailed account of all that had been done for me and all the feeling that had been shown. Our two Southern *habitués* were inclined to account for the incident by very unpoetical suggestions. Bertinatti thought I had perhaps eaten rather more than usual and Aladro said, "Ma cousine, vous étiez peutêtre trop serrée."

I don't know if I have told you that Aladro and I have agreed to call each other cousins? He has found out some entirely imaginary connection, but the real amusement is to see how it puzzles people here. "Ah! vraiment vous êtes cousins? mais comment?" &c., and they try laboriously to understand what really does not exist and cannot see the joke at all. Of course, I treated both suppositions with the contempt they deserved. Count Perponcher, who had heard of my accident, told C. it was only what he could expect for taking me to that form of Dutch entertainment.

DON JUAN D'ALADRO, CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES OF SPAIN.

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CHAPTER XVIII

Marriage of Princess Marie of the Netherlands and the Prince of Wied—Official invitations—Lengthy ceremony—Reception at Huis de Paauw—Professor Nippold—Visit to Archbishop of Utrecht at Delft—Exhibition of drawings—Old china—Lost opportunities in Holland—Berlin—Mommsen's tribute to W.—Leave Berlin—"Mein Genügen."

THE marriage of Princess Marie of the Netherlands with the Prince of Wied, which has been so long deferred, is to take place soon, it seems. I am rather busy seeing after a dress, &c., for the occasion. July 12.

The great day of the wedding, the 18th, is approaching, and there is a good deal of stir in the Prince Frederick's usually quiet palace opposite. Carriages with four horses and outriders going in and out; evidently the new arrivals paying visits in town and coming in from or going out to the Huis de Paauw. We have received several documents, all in Dutch, about the royal wedding, which we have been busy puzzling out. First there is the official invitation—"Namens Zijne Koninklijke Hoogheid Prins Frederik der Nederlanden" (In the name of his Royal Highness Prince Frederick of the Netherlands) to C., "en Mevrouw Uwe echtgenoote" (and Madame your spouse) to be present at the wedding of her R.H. Madame the Princess Maria of the Netherlands and his Serene Highness the Prince of Wied on Tuesday

the 18th of July. Then there is a programme minutely describing the order in which all the royalties will proceed to the Kirk te Wassenaar, which is the parish of the Huis de Paauw. After the ceremony there is to be a *déjeuner dinatoire* for all those present, who will also be given an opportunity of congratulating the newly married princely pair on their completed marriage. Then follow directions to be at "het Kirkgebouw van Wassenaar" at half "twee ure" (half before two), the gentlemen in uniform and the ladies in high, long dresses—*met kapsels* (coiffures)—and no wraps, so it is as well we are in July.

On Monday I was very busy with my preparations for the ceremony of the next day. My dress was *just in time*, and is really quite pretty, mauve, with all my point d'Argentan. We set off for the wedding a little after twelve, to ensure being punctual. The day was beautiful, and, as you know, the drive to the Huis de Paauw is very pretty. There were triumphal arches and decorations all along the road, and the village of Wassenaar, where the ceremony was to take place, was crowded with people come to see the bridal procession. A very good-humoured and unsophisticated crowd they looked, all the men taking off their hats to C.'s uniform and orders till we were quite tired of bowing in answer. As we approached the church the crowd ceased, and all the arrangements to prevent confusion were admirably made. In a carriage just before us we recognised the backs of our friends Bertinatti and Aladro, the representatives of Italy and Spain.

We got into the church quite easily by a long covered way, which had been prepared in case of rain, and were waved on by various *chambellans* to our places, which were excellent—a side pew on one side of the pulpit,

overlooking the open space which was left for the bridal party. I felt decidedly grand, sitting in state with none but *Chefesses de Mission*, as no secretaries were invited. We were an exception, as belonging to a *Legation de famille.* I offered to make room for Mme. Stolipine, who arrived later, to go up higher, but she said she did not think "que la dignité de son gouvernement" required it. Opposite the pulpit, behind the space left open for royalty, sat the *dames du palais*, with the *grande maîtresse*, Mme. van der Oudermeulen, in the middle. Beyond them, the centre of the church was filled up with maids-of-honour and *charges de Cour* of all kinds—chiefly much-embroidered old fogies. One aisle had been curtained off, in which the bridal procession was to be formed. In the pews opposite us were the Ministers of State, &c. We sat and whispered our remarks to each other, and the organ played for some time, till there was a stir outside announcing the arrival of the Court. Soon the curtains were drawn apart and the bridal pair appeared, the Prince in full uniform, the Princess entirely in cloth of silver, with an enormous train borne by four maids-of-honour. She wore all the Crown diamonds of the House of Orange, for such, it seems, is the custom for Princesses here on their wedding-day, and the Queen had taken them herself to the Paauw that morning, to deck the bride with. There was a small *couronne fermée* in magnificent diamonds resting on a wreath of orange blossoms and a slight tulle veil. There were also big diamonds strewn about in her hair and veil, like great sparkling drops of water, a splendid necklace and brooch, but no other ornaments. The dress, being of so rich and heavy a material, was quite simply made, with only some embroidery round the hem of

the long skirt. The ladies who bore the train, as generally all the women present, were dressed in shades of lilac and the whole effect was soft and pretty. The service commenced by singing, and then the clergyman of Wassenaar—the Welerwaarden Heer, as the programme called him, began an address from the pulpit. It is a very high one in Dutch fashion, with an immense sounding-board which seemed almost to extinguish him. I hardly understood a word, I am sorry to say, except every now and then the name of *Nassau Oranien*. He was fearfully long, moreover, more than half an hour by the clock over the organ opposite him, and, as we heard afterwards, made many sad allusions to the recent death of the bride's mother. He was quite in the wrong, for the programme said explicitly "en korte trourede" (a short nuptial address). The Princess Marie grew paler and paler, the King fidgeted and spoke to the Queen, who shrugged her shoulders. Prince Frederick turned to the Hof-Marschall, Count Limburg Stirum, who stood behind him, and evidently told him it was *too long*. Limburg Stirum gesticulated and tried to catch the preacher's eye. He signalled to the *chambellan* on the other side, and they both took out their watches and held them up, but all was of no avail. Secure in his serene altitude, his "Welerwaarden" went even on, one high-sounding phrase succeeding another in a sort of *cantilena*, with Nassau Oranien, and Luise Henriette, the great Kurfürstin, as the burthen of his song. I must say I admired our two Prussian Herrschaften, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, sister of our King, and Prince Albrecht Sohn, for neither of them moved a muscle during the ordeal.

At last it was over, to the evident relief of the whole congregation. The King's chaplain came for-

M. BERTINATTI, ITALIAN MINISTER
AT THE HAGUE.

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ward and began the marriage ceremony. The rings were exchanged, they knelt to receive the blessing, and the ceremony was completed. It took us a long time to get to our *Rijtingen* (carriages), when we drove off to the Paauw into the immediate presence of royalty again, without a pause or interval of any kind. The rooms were well filled with a brilliant crowd. There was a circle held by the King and Queen and other grand people, the bride and bridegroom also coming round and receiving congratulations. Then the *déjeuner dinatoire* was announced, the "Hohe Herrschaften" having a room to themselves and the Corps diplomatique another, where we sat at little tables of eight or ten. Mr. G. took me in, Aladro sat on my other side, and I quite allow that I felt much better after my soup. Aladro congratulated me on my dress. "Ma cousine, vous avez une toilette qui vous va très bien." I could return his compliment, for he looked like a young foreign prince, in a white uniform which set off his pale olive complexion and black hair, and no end of stars and ribbons. Much too much got up for a mere *chargé d'affaires* was, I believe, the opinion of some of his colleagues. Bertinatti, too, was quite gorgeous, a mass of orders and embroidery. Later the health of the newly-married couple was drunk, and Limburg Stirum, who, poor man, never sat down for an instant, and in the way of refreshment only got a glass of wine which Perponcher held out to him from his table *en passant*, came to announce that the great people had returned to the *salons*. We followed their example and another long circle began. The Queen told me she had heard of C.'s being at Stuttgardt through her sister. I suppose she wanted to hear more about it, for to my astonishment I suddenly saw C., who in

general has a talent for stowing himself away in corners, emerge in the midst of the circle amongst all the royalties! Bibra explained to me that the Queen had sent three different people to look for him and bring him to her, and she certainly seemed to be talking to him very graciously. After some time C. had got into a safe corner again, when I was amused to see the old Grand Duchess go straight up to him, the crowd yielding right and left as she passed—and talk to him for some time. All the Herrschaften were extremely gracious. The Princess Marie showed me her diamonds, which I was glad to have a good look at. "Ils ne sont pas a moi, madame; c'est la Reine qui me les a prétés." Then the old Grand Duchess came up. "Je viens me réfugier auprès de vous, madame; je connais si peu de monde ici." She is a quite delightful old lady, looking so picturesque all in white, with a great deal of soft lace and tulle. If I get to be an old woman I should wish to look just like her. We had quite a talk, after which she turned to Perponcher, who approached at once, with that change of countenance and mixture of awe and *empressement* which I suppose is exactly the right thing when dealing with royal persons, but which I quite despair of ever attaining to. Presently the Prince of Wied showed me all his war medals and other decorations. The King also shook hands and graciously told me it was "infernally hot," and he was going back to the Loo as soon as he could. H.M. speaks English remarkably well, but indulges sometimes in strong expressions. He repeated these interesting observations to Mrs. Harris in the same energetic terms. Meantime the heels of our shoes seemed to be growing into our eyes, as we stood and stood and wondered why it did not end. The Queen had long

gone, and what could keep the King, who hates that sort of thing in general, we could not imagine. We heard afterwards that he had insisted on having the carriage the Queen departed in sent back for him, which of course necessitated change of horses and much delay. At last he went off, and we all quickly followed his example.

We have been having a most interesting visit from Professor Nippold, who is a great friend of all the Bunsens, and who translated my mother-in-law's biography of her husband into German. I only wish he had come here sooner, for his society is rousing and improving, and he has advised me, instead of complaining of dulness and wishing we were somewhere else, to set to work and study Dutch and try to learn something about the country, which is full of interest. His system for learning a language is to get hold of an exciting novel, and read it as you best can, without dictionary, just grasping the story. He maintains that by the time you are through the book you will have learnt a good deal. Of course, I suppose you must have some smattering of the tongue when you begin, but I can bear him out in much that he says, for, on his recommendation, I have begun a most sensational story of the Reformation in Holland, with people buried alive and all that sort of thing, and I really can follow it quite well. He has given me a long list of books in Dutch, which he says are charming and mostly untranslated. We went with him to Delft the other day, and saw a most delightful priest, a friend of his, who is an "Old Catholic," and lives in a peaceful, quaint Dutch house, with a little garden bright with flowers and the tower of the "oude kirk" in the sunshine beyond. There were big Dutch clocks

Sept. 4.

ticking away in all directions, and the priest's study was like a picture, with a large library of imposing folios and a big Dutch Bible lying open on a stand by itself near the writing-table. Professor Nippold has written about the "Old Catholics," and is a great man in their eyes, so that their head, the Archbishop of Utrecht, had come to Delft to meet him. We all dined together, the Archbishop sitting in an armchair and being always served first. As he only speaks Dutch, it was rather stiff, and not so interesting as if we had been able to follow the conversation; still, it was a new experience, especially for me as being the only lady present. We had a dish of meat, sausages, and vegetables; fruit and cakes were served in another room, and they were all most hospitable. The dear old priest, who is eighty-one, took great trouble to show me all the treasures of old lace and embroidered vestments belonging to his church close by. We had quite a tender parting, and I was sorry to leave the Bezydear Hof, where we had had such a curious peep of peaceful old-world Dutch life.

Oct. 3. The weather has been horrible here of late; it was impossible to get to Scheveningen, or to bathe, or, in short, to do anything except sit indoors almost in the dark and be thankful to have a fire. B. was decidedly cross, poor child, so was C., and I have no doubt I was also, so we were not a cheerful party. To add to our troubles, our cook has *koorts*, which, being interpreted, means fever, and has been in bed for ten days.

For a wonder, we went to the theatre with the Walshams and took tea with them afterwards. When we got home, near midnight, we found Bertinatti, who had been waiting for us for *three* hours, and was rather indignant at this sudden break in our regular habits.

Please thank W. for the two copies of the law on the *conseils généraux*. One is already on its way to G. at Berlin. Bertinatti carried the other off immediately, and is to lend it to Bourgoing, the new French Minister. What a comfort it is to think of you all now, when I remember this time last year! Oct. 22.

Last Friday we allowed ourselves to be over-persuaded by our artist friends, the Bisckops, to go with them to a society where there are very interesting exhibitions of drawings and water-colours. It was my reception evening, but as we had told most of our *habitués* the evening before, we thought we might venture for once, and only found on our return that we had been quite mistaken. We amused ourselves very well at the *Societeit*, where we all gathered round a long green horse-shoe table, the Queen, who was present, sitting in the centre. The drawings, which are on boards, are handed down one side of the table, then up the other, in solemn silence, each person taking a long quiet look at them and then passing them on to his neighbour. There were some good water-colours, and, as valuable collections are often sent, it is quite interesting. When we got home, however, we found things had been going all wrong. In the first place, Countess Rechteren, who is still in the country, had driven into town all dressed to come to us, and had sent away her carriage at the door. Auguste, the maid, met her with explanations, and Müller was despatched in search of her carriage, and, as it had already been put up, he was away for some time. Meanwhile an unfortunate Prussian, to whom C. had given a general sort of invitation—"Ma femme est toujours chez elle le Vendredi soir"—and who came for the first time, was heard trying to make his Nov. 12.

way in. He must have had a queer impression of my receptions, as it was all dark and there was no servant. Once in the drawing-room, he of course mistook the Countess Rechteren for me, whom he had never seen, and, as he is shy and rather deaf, it seems their conversation was as good as a play; but I don't think he ever quite grasped the state of things. After the Rechteren had departed came Asquerino, the Spanish Minister, who stoutly insisted it was *Friday*, and would not go away until Auguste had repeatedly assured him she had no idea of when we might return.

One attraction of my *salon* is, I believe, that as there are many foreigners, it is certainly less stiff than the usual Hague parties. This, however, has also drawbacks, because the Dutch element, being used to a certain restraint, seems not to know how far it can go without it. Now that our *Vendredis* have grown so much more numerous, I have had some disagreeable incidents. The other evening I was accompanying a Neapolitan who is *de passage* here and sings extremely well. To my astonishment, the little T. established herself in a chair near the piano and talked loud the whole time. As we make a great point of silence when music is going on, I could not imagine what possessed her, and inquired, "How could you make such a noise?" "Oh!" she replied, "*he* talked the last time I sung."

Another evening a young lady burst into tears publicly, and declared that she would never speak again to a friend of hers who was there. I had to take her to my room, and make her bathe her eyes and calm down generally before she could return to the drawing-room. "On n'est pas préparé pour de pareilles situations." However, that time, as I had

a shrewd suspicion that the quarrel was about our attractive colleague, Aladro, I sent for him next day, and told him I really could not have that sort of thing going on, so now I believe he has bound them over to keep the peace. I have been strongly advised to keep out of Dutch quarrels, but what can I do if they fight in my drawing-room?

Of course, Holland is the home of old china, and when our friend Mme. Gallenga was here she got so excited on the subject, as she is very fond of collecting it. We heard that one can pick up sets of Japanese tea and coffee cups at Leyden, the custom there being that any well-to-do student has a house bought and furnished for him when he arrives. When his three years of study come to an end, the house and all it contains is sold, and there are often very good bargains to be got. So when young V. asked us to go and lunch with him in his student's quarters at the University, Mme. Gallenga was delighted. We soon found, however, that he had no taste for *bric-à-brac*, and did not in the least understand our wish to go to the Jews' quarter of Leyden, which he said was dirty and quite unfit for ladies. I am sorry to say that as soon as we had had our lunch our only object was to get rid of him, and as he had happily to attend a lecture, we started off for the *bric-à-brac* shops as soon as possible. Our expedition was quite successful, and we reached the station loaded with voluminous parcels of dirty china wrapped in grimy newspapers, just in time to see V., looking very smart and cool, going off by the same train. C. has given us warning that he will not recognise us in the streets when we return from these expeditions, as he says we look too disreputable. We do

not mind, however, for the delight of washing these treasures in the evening and comparing and displaying their beauties is too great. There exist quite wonderful dinner and tea services in many houses here, one or two specimens of which alone would make the happiness of a collector. In the house of one of our friends they make daily use of a set of tea-things ordered in Japan by some great-great-grandmother, with the family arms painted on it. One of the daughters of the house has the care of it, and when tea is finished, washes it herself in a silver bowl brought for the purpose. It looks very quaint to see this young girl doing this quite simply and naturally, sitting under the very portrait of the powdered lady who had ordered the service. Till now the set is quite complete, nothing having been broken, but it is slightly nervous work having to take tea out of such valuable cups, however great the honour.

Dec. 26. Would you believe that we really have not seen Bertinatti now for more than three weeks? I should not have thought it possible a short time ago. He has not been well, and his wife has arrived, which may certainly account for a change in his habits. Still, it feels quite *odd* to sit evening after evening and not hear Bertinatti's well-known step and "Buona sera" (Good evening). Sometimes, it is true, one had rather too much of him, but he was warm-hearted and kind, and took an interest in all that happened to us. No one has seen his wife yet, as she is in deep mourning and has paid no visits. It is curious how things seem to be winding up of themselves; the little intimate set we had gathered round us during the evil times of the war is all dispersed, and it seem

time we should be going too! C. is very desirous to get a change of post, and should he not succeed, will probably leave the line, at any rate for a time.

We have called on Mme. Bertinatti, whom I had not yet seen. To tell the truth, I was not much disposed in her favour by her husband's queer conduct since her return, but I am bound to say I found her quite charming. She must have been marvellously beautiful, and though, of course, no longer young, is still extremely handsome. She is very tall and graceful, and has hands like Rafael's Madonna della Sedia. Moreover, she talks pleasantly, and has a great deal to say for herself. When we took leave, she held my hand, saying she hoped we should see each other often, that she had heard much about me from her husband: "M. de Bunsen and I must try not to be jealous, but he is very fond of you!" Poor Bertinatti is a great contrast to this very striking personality; indeed, one can hardly think of them as man and wife. He is much changed since her arrival, much neater in his person, and a good deal sobered down. Jan. 17, 1872.

Things move slowly in this country, and now that we are likely to leave it soon for good, we have just made some interesting acquaintances, through whom we might have seen more of the life and customs of the place. One of these is a director of the *Waterstadt*, one of the most important institutions here, as the whole existence of the country depends on the dykes. He has offered to take us with him on one of his expeditions to the north of Holland, where he promises us a sail on dry land! It seems when there is a good wind he often has a sail put up on a railway truck, and that you can proceed in

this way at great speed along the lines. It would be most attractive and original, but I am afraid it is too late to manage it now.

Another thing I should have liked to see is the girls' skating races at Leeuwarden. It seems they go at such a tremendous pace that, notwithstanding the severe cold, they skate with nothing but their chemises on, their relatives and friends awaiting them at the goal with heaps of flannel wraps. It is too late for that also now, and one has the feeling of having missed much that is original and interesting in the country; but the war made us lose a year in which we could think of nothing else, and then it is a fact that everything takes time here. It is really only now, after three years in Holland, that we are becoming aware of many sources of interest quite independent of the Court and diplomatic life.

British Hotel, Berlin, Mar. 6, 1872.

I sent you a hurried line, just as we were leaving the Hague, that you might not be too long without news. The last days were really dreadful; there was so much to be done. Auguste was ill with intermittent fever, hot and cold fits coming on alternately, and scarcely able to creep about. She got out of bed to dress me for the Court ball, which I really wished to attend as it was an opportunity of seeing many people for the last time. Everybody was very kind, old Gerriche really tender. He and his wife, who is away in Brussels, have always been charming to us. The King came and talked, and all went off well. Thursday we had a farewell audience of the Queen at nine. She was very gracious and kept us till past eleven talking a great deal. She took leave of us without asking any awkward questions, merely saying she hoped we should meet again. She then embraced me and gave

GEORGE VON BUNSEN.

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C. her hand, which he kissed, and so that was over. She has certainly been very kind to us during our stay here. Saturday we dined at our Chief's, B. included. Sunday was a dreary day, not one of rest certainly, for Auguste and I packed far into the night, and on Monday morning there was still much to be done; but at last we got out of the house amidst many tears—not of our shedding, I must confess. It was a beautiful day and we walked to the Rheinsche spoorweg (Rhine railway) with Bertinatti, who had come early to the house. We got there in splendid time and took our tickets, &c. It was well we had got through that all right, for nearly the whole Corps diplomatique came to see us off. I need not give you all the names, but all the Legations were represented, and the station was quite full. In short, our departure was really quite a brilliant episode, and we could hardly decently return to the Hague, I fear, after such a solemn leave-taking. Altogether I have a better recollection of our last days in Holland than I should have thought possible.

We had a very pleasant dinner at the Georges' last week in honour of Odo Russell (Lord Ampthill). All the principal members of the Opposition in the Reichstag had been invited to meet him, and it was very interesting, though perhaps a little compromising for *Beamten* (Government officials), such as we are, in the state of parties here. G.'s new house is built in the Gothic style, with a handsome hall right through the middle. They have by no means done with all their difficulties, and the enormous price of everything connected with building in Berlin at present has made C. revert to the idea of getting some small place on the Rhine. We have heard of a house near Wiesbaden which is de-

scribed as an earthly paradise, and which we want to go and see on our way to Carlsruhe. For myself, I should so much prefer living in the country. Till now, C. has no answer to his request for six months' leave, so that our movements are quite uncertain. We were *befohlen* (bidden) to Court on the King's birthday, which is a great distinction I believe. There was quite a gathering of Princes and Princesses, sixteen from all parts of Germany, but I found no one who could point them out to me, and ended by only recognising those I had already seen. There was a very good concert, and I was lucky in getting a seat between the Countess Frieda d'Arnim, now Frau von Bethmann Holweg, and the Countess Eulenburg. The Countess Haacke told C. we were to have been asked to the Empress's Thursday last week, but the Hof-Marschall insisted we had gone, making a confusion with the E. de Bunsens, I suppose. Anna Mohl, who was a great friend of the Bunsens at Heidelberg formerly, is now a Frau Geheime Rath Helmholtz, and has a very pleasant house here. Helmholtz has, it is said, almost created a branch of science for himself, connected with sounds and the laws of acoustics, and is, moreover, a very agreeable man. The last time we were there I met Mommsen, the historian, who spoke warmly of W., saying how grateful he and his friends were to him, as being the only French *savant* who has kept up communications with them notwithstanding all the intensity and bitterness of feeling since the war. A lady who was sitting next me asked some question about W., and Mommsen gave her a brief sketch of his political career. It was only a few words, but very clear and exact, and decidedly soothing to a sister's feelings, and as he wound up with the words "So ist der Mann"

(that is the man) I felt quite touched. If you want to hear W. well and worthily praised you must come to Berlin. What seems to have struck them all so much is his action in forwarding the men about him to the armies on the Loire. As he signed all their passports, the slightest accident or indiscretion might have betrayed him, and as Johannis Brandis said to me, "il jouait sa tête." After Mommsen, I talked with a great light on natural history, Professor Virchow, who offered, in the course of conversation, to give me a sketch of the history of herring fishery since the twelfth century. Then there was a "General Stabs Arzt," who had been at the head of a great Lazaret during the war and had plenty to tell. It is really seldom that one meets so many distinguished people at the same time. B. went to play with the Princess Victoria last Sunday, and altogether our time here is passing very pleasantly.

Berlin, April 8.

All our plans have been thrown into confusion by C.'s hearing from the Foreign Office that his request for six months' leave has been refused, and he is ordered back to the Hague. He has to be there on the 15th, so we have not quite a week for Wiesbaden, where we want to see the celebrated villa which is so much praised. We start to-morrow at eight in the morning; it is now midnight, and I have been packing and receiving visits all day, besides dining out. People have been most kind in coming to bid us good-bye and asking us to farewell dinners. The Emperor sent me a gracious message through Meyer, to say he was sorry he had not come across me at the palace on his birthday.

Wiesbaden, May.

I am glad to say that our uncertainties are over, and we have bought the villa at Biebrich I have so often

mentioned. Count Perponcher telegraphed from the Hague that C. need not return there until the end of the month, which was a great relief, giving us a fortnight more here. We had time to make inquiries of all kinds before deciding on purchasing, and are much pleased with our new possession.

The villa is not in the real Rhine scenery, with hills and ruined castles everywhere—that begins further on—but from the house, which stands on a height, there is an extensive view of the Rheingau, with the towers of Mayence on one side and the river winding through the plain to the blue hills on the other. The little village of Mosbach, which joins on to Biebrich, lies at one's feet with a picturesque church, and all around are orchards in full blossom. Our garden is *young* as yet, but has been carefully planted with fruit trees and there is a small vineyard, so that we hope to make our own wine in time. We wanted to name our new home *Ons Genoegen* (What suffices us), after a peaceful Dutch abode which had taken our fancy, but the *ons* does not translate well into German, so we shall have to call it Mein Genügen (What suffices *me*), which is not quite so nice. Anyhow, it all promises to be very charming, and I wish we could settle down at once. Meanwhile, however, C. must return to the Hague, and B. and I go to Schlangenbad for a cure.

We took possession of Mein Genügen in July, 1872, when my husband returned from Holland and left the diplomatic service.

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The Gresham Press
UNWIN BROTHERS, LIMITED
WOKING AND LONDON